

MAY
1926

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



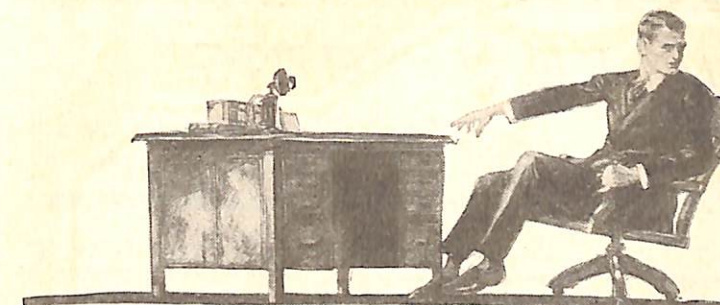
W. T. Benda

QUEER STREET

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
William Slavens McNutt ~ Stephen French
Whitman ~ Secretary Hoover
Secretary of Labor Davis ~ Channing Pollock ~ &c.

You may be slipping, too—

and you may
not know it



AMONG THE MEN who have enrolled for the Alexander Hamilton Institute are 32,000 presidents and business heads. Here is the story of one of them which is rather unusual.

He is 49 years old and had been head of his own business since 1910. It was at his special request that a representative of the Institute called at his office, and he plunged into the subject without a wasted word.

"I don't think you need to tell me anything about your Modern Business course and service," he said. "A number of my friends have taken it. They are enthusiastic. I trust their judgment. Let me have an enrolment blank."

The Institute man laid it before him. He picked up his pen and then paused for a moment, looking out of the window. Abruptly he swung around again and wrote his name.

"I have been slipping," he exclaimed. "For some months I have been conscious of it. Conditions have changed in business since I began; problems come up that need something more than merely rule-of-thumb experience. I've got to have someone helping me here and the easiest way to get really reliable help, I guess, is to take on your experts as my private guides and advisors."

We say this story is unusual. Why? Because he was slipping and knew it. Thousands are slip-

ping and don't. Every man in business is either lifting himself steadily, hand over hand, or he is slipping. *There is no such thing as standing still.*

There are four signs of slipping; four separate groups of men who ought to-day to send for "Forging Ahead in Business," the book which gives all the facts about the Institute's training.

Are You in one of these four groups?

1. The man who sees opportunities for bigger undertakings, but who lacks the self confidence to go ahead; who is afraid to reach out and assume responsibility; who knows that he lacks the knowledge on which to base large decisions. *The Institute can help that man.*

2. The man who has worked for many months without a salary increase. He has slipped; he may not know it, but he has. He needs some definite addition to his business knowledge, something to set him apart from his competitors, to make the men higher up take a new interest in him. *The Institute can help that man.*

3. The man who has stayed in the same position and sees no future. He may have had petty routine increases, but he has slipped. He is every day nearer to old age. He has been content with slow progress when the progress might have been rapid and

sure. *The Institute can help that man.*

4. The man who knows only one department of business. He may be a good salesman, but if he knows nothing of accounting, banking, costs, factory and office management, and corporation finance, he will be a salesman always. He may be a good accountant, and never reach beyond the accounting department. The man at the top must know *something about everything*. *The Institute can help that man.*

You will find the descriptive book published by the Institute, "Forging Ahead in Business," different from any piece of business literature you have ever seen. It is so practical, so directly related to your problem, so clear in its analysis of the reasons why some men rapidly go forward while other men slip back. We should like to put a copy of it into the hands of every thoughtful reader of this magazine. It will richly repay you for an evening of your time. Fill in your name below; your copy will come by mail, without the slightest obligation, *at once*.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
542 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new revised edition of the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature.....
Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

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Executive Training for Business Men

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IN AUSTRALIA, the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Acacia Mutual Life Association

An Institution—Not A Commercial Company

Summary of Annual Report as of December 31, 1925

ASSETS:		LIABILITIES:	
First mortgage loans on improved real estate.....	\$9,190,163.22	Policyholders' dividends not yet due.....	\$322,988.98
Real estate.....	712,857.86	Reserve for taxes accrued.....	119,000.00
Bonds.....	915,980.00	Premiums and interest paid in advance.....	147,378.20
Cash in banks and in office.....	549,182.11	Miscellaneous.....	98,535.66
Loans on Association's policies.....	2,157,439.82		
Net premiums in process of collection.....	1,874,804.65		
All other assets.....	295,516.27		
			\$687,902.84

TOTAL ASSETS.....\$15,695,943.93

BALANCE TO PROTECT POLICY CONTRACTS:

Legal reserve requirement—American Experience Table of Mortality and 3½% interest on all policies.....	\$13,701,771.94
Surplus.....	1,306,269.15
	\$15,008,041.09

A Mutual Old Line Company—Limited to Master Masons—Conducted for the Sole Benefit of Its Members and Their Beneficiaries and Not for Profit

Another Year of Great Progress

New insurance paid for.....	\$37,380,600.00
Gain in insurance in force.....	21,520,336.00
Insurance in force December 31, 1925.....	196,145,636.00
Dividends paid or credited to members.....	770,010.66
Assets.....	15,695,943.93
Increase in assets.....	3,330,128.61
Increase in reserve.....	2,977,380.59

Progress During the Past Twelve Years

Year	Assets	Surplus	Insurance In Force End of Year
1913	\$437,290	\$10,803	\$7,016,775
1918	1,721,058	55,696	24,044,612
1919	2,220,990	70,013	37,657,924
1920	3,084,141	80,986	71,097,545
1921	4,613,495	316,961	101,222,295
1922	6,828,345	748,407	122,685,100
1923	9,417,807	971,438	152,190,700
1924	12,365,815	1,248,501	174,625,300
1925	15,695,944	1,306,269	196,145,636

WATCH US GROW

ACACIA Agents place more insurance per capita than agents of any other Company. Our Ideal Monthly Income Agency Contract appeals to high class salesmen who have chosen life insurance as a permanent profession. Continuous renewals assure a pension in old age.

We have openings for agents who will not permit a man to lapse a policy in any other old-line company to take one in ACACIA, regardless of its superior advantages. Learn what real Home Office cooperation means, write to

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Homer Building

Washington, D. C.

Roosevelt said: "THIS is the REAL THING."

BEGINNING with three mountain children to whom even the word America was a mystery Martha Berry founded a school that has become famous. No wonder that Colonel Roosevelt said: "This is the real thing." Her life story begins in June. Few romances imagined by novelists are as fascinating.

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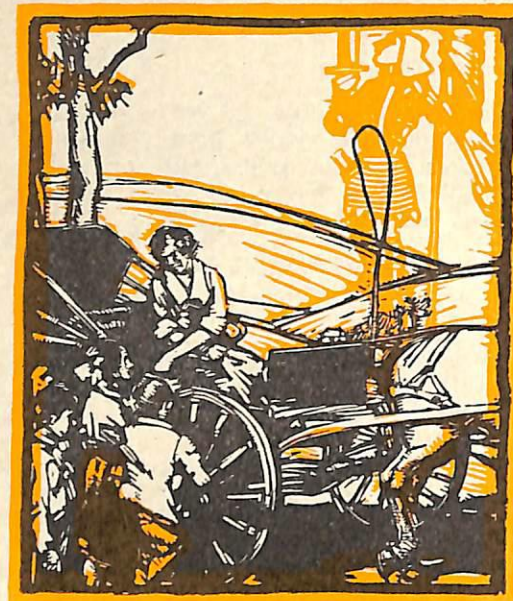
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(Cover design by W. T. Benda

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MAY, 1926

What I Think of Pelmanism

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a GREAT driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction.

Men and women of every class and circumstance were ac-
claiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave
promise of ending that PREVENTABLE inefficiency which acts
as a brake on human progress.

Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of
officers and men were PELMANIZING in order to fit themselves
for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America
by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My
reasons were two: First, because I have always felt that every
mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, sec-
ondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing
that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my
advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly
tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to
put success within the reach of every individual.

By FAILURE I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes
of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from
full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as
an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable
achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science
knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so
simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average
education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychol-
ogy out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work.
It lifts great, helpful truths out of the backwater and plants them
in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of
education instead of a remedy for its faults.

First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes
the student DISCOVER himself; it acquaints him with his sleep-
ing powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is
EXERCISE, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing
kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain
or break.

The human mind is NOT an automatic device.

It will NOT "take care of itself."

Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagina-
tion, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results.

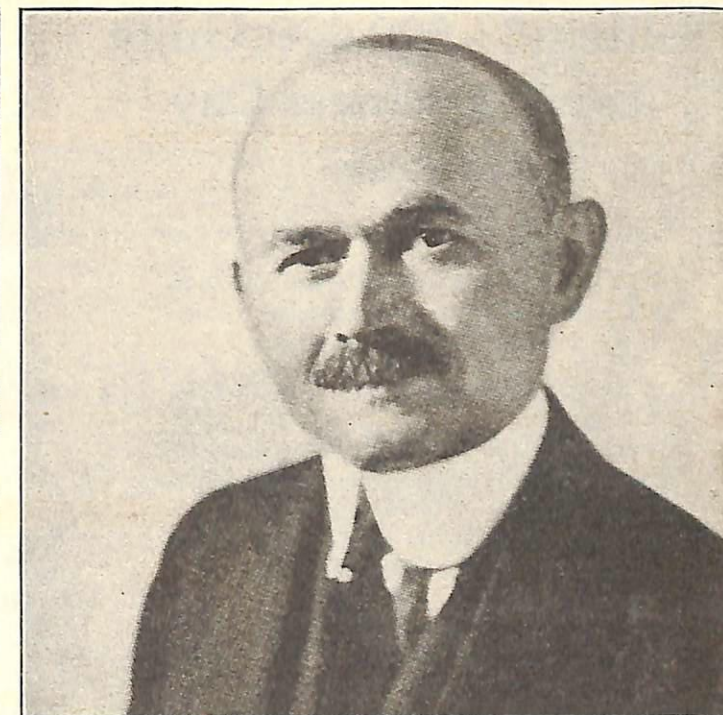
Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just
as muscles can be developed by exercise.

I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains
that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that
he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while
realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of
limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense.

What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and
treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the
mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson
is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet.
The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is
followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged
at every turn by conscientious experts.



Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I
know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of
one's spare time from day to day.

NOTE: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is
neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a
century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy,
successful, well-rounded lives. 550,000 Pelmanists in every coun-
try on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can
do for YOU.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor
memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or
lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct
and overcome them.

And on the positive side it will uncover and develop qualities
which you never dreamed existed in you.

It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and
social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are
hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they
doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to
Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly
interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It
is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and
clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an inter-
esting addition to your library.

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way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget
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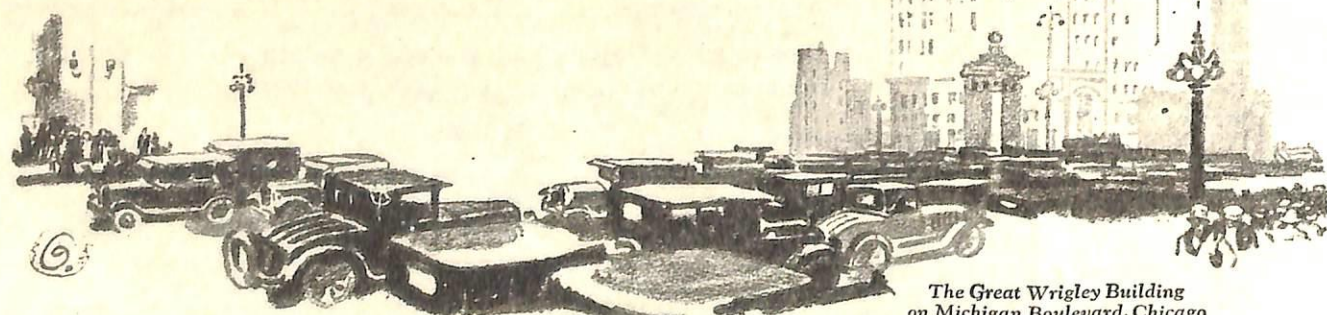
On merit alone the Royal Typewriter has built up its world-wide leadership—it is the standard typewriter of the world.



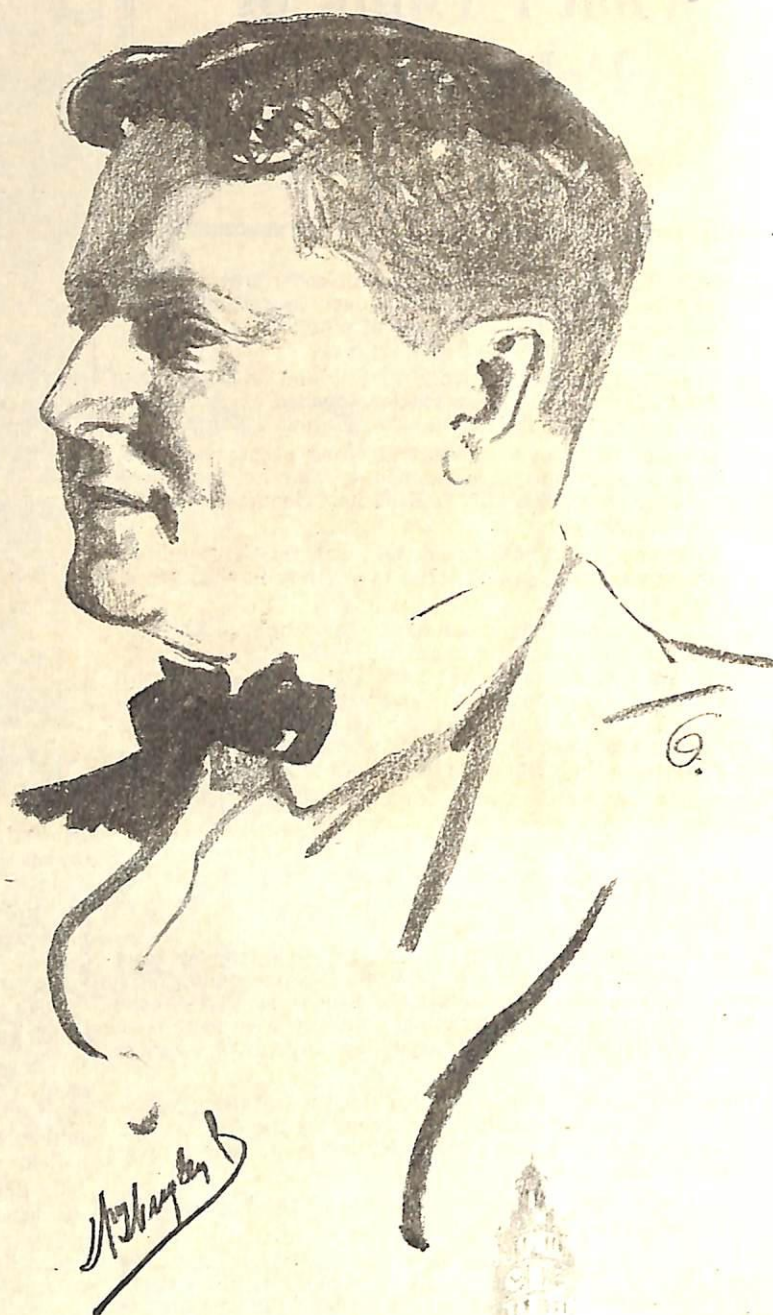
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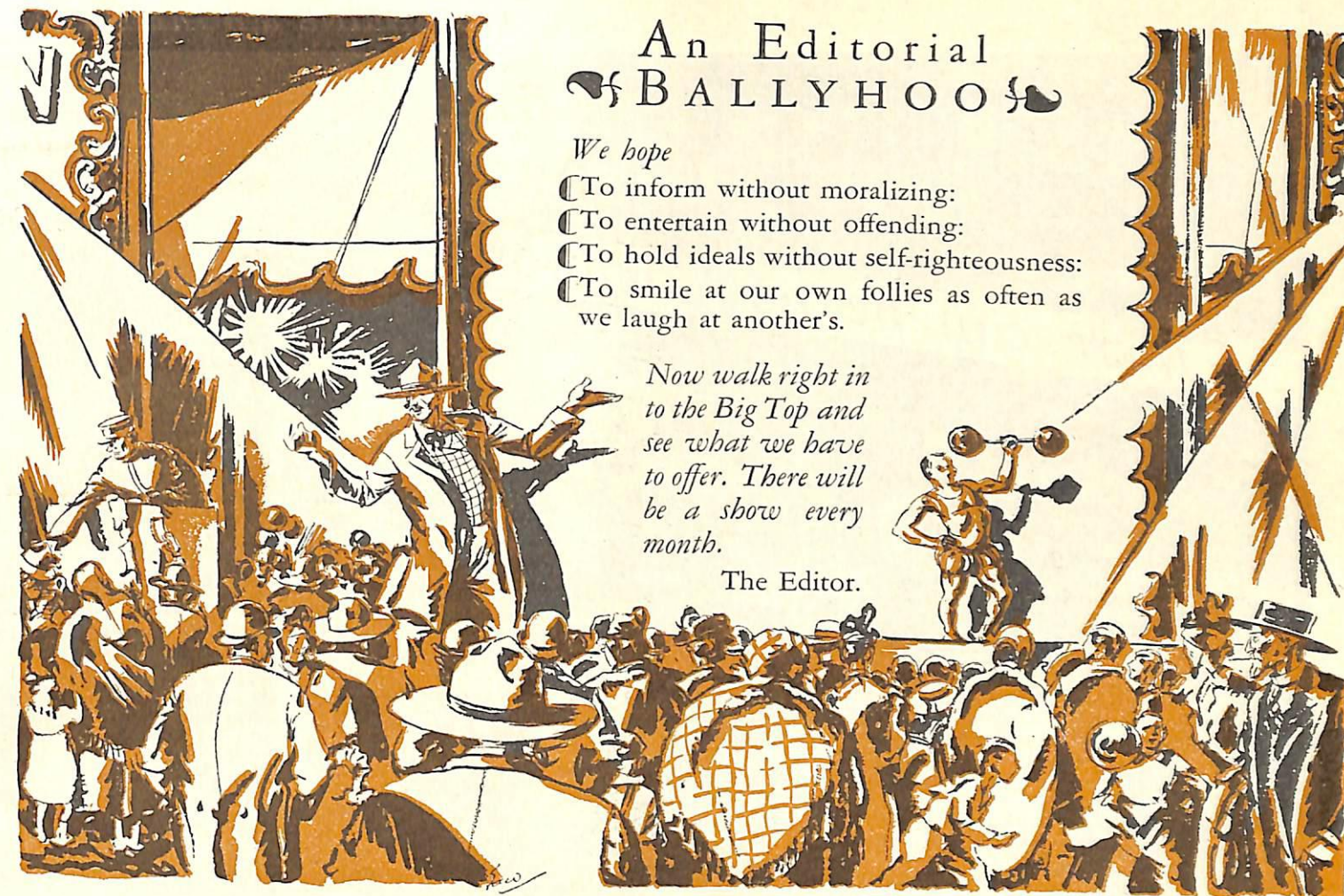
An Editorial BALLYHOO

We hope

- (To inform without moralizing:
- (To entertain without offending:
- (To hold ideals without self-righteousness:
- (To smile at our own follies as often as we laugh at another's.

Now walk right in
to the Big Top and
see what we have
to offer. There will
be a show every
month.

The Editor.



(Drawing by Edward A. Wilson)

What the Shrine Magazine is Going to Be

FOR MANY years Shriners have wished for a medium through which might be expressed the aims and ideals of Shrinedom. This wish is realized with the publication of The Shrine Magazine, created by order of the Imperial Council and designated as the official magazine of the Mystic Shrine.

The lack of a vehicle for bringing about a more intimate understanding between the Imperial Council, the individual members and the various Temples of the Shrine, has been a serious handicap in the past. The Shrine Magazine relieves this situation most effectively by providing a common meeting ground where all may gather to discuss the work of our organization.

The editorial policy of The Shrine Magazine is governed by five basic principles that insure the interest of every Shriner and his family. These principles are:

(To establish a direct contact between the Imperial Council and the membership at large, and by means of official announcements, editorials and communications, to bring to the membership a realization of the benevolences and enterprises of the Shrine, their merits and accomplishments.

(To promote and facilitate the discussion of projects about which the membership has never before had the means of being fully informed, and to supply information regarding community service of various Temples, as an incentive to emulation in other localities, so there may be a closer cooperation between all the members of the Order in all its activities.

(To furnish authoritative information regarding the history and purposes of the Order, and provide official information regarding proposed activities and legislation.

(To encourage and foster that spirit of clean fun and humor, that sense of fellowship to each other, of loyalty and devotion to the Order, and of good citizenship and patriotism in national affairs, which will insure and justify a high place in public esteem for the Order.

(To bring each month, to every Noble and his household, not only the official and vital news of the Shrine, but helpful information, enjoyable fiction, fashions, sports, country life, etc., so that the magazine will be of general interest, and represent the Shrine acceptably to the membership and creditably in the eyes of the world.

~ ~ ~

The Mystic Shrine was founded on September 26th, 1872. Year by year it has grown to a present membership exceeding 600,000 with Temples in 157 cities.

In its fifty-four years of existence, the Order has wielded a tremendous influence upon the life and progress of America. Conceived in good cheer, it hungered for more than play. It craved to be helpful. It has prospered because it has been charitable, friendly and just. In thousands of communities today we find unmistakable evidence of a faithful adherence to these tenets.

And now, with The Shrine Magazine serving as a permanent symbol of all the broad principles of Shrinedom, we can look forward to years of greater influence, greater achievement—and a greater Order.



Banish risk and fear of skidding

WEED Chains have had 23 years' experience stopping skids!

That explains why everyone thinks of WEEDS when it's time for chains—at the first drop of rain or flake of snow.

WEED Chains have been giving *satisfactory service* since the days of dirt roads and block pavements. In 1903 they pulled "Horseless Carriages" out of the mud—now they keep automobiles on the road with dependable traction, in spite of slippery surfaces.

You can't beat actual service as a test of merit. That's just where WEED Chains have won the world's confidence and its custom.

Insist on WEEDS. You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their brass-plated cross chains, galvanized side chains, and red connecting hooks, in addition to the name, WEED, which is stamped on every hook. Sold everywhere by good dealers.

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WEED CHAINS

Overcome skidding, nerve-strain and muddy roads



THE SHRINE Magazine

May 1926



My Dear Nobles:

What a privilege, what a splendid thing it is to be able to address every member of the Mystic Shrine in this, the first issue of our own magazine. No longer are we to be separated by the barriers of distance, for now, once each month, we may come together in that spirit of true friendliness that is the very foundation of Shrinedom.

I wonder how many of us realize what the publication of this magazine means to our organization. To be sure, it will provide many hours of entertainment and relaxation with its splendid fiction, stirring articles and authoritative Shrine news. But that, by no means, is the sum total of its usefulness; it must have a deeper meaning to all of us than a mere vehicle of entertainment and relaxation. One of the cardinal purposes of The Shrine Magazine is to convey a new and broader conception of the great achievements of the Mystic Shrine. We all want a closer viewpoint of the manifold activities of the 157 Temples in North America. We all want to weld more firmly the bond that has held us in deeply embedded brotherhood for nearly three score years. This magazine will enable us to do so.

And again, we should all know more about the most important work we have ever undertaken—the construction, operation and maintenance of the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children. Every Shriner is rightfully proud of our humanitarian efforts to aid these future citizens who suffer the handicap of physical deformity. In these pages, there will be ample opportunity to keep every member fully informed about the progress of this great work.

The Mystic Shrine has become more than the playground of Masons. It has learned that genuine happiness and real enjoyment come only to those whose material success is distinguished by a willingness to be helpful to others. This magazine, we hope, will serve to express those principles and to bring about a greater realization of how much they are a part of every Shriner's life.

I want to take this opportunity of congratulating the publication committee upon the achievements. They have made great sacrifices of time, substance and effort. The success of The Shrine Magazine must depend, to a great extent, upon the interest shown and the spirit of cooperation extended to the men who have been selected to do your work. They are serving you faithfully and I know they will welcome any suggestion for the betterment of the magazine itself, or for the good of the Order.

Yours in the faith,

(Signed)

J. B. Burger
Imperial Potentate





Illustrations by
DONALD TEAGUE

QUEER

By LOUIS

THAT afternoon was warm and the young man weary, not only weary but none too robust, or the pallor that glimpsed through a stained brown skin was misleading; heavy laden to boot, with all his worldly gear, bar what was on his back, in the veteran kitbag he was lugging.

Something other than unseasonable heat however was distressing the eyes that puzzled now down this side, now down that of the shabby midtown street; something more than mere fatigue embarrassed the feet that took this adventurer to a point about halfway between Fourth Avenue and Lexington; though when he halted there, put a lean shoulder to a lamppost, and used a handkerchief to mop the sweat which the leather of a chronic hat had dammed, his state of general fag was so apparent that the pause was understandable and called, one would have thought, for neither comment nor question. The young man seemed to feel, notwithstanding, that it earned him a critical, even a captious scrutiny on the part of the house in whose shadow he was resting; there was a quality almost of shyness at first, all but apologetic, and altogether wistful, in the gaze he gave back to its dull face.

The street itself wore that hunted look which streets of handsome history take on when they are fallen to a mean condition and have the hounds of the housewrecker hard on their traces. In its

best remembered phase it had boasted a roadway of well-joined blocks that made mellow music under the hoofs and wheels of the town's smartest turnouts; today it was plated with scrofulous asphaltum, taxicabs used it, if at all, as a shortcut and then at a lawless speed, seldom stopping, and the only vehicles that served its people with any regularity were the plebeian push-carts and the wagons towed by crowbait of provision hucksters, who found it profitable to drive through slowly. From Fifth Avenue on to Fourth both flanks were compact of stark shining towers where the garment trades hived toilers by thousands. From Fourth, past Lexington and to Third Avenue, the mansions of its quondam proud estate had been turned, with few exceptions, into boarding houses and rookeries for the drifting population, though several of these properties had sulkily gone in for trade and supported, or at least sheltered, struggling small ways of business; an employment agency, an antique shop whose debatable wares leaked out over the sidewalk and hindered foot traffic from dawn to dark, a hardy job-printing plant balanced by a spindling firm of interior decorators, with a scattering of modistes and scamp furries; while here and there, like fungi, a couple of grubby tea rooms, a French hand laundry of problematic accent, and a hybrid table-d'hôte had planted precarious footholds in basements if one remained still sacred to a single household its neighbors knew it not.



(The Witness was already sorry for
the younger woman.

STREET

JOSEPH VANCE

The particular dwelling whose interest of a furtive and hostile sort the tired gentleman suspected, stood out among its fellows by cause of a quaintly consequential port which somehow called up the image of an old-school actor brazening out bad times in a rubbed silk hat, a frock coat rusty and frayed, and a dicky to washing a stranger; an effect stressed by a frontage somewhat ampler than the rule was, leisurely steps that took two turns to gain the front door, and a bulge of windows, like the belly of an alderman, over the unkempt area. The windows of the upper storeys were, further, dressed with an historic collection of shades in divers stages of dilapidation; while those of the day, though wide to the summery air, were blinded inside by folding screens of rosewood with adjustable slats. The outer doors of beveled plateglass had gone so long uncleaned that their want of interior draping betrayed nothing of the vestibule; all their brasswork was green save where daily handling rubbed it bright; and one of their brownstone pillars flaunted an advertisement a strip of notepaper lettered by an awkward pen, *Furnished Rooms*; a lure which the young man below, elected not to resist, although it was more with a sense of accepting a dare that he dragged up to the stoop, of taking up the challenge implicit in the attitude which he felt the house had for him.

While he was waiting for response to his ring, an idle glance

A QUEER HOUSE on a
QUEER STREET

MYSTERY
in the first floor front

AMBITION
three flights up

while overhead is
a GIRL and a typewriter

marked someone skulking and studying him, the pallid shine of a face through the slats of the nearest window, a stabbing gleam of eyes alive with malice. Yet that prying regard was withdrawn as soon as surprised, under a sharpened stare the hand's-breath of glimmer in the shadows faded; and the man on the stoop was left to wonder whether he had actually seen something or been tricked by his imagination.

FOR all at once as soon as the face behind the blinds, if face it had been, retreated into shades which his vision couldn't fathom, and that feeling of being under ill-disposed observation had begun to ebb—all at once, then, a score or more of years and all their works were subtracted from his ken, and he was again as once upon an old time he had been, and so were his surroundings. For possibly one minute—the life of the hallucination can hardly have been longer—it was no wan and worn young man who waited on the doorstep, but a schoolboy with a heart as high as the hue of his cheeks and never a care in the world more carking than those related to the strapful of textbooks which (instead of a kitbag) he was swinging; the glass of the doors was speckless but had fine lace filets to conceal what lay beyond, their handles and hinges borrowed a glaze of gold from the sun; and one wing was being

swung open by a portly and pleasant-faced body with every trimming proper to the family butler of tradition, from the mut-tonchop whiskers to the eyebrows set at an angle of urbane patience. An ancient contentment welled then in the bosom that had never forgotten, a happy sense of homing where a sure welcome harbored. The next heartbeat would start a gay stampede (with a word of chaff to Wedge in passing) through an entrance-hall from which generous living-rooms opened, all warm with the friendliness they acquire that are well and long lived in, and up the stairs, to end in a mother's arms whose loving kindness was matched only by her matchless loveliness . . .

To be hauled rudely forth from that dream of dear, dead days proved painful and bewildering. The dreamer wagged his head without immediate success in ridding it of daze, and batted eyes that would liefer have disowned their evidence, once they refound a latterday focus.

The door was being opened to him, sure enough, but by an agent who in no way resembled that whilom butler of the kindly countenance; by a personage as unprepossessing, in fact, as a raddled harridan of middle age could well be; who in a blue near-sighted peer waited with more than merely a trace of impatience for the stranger to declare his errand, self-evident though that must have seemed, and was repaid by hearing him pronounce in one embittered word, one only.

THAT word was "Idiot!"

The china-blue eyes were even denser for a breath, then snapped. "You keep a civil tongue in your head, whoever you are!" the shrill of a shrew enjoined. "I didn't drop everythin' to answer this door and be insulted—"

"I beg your pardon." The young man whipped his wits together, did the right thing with his hat, and spent a pleading smile for nothing. Never a sign of good temper dawned, beneath the mop of brassy hair, in a face whose souvenirs of common comeliness roughed up through a floury field of wrinkles. "I didn't know what I was saying, I assure you. I was far away for a moment and talking to myself."

"I should think so." The affronted woman couldn't decline that opening, but could and did refuse to relent too readily. "And maybe now you'll make up your mind to quit starin' like a person might be a ghost and state your business."

"Why, I'm an author," the young man confessed with becoming humility—"if you are to call that a business."

"I don't know nothin' about that and care less." The china-blue eyes hardened notwithstanding, as if to testify that their owner had heard tell of authors and their shiftless Bohemian ways. "All I want to know's what you rung my bell for?"

"Oh, I'm afraid this must be one of my bad days. You see, I'm just off a ship, and everything's a bit strange. I'd like to have a look at your rooms, if it's convenient."

"It's what I'm here for, to show 'em—if that's got anything to do with a body's convenience. Rentin' rooms is the way I make my living."

"Then I'll come in, if you don't mind. I'm anxious to get settled quickly—as soon as I can find something not too expensive."

"Depends on what you call expensive." The female drew back, leaving the applicant to hold the door open with one hand and heave his luggage in with the other. "Rents is high and goin' higher. But come along upstairs if you want, and you can see what I've got."

Slipshod feet scuffled away to the stairs; but the young man was slow to act on this invitation, and delayed another bit, standing over his kitbag, in a pose of candid dismay, as though finding this first sight of the interior more than he had bargained for.

Time had been at work with wicked teeth there, and no mistake, in the entrance-hall; had turned the white tiles of its flooring dun and the blacks an ambiguous grey. A vague paper clung to the walls mainly, one inferred, for old sake's sake. Other than a decrepit hatrack there wasn't a stick of furniture to be seen. The woodwork of wrought walnut, and more especially the newelpost and bannisters, had been cruelly scored and broken by trunks and like impedimenta roughly juggled. Decomposing carpet covered the stairs and lent a cloying flavour to the air. The tall doors which a day more hospitable had seldom seen

closed were sullen barriers now that hinted at dark affairs a-fester beyond their panels. One alone stood an inch or so ajar, one half of double doors that shut off what had been the drawing-room; and through this crack, not far from his elbow, the young man again espied a grey blue in the shadows, the formless loom of that same face, he never doubted, which had spied on him through the bay-window blinds. But then again, as he took note of it, the blur sponged itself out, leaving him to nurse a notion that such, precisely, was the way a right ghost, caught off guard, would erase itself from the plane of mortal perceptions . . .

It took a testy admonition from the neighborhood of the newel-post to recall him. "Better leave your grip there, seein' it's so heavy, in the corner. It'll be safe enough, I guess; and there ain't much sense in totin' it up three pairs of stairs and down again, if what I've got don't suit you."

"Thank you; but if you don't mind, I think I'll bring it along all the same. You won't find me hard to please. I'm used to cutting my coat according to my cloth. As I said before, it's mainly a question of what I can afford."

"Oh, please yourself; 'tain't my back you'll be breakin'." So the homeseeker meekly laboured in the wake of a draggle-tail skirt and rundown heels till these led into a third-floor chamber in the front of the house.

"I expect you may's well understand here and now this is my cheapest vacancy. It's up to you if you want to look farther and maybe fare worse. It's a grand room, if I do say it myself, for a single person with running water and a sunny outlook that wants to be quiet."

"A sunny outlook," the young man mused. "Yes; one would want that . . . And for a room to write in, of course, quiet is a prime consideration."

Too little enthusiasm, however, too much discouragement stained the look that reviewed the accommodations. An added trace of asperity grated in the rejoinder: "Well! I reckon you won't have a terrible lot to fuss around here. None of my lodgers is ever in before evenin'; only Mr. Machen downstairs, he don't hardly ever budge a foot out o' the house, he's so sickly; and Miss Wilding that's got the room right over your head, she's a typewriter and keeps her machine goin' pretty steady all day long. But I will say this for the house, it's exactly the same as a tomb, every wall and floor that thick you won't never hear hardly a sound."

A far-away "I'm sure . . ." acknowledged these advices, which their beneficiary heard as a trickle of sound thinned by distance, hardly more.

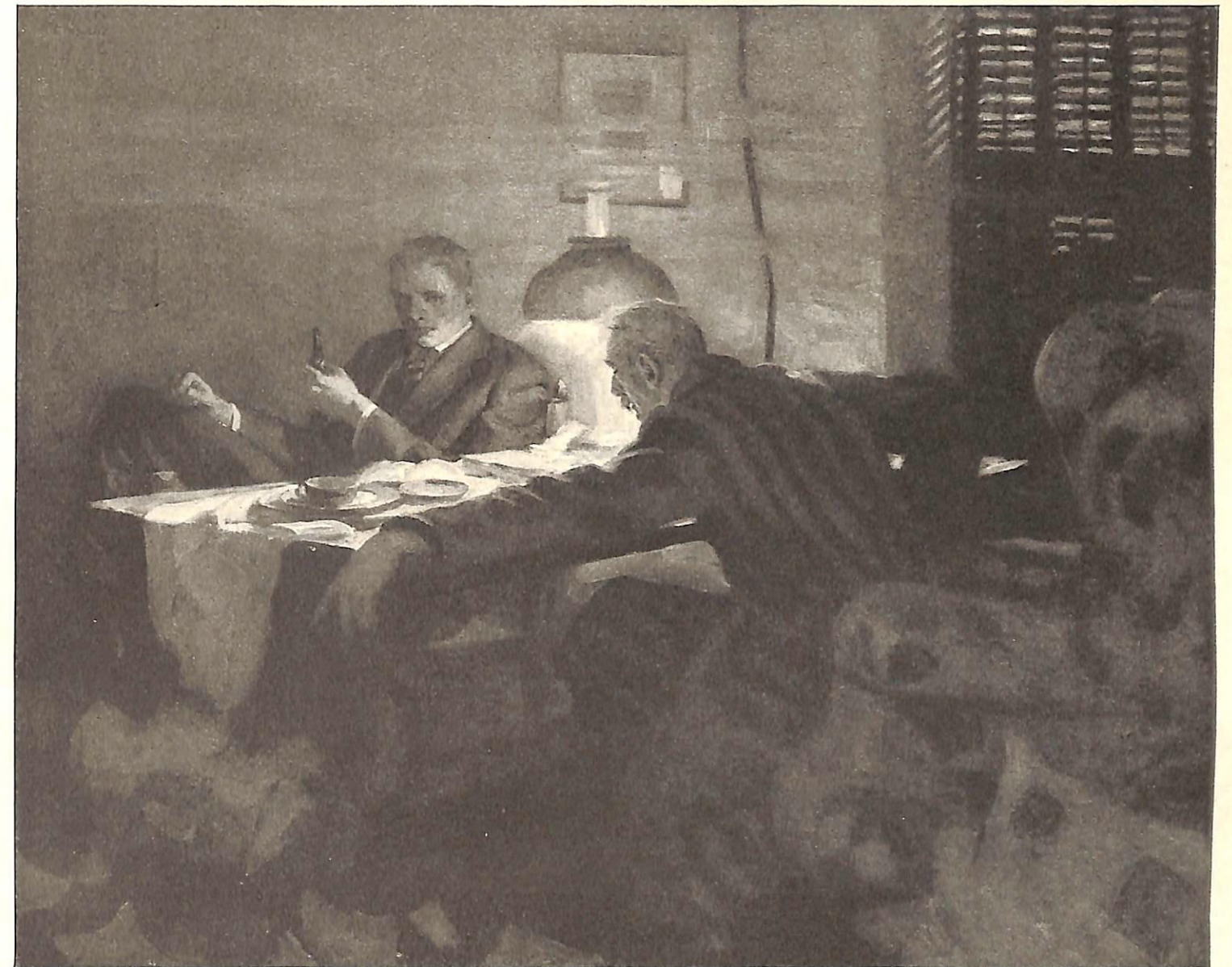
Three windows lighted this bedchamber, which had the width of the building and was proportionately deep. One huge clothespress opened off it as well as a cupboard which held an oldstyle washstand. A marble mantelpiece faced the door, its fireplace an inky gape. Lengths of sewn carpet, assorted, threadbare, and in places patched, posed as a rug. The massy walnut bedstead with its sad mattress and grey old counterpane was roomy enough for three. A marble slab, cracked and quite naked, topped a table with tortured wooden legs. Two round-shouldered chairs of quality had deflated horsehair seats as though unable to bear up in association with a third of the species Morris and the genus slabby. From the wall above the bed a gas bracket jutted, and a gasolier of four branches hung out of plumb from the leprous ceiling. A taste at least sanguine had chosen the wall paper.

BUT to this promise the prospective tenant was for the time being as blind as he was, of a sudden,

in sequel to that first shock of disappointment, to the teeming disadvantages which the room offered. The only being it had in his sight just then was the one which it had worn when at least twenty years younger; that of quarters comfortably furnished in a fashion suited to the uses of a schoolboy, a sturdy youngster with towed hair and a warm face who was, as most vividly remembered, in bed, a brace of pillows bolstering his shoulders and knees hunched up under the covers to hold a tome which he was poring over, by the gas flare overhead, with a divorce of consciousness from material circumstances so complete that it was possible for the hall door to open without his knowledge and admit a still young and adorable woman, prettily gowned for a dinner at home. It wasn't until her shadow athwart the printed text that the boy's mind was



"Yid November"



"The mystery," Machen replied, "is the missing answer to the question: Where did the money come from that the Franklins had been living on so long?"

wrenched back from its remote preoccupation and he lifted eyes dimly luminous with the star-dust of romance. An instinctive prompt essay to shut the book was too late by a bare instant; the mother was beforehand with him and bending over, deftly plucked from between the leaves of the geography a pamphlet whose lurid cover sported the title, "Buffalo Bill's Last Stand," by Colonel Prentiss Ingraham. But then her frown of duty, winked out in a gust of indulgent laughter, she sank down on the side of the bed, and the child, chuckling, threw himself forward to forget his dismays upon her bosom . . .

"Nine dollars a week's what I got to ask, and you won't find a better room anywhere near so cheap."

The dreamer winced out of it, and blinked to view again that mask of mean calculation. "I beg your pardon . . ."

"Say! Is something the matter with you or anything? That's twice you've looked at me like I wasn't real. I said nine dollars perfectly distinct."

"Yes, I know; I was just—considering." The younger head had a dubious wag. "It's a nice room, just what I want, and I'd like to say yes; but I'm afraid . . . You couldn't consider something less?"

"Not a chance. I'd like to know where you think you'll find anything in a respectable house for as little."

"I haven't the faintest idea. You see, I'm a stranger in New York. The difficulty is—I haven't much money."

A wistful smile spent itself to no gain on a countenance like adamant. "Well: I got my livin' to make, and my rents are only fair, what with taxes and all, and roomers forever tryin' to run out on a person that's fool enough to let 'em get a few days behind.

Nine dollars is what I'd ask my own brother, and not a cent less."

"Then I'm afraid . . ." The confession ran into a sigh. "I had hoped to find something considerably cheaper . . ."

"Goodness knows there ain't no law against your tryin'. Only don't say I didn't warn you not to tote that heavy grip all the way up here for nothin'. Anyway, you'll have to excuse me; I'm a busy woman with a big place to take care of."

The lady flounced off through the door; and the young man, with another sigh, most woeful, stooped to take up his burden, but held back for one last look round, one farewell look into the well-loved if wasted features of an old friend whom he was little likely ever in this life to see again; thanks to which delay, he arrived in the hall timely to figure as an unwelcome bystander at a passage anything but comfortable to witness.

A fresh and youthful voice, agreeably tuned even then, when it was breathless, cried in a gasp, "O Mrs. Fay!"—and a glance levelled over the back of that lady discovered a girl who, after running up the stairs, had rounded their shoulder to come face to face with the last person whom she had wished to meet. As to that, parted lips and eyes that grew round in a sensitive young face—which asked merely a diet poorer in cares and richer in proteids to be pretty—were evidence enough. But so was Mrs. Fay's back. A well-turned back and in younger days no doubt a gracious one, it had become suddenly angular and angry and actually a trifle arched like a pugnacious cat's; all in all an entirely becoming back (the habit of literary allusion suggested) for a beldame sans mercy. The witness was sorry already for the younger woman and won over to her side, no matter what the business at issue; even had to remind [Continued on page 50]

UNTO The

My BIG Two Dollars' Worth



CA FOREWORD By JAMES J. DAVIS
SECRETARY OF LABOR

WHEN a man spends money it is to get something in return. The return on the dollar is a man's first consideration. The consideration is natural and important, because dollars come hard and we have a right to know what we are going to get for them. Is the thing we get of value or have we put out our money on a fraud? This is the thought in mind every time we pay out money for any purpose whatever, even when we lay out money to do good.

One of the best ways to spend money is for something that will bring cheer and benefit to others. Every real man looks beyond the satisfaction of his own personal wants. A real man blessed with plenty wants others to share his happiness. A real man knows that happiness is a thing he can have only as he shares it with others. You can't go out and buy happiness for yourself. You buy happiness for yourself only when you buy it for others.

TWO of the big dollars I spend every year go to the construction and maintenance of the Shriners' Children's Hospitals. By big dollars, I mean the dollars that bring me big returns in happiness. They bring me that pleasure because I believe those dollars do a big good to others. To the hundreds of thousands of other Shriners, I don't doubt, come the same big returns of satisfaction on the two dollars they spend in the same way.

On looking up the records, I find that these two dollars, spent annually by Shriners, have provided seven hospitals for children who have been maimed and crippled. A wise care in planning these hospitals for the greatest possible good has placed them at proper points between Maine and California, from Canada to the Gulf. Not one section of the country benefits, but all sections get the good. In these places for restoration and help, five thousand crippled boys and girls, who would otherwise be denied the joy of play and work, who might lead sad and broken lives, are made into healthy, normal creatures, the vigorous little beings their Creator meant them to be, or else they have been helped so much that only time is needed to complete the cure.

This work, still in its infancy, has been made possible by the two dollars each member of the Shrine contributes each year. The sum is so small that it never is felt in his own pocket, but it

must bulge his heart every time he thinks of the good it does. That small sum of two dollars, many times multiplied, buys worlds of happiness for other human beings, and wipes out worlds of misery and suffering that otherwise would have saddened the universe. The good this money does can hardly help buying its givers a world of happiness for the bright new light it has thrown into darkened lives. I know I feel that way about it. That is why I call that particular spending, "My Big Two Dollars' Worth."

THERE'S an old Scottish saying that "Many a mickle makes a muckle." Those two dollars I spend each year for the Children's Hospitals, added to the two put out by every other member of the Shrine, mounts up to the splendid sum of a million and a half dollars annually. Annually it goes to give health to those most pitiful sufferers of all—the little ones, who need or a theater ticket. Yet where is the man who would not willingly forego, for once, such a trifling pleasure for the far greater pleasure of knowing that his little self-denial of the moment is going toward making a whole new life for some crippled child? You can't count up the value of two dollars put out in such a purchase! Nothing in the world is more precious than the life and health of a child. The heart of a child is greater than the life of a man. It is a promise to the future.

The surest way to insure the perpetuation of our country is to build for the future, and the destiny of the future is in the hands of our children. Neglect the children, refuse to do your utmost for their chance in life and their opportunities of filling useful places in the world, and you have failed in your most sacred duty. I believe the child is the repository of the future of the nation. Man owes no higher duty to God and to society than the duty of service to childhood. In restoring to health those children who, in the rush of life today, have become mangled and twisted, we are not only building wisely for the future, but we are bringing light into dark corners of the present. Tomorrow, the cripple you have helped to cheer and strengthen today, may be directing the affairs of the nation. You cannot count the good you do when you help a child. You may be [Continued on page 93]

LEAST of THESE

By
William Almon Wolff

(The Story of a REAL Work of Conservation

EDITOR'S NOTE Every time you see a crippled child you may remember this: In 1936, there will be 50,000 fewer cripples because of the work of the Shrine Hospitals. Here are the only hospitals in America, absolutely free. And not only are they free, they are the best and finest hospitals in every way that money and science and brains and love can make.

I WENT to see a hospital the other day. And, in going through it, I came to a cot where there was a baby. I mean a real baby. He was nine months old, his name was Jimmy O'Brien, and his hair was red. He had been born in Schenectady, N. Y., with two club feet. As a baby, Jimmy didn't amount to much. It hurts to think of how his mother must have felt when they finally had to tell her the truth; when they couldn't put her off any longer with tales that her baby was the most beautiful baby that had ever been born.

But it doesn't hurt at all to think of how his mother is going to feel, just a few weeks from now, when Jimmy goes back to her. He won't have club feet then. He'll have as good feet, and as straight and strong, as anyone. When he learns to walk he'll learn just as any other baby does. When he grows up he'll never know, unless some one tells him, that there was ever anything the matter with him. The first time a red-headed Irish youngster called Jimmy O'Brien knocks a home-run through some one's window he'll be able to run just as fast and as far as anyone else on the team.

HE WASN'T feeling very good the other day, when I saw him. He wasn't exactly crying, but he looked pretty sober, and he wouldn't smile. His rattle didn't interest him and he let his Teddy-bear fall when it was given to him. He just looked down at his bandaged feet. They hurt, not much, then, but a little, and it puzzled him. He didn't know what had happened to him, or why a man in a white coat had pulled and tugged at them, until he yelled—he, Jimmy, not the man in the white coat. But that's all right. He won't remember the pain through all the years he'll have the fine straight feet that are going to carry him through life!

Jimmy sticks in my mind, and I've begun with him, because all the time, while I was going through that hospital, I was remembering, vaguely, a saying. I ought to have remembered it exactly, but I didn't; I had to look it up, when I got home. This is it: "For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Christ said that two thousand years ago. And I suppose that anyone who still believes anything believes that it is as true today as it was then.

How is one to define "least," as the word is used here? It doesn't matter much, probably. Jimmy O'Brien would be covered by any definition. Little red-headed wisp of humanity—



born twisted and out of shape! Born poor, too, as the word goes. Jimmy's parents didn't have money for doctors and operations and for three months or more of constant care and watchfulness in a hospital. But they didn't need money. All they needed was the luck of having some one know about Jimmy's feet who also knew about the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children. And just a little bit more of good fortune—a vacancy in the nearest of the hospitals, the one, in this instance, at Springfield, Massachusetts.

IF YOU, who are reading this, are a Shriner you already know something of these hospitals. You know that you are paying two dollars a year toward their cost—which means that you contributed, personally, a trifle less than four cents a week toward giving Jimmy his chance in life. And you know that there are seven of these hospitals now in operation—at Montreal, Portland, Oregon; San Francisco, St. Louis, Shreveport, La., Spring-

(On the opposite page is the pathetic figure of a child as he walked into St. Paul-Minneapolis Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children. Here is the same boy as he walked out, able to run and play and grow into normal manhood.

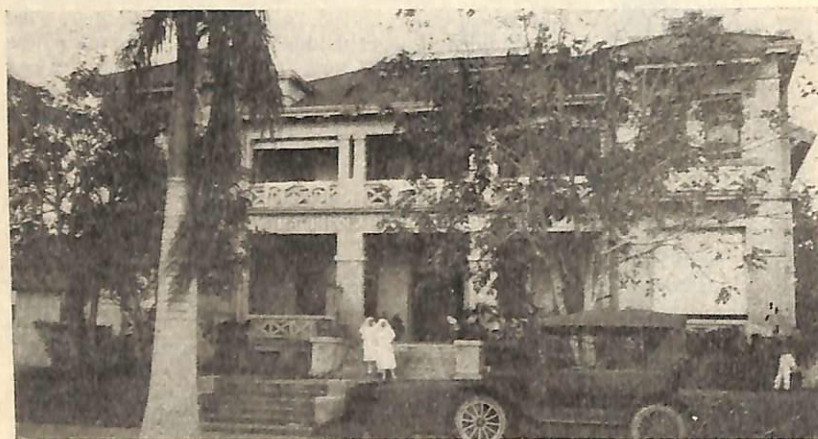
field, Mass., and the Twin Cities—between Minneapolis and St. Paul. You know that new hospitals are under construction at Chicago and Philadelphia, and that one is to be built at Greenville, N. C. You have read reports of what these hospitals have done, of what it has cost to operate them, and of the way in which efficiency has been safeguarded. But, until you have seen at least one of them you won't really know anything about this work!

It began with an idea—only seven years ago. That was in 1919, the year after the war. America, like all the world, was catching its breath after that tremendous catastrophe. In the minds of men and women was a feeling that to the men who had laid down their lives there must rise some adequate monument.

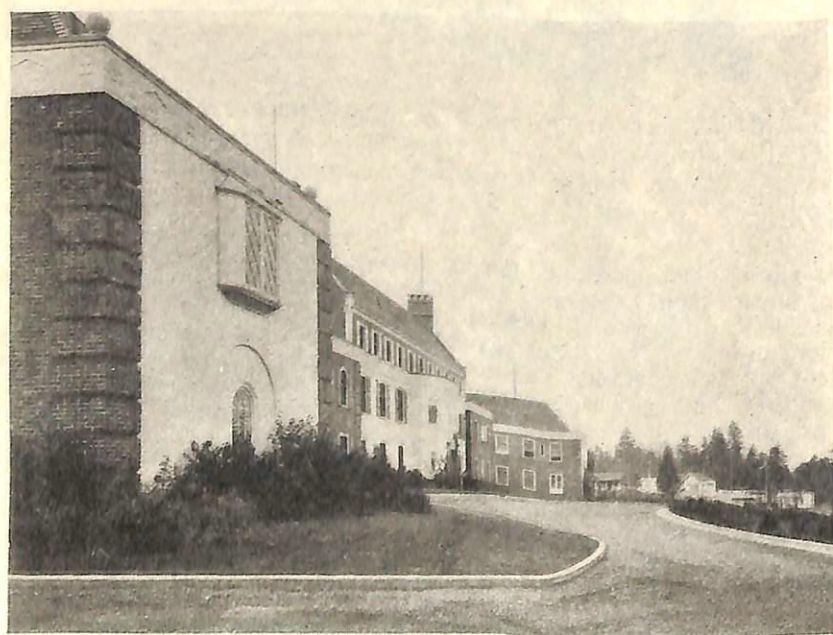
You hear, nowadays, foolish and poorly thought-out talk about war monuments and war memorials. The world will not forget the war, people say, almost sneering so why waste time and money on commemorating something that touched the lives of every living man and woman? That, of course, is not the point. Those who lived through the war will not forget it while they live; that goes without the saying, but they will not live forever. It will not, after all, be so very long before there will be



Two dollars will buy a few cigars, a theater ticket or pay a Shriner's share of the cost of this hospital at "Twin Cities"—Minneapolis and St. Paul.



The Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children began in 1919 at the Indianapolis convention, an outgrowth of a proposed war memorial. The Shrine memorial is unique; it honors the dead by caring for living children. This Honolulu unit in Hawaii shows an adaptation of native architecture. Its equipment is uniform with that of the others.



Parents who have seen their children go to the Portland Hospital or the other units have learned that they cannot spend a penny for the child. Once a child is marked for admission everything is free. As in this Oregon institution, every hospital has even its own brace shop.

no one living who can remember, save by hearsay, anything of the war; before there will be in the seats of power, men who were not yet born when the last cannon thundered in France and Belgium. It is they who must remember, when the time comes, as it may for them in their turn, to make the choice between war and peace. And that is why, it seems to me, the world was swept by that agonized passion to set up a memorial to the ordeal it had lived through that generations not yet born could not ignore.

THAT was why, when the Shriners met at Indianapolis in 1919, the air was full of talk of a great war memorial. Ideas of all sorts of the form it should take must have been abroad. But one man carried out the thought of the cruel suffering of war and the equally cruel suffering of peace. That was W. Free-land Kendrick, and his was the suggestion that the Shrine should commemorate the war by creating the Mystic Shriners Peace Memorial for Friendless, Orphaned and Crippled Children.

That year there was talk only. There was much talk; sound, thoughtful, practical discussion. In the end the resolution that had been presented went over for a year. Hence it was in 1920, at Portland, that Mr. Kendrick's resolution was adopted, changed and modified, so that now it provided for the establishment of a hospital for crippled children, to be organized by a committee, and supported by an assessment of two dollars on every member.

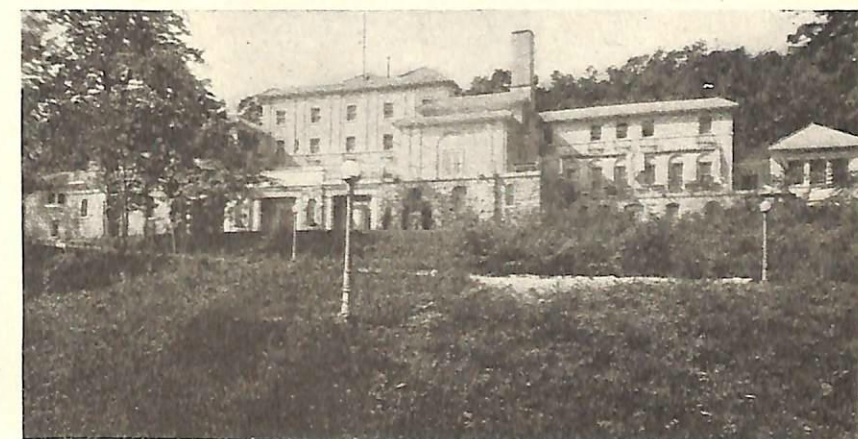
That was the beginning. A full year passed, in study and debate. The records of the meetings of the original committee are available; the space to quote from them is not. But I want to say, as one with some experience in studying such matters, that I have never seen a record that showed so conscientious and able a survey of a situation and a problem. These men were shrewd; they had succeeded brilliantly in the conduct of their own affairs; they brought, together, an extraordinary combination of talents and abilities to bear upon every phase of their work.

THEY wasted no time, but they would not be hurried. They came to see, very early in the course of their work, how vast a field of need and service lay before them. They knew that the latest figures of the Federal census showed that there were more than four hundred thousand known sufferers from congenital crippling conditions—conditions present at their birth, or arising very soon afterward. Congenital joint troubles, troubles of tubercular origin, the after-effects of so-called infantile paralysis and meningitis and rickets—these were among the things such a hospital as they projected must treat.

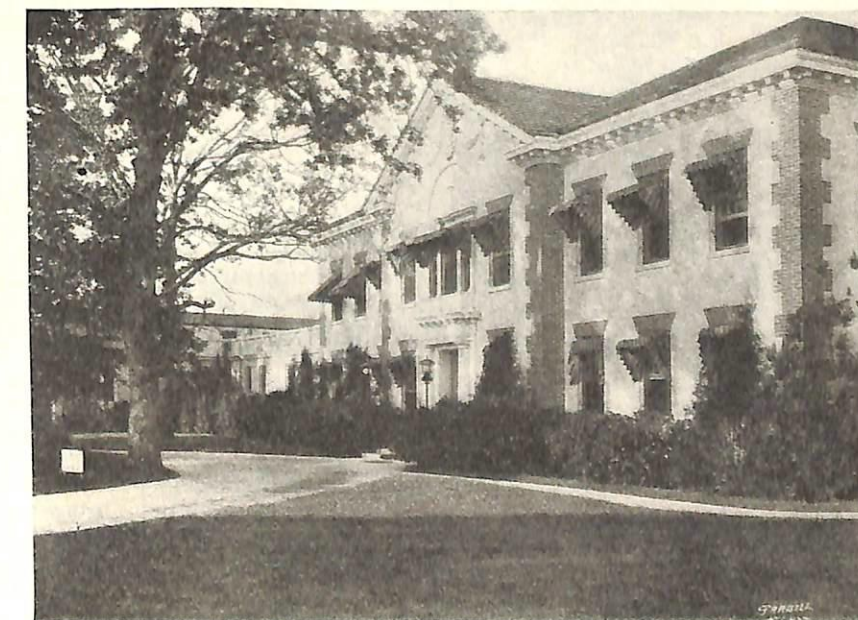
These were business men. They made no attempt to go outside their own fields of knowledge. They conferred with experts at need—notably the



These are some of the "up" patients at Shreveport. Their admission depended upon only one factor—their need for the treatment. No attention is paid to the child's race, creed or color.



The hospitals have been carefully designed to serve various sections of the country. This is the magnificent Montreal building and plant. Others now in operation are found in Portland, Ore., San Francisco, St. Louis, Shreveport, Springfield, Mass., and between Minneapolis and St. Paul. Buildings are under construction in Chicago and Philadelphia while plans have been drawn for a tenth at Greenville, N. C.



Ten years from now, fifty thousand children on this continent will be looking back at the entrance of a Shrine Hospital with the knowledge that they will lead a healthy, useful life because of the Shriners and their activities. The Shreveport, La. building.

leaders of orthopedic surgery. They learned of the great strides the orthopedic surgeon had made during the war, of the corrective work, thought hopeless just a few years before, that could now be done.

At Des Moines, when the Imperial Council met in 1921, the committee was ready to report. It presented two opposing plans. One, in line with the resolution of a year before, favored the establishment of a hospital at St. Louis, and asked for a widening of the scope of the resolution, to permit of the creation of other hospitals as funds became available and the need for them was shown. The other plan was for the appropriation of funds to be used in the support of work already being done in existing institutions. But the first and greater plan was the one that prevailed.

So, now, seven great hospitals are in operation. Two more are under construction. A tenth will be built at Greenville, N. C., this last not built by the Shrine, but the gift of W. W. Burgess, neither Mason nor Shriner, who, impressed by what he has seen of the work, has agreed to build the hospital and equip it, under the direction of the Trustees, and turn it over for operation on the same basis as all the other hospitals.

Also, five mobile units are or soon will be in operation—at Lexington, Ky., Spokane, Salt Lake City, Winnipeg and Honolulu. These are in regions where conditions do not warrant the creation of a complete hospital. Space is acquired in existing hospitals; a mobile unit can, as its name implies, be moved, in case of need.

SO MUCH for the history, briefly told, of the creation of these hospitals. But, after all, what they are counts for vastly more than how they came to be.

These seven existing hospitals, the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, are, first of all, probably the most perfect institutions of their kind in the world. They differ in detail as local conditions have, to some extent, affected plans of construction. Roughly, the buildings are of three types. St. Louis, the first planned, and, so far, the largest, stands three stories tall. Montreal differs from the rest because of its site and the availability of limestone. The rest are, in general, of the long, low pavilion type.

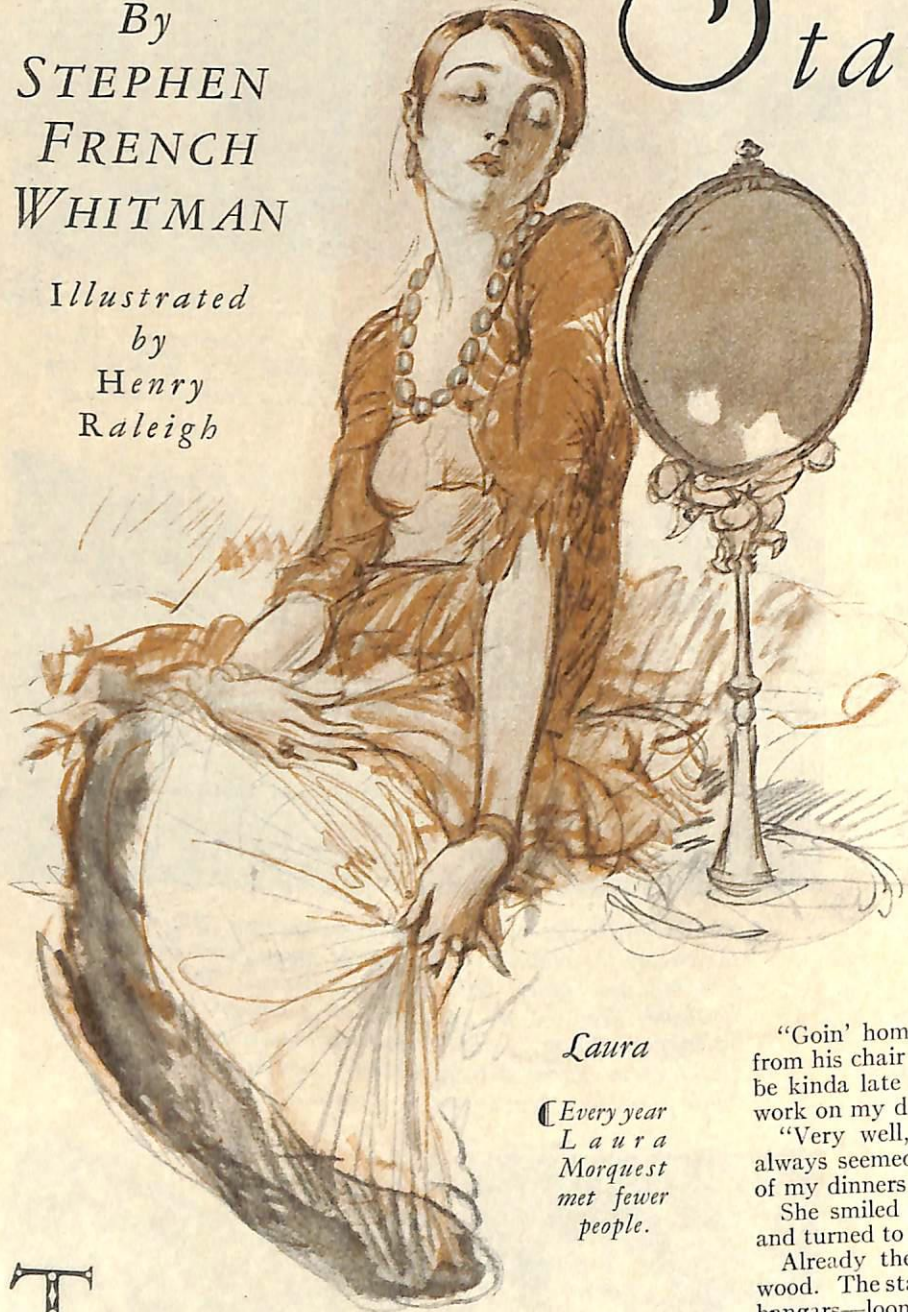
But, regardless of such differences in detail, the hospitals are alike in having been designed and equipped with a single end always in view, namely—the greatest possible efficiency in the treatment of the children admitted. Architectural design was under the supervision of a single consulting architect, with whom local architects worked—for uniformity, within certain limits, was held to be desirable.

Every step that was taken that had to do with actual hospital problems followed exhaustive study and consultation with the [Continued on page 56]

The Star-Maker

By
STEPHEN
FRENCH
WHITMAN

Illustrated
by
Henry
Raleigh



Laura

Every year
Laura
Morquest
met fewer
people.

☐ The story of a man
who served as a
MILESTONE on a
woman's road
to STARDOM

hard, shrewd husband of hers, who, even before she had met him, had been nicknamed, at some press-agent's inspiration, "the Star-maker."

"And you, Jim?"
"First class," was all he said, though his glance, even after five years of married life, told her far more than that. Twisting his boney body in the chair, he faced the new foreign director, whose ingenuity had done more for the picture than Jim Ericson was likely to admit.

"You got one thing that appeals to me, Schwandorf; you don't overshoot yourself a barrel o'film. You shoot so close I bet you was with Jerry in the artillery——"

BUT ALL the men except Ericson were standing; for Laura Morquest had risen to her feet.

"Goin' home?" her husband inquired indulgently, gazing up from his chair as if he would have liked to pat her. "Maybe I'll be kinda late to dinner. I guess there's still a couple of hours work on my desk."

"Very well," she replied in her soft, cultivated voice that always seemed full of warmth. "Only if you keep many more of my dinners waiting, I'll leave you."

She smiled down at him, extended that smile to the others, and turned to the door, which three men sprang forward to open.

Already the December twilight had descended upon Hollywood. The stages of the Prima Lot—huge structures like dirigible hangars—loomed through a gathering mist, as Laura Morquest passed them on her way to the private exit. Drawing her russet, sable-lined cloak about her, she emerged upon the sidewalk overhung with eucalyptus trees. Before her at the curb stood the long, purple, glistening Hispano-Suiza limousine that was, like Laura Morquest herself, momentarily the last word in Hollywood smartness.

The chauffeur, a hard-faced young man, who looked like a soldier even in his purple livery, held the car door open for her. As she stepped in, faintly sweetening the cold air with her perfume, this servitor, too, must have felt the impact of her invariable influence—that disturbing singularity, compounded of fame and romance, beauty and power, which she, without stirring from this California town, could still send forth to trouble the hearts of men in far corners of the earth.

"Drive home by Sunset, Dennis."

To an almost imperceptible purring, the car sped between the light-splashed trees of Sunset Boulevard, bearing away in the aloofness of its luxury the woman poised on the summit of her career. At a stoppage of traffic, leaning forward to open a window, she became aware of two young girls afoot, piquant, cheaply dressed, staring in at her in awe.

She remembered that one time she had been like them. But



☐ At least he had possessed her when she was young and obscure.

it had been a simple, inelegant Hollywood in which she had begun her climb to celebrity. Then the picture industry had, indeed, been "in its infancy." How many of the vulgar yet successful figures of those days were gone; how absurdly pathetic one of those first five-reelers would look, in comparison with the virtuosity of today! Laura Morquest felt old, as she reflected that she had seen nearly all those various changes.

A SENSATION of pity came to her, as she recalled herself in that time.

She saw a pretty little ignoramus in atrocious clothes,

haunting the offices of casting-directors, pleading for a moment on the screen. Bawled at by exasperated directors, she had swallowed her tears. Waylaid, in the dusk of the lot, with unwelcome invitations, she had slipped away leaving her persecutor sentimental, instead of angry. Some strange charm in her immature face, some exceptional, thrilling promise in her eyes, had even then arrested the attention of all manner of men, since men will seek forever, if only for its misuse, a rich fund of rudimentary emotion. Alone—since she had run away from home—she became frightened at last: "what was going to happen to her?" In wet weather she wore shoes with holes in the soles; she sometimes went to bed with the furious hunger of youth.

THE LIGHTS flashed up in the projection-room, foggy with cigar smoke, where the woman and the six men, seated in arm-chairs, had watched the final cutting of the picture. Jim Ericson, the owner of the Prima Studio, turned toward his wife, "the great Laura Morquest." That rough-hewn, red-spotted countenance of his, like the countenance of an aging yet still ruthless Viking, became almost attractive as he beamed at the actress whose beauty and talent were now known all over the world.

"Suited, Baby?"
She nodded, then thoughtfully lowered her exquisitely fragile mask of flesh, round which a small brown hat pressed down her auburn hair. Maybe she was wondering that, with the aid of these men, she could still remain so nearly preeminent. How long would it last? Though she often looked like a girl in the early afternoon, Laura Morquest was thirty-one; and all about her, in Hollywood, were arising the radiant young women to whom in so short a time at best, she would have to give place forever. But once more, with this new picture, she had escaped the first step in that descent. She might not have done so, she told herself, without the immense resources, the immense adoration, of this



"It's true I was a dreadful little noodle when I first tried to break in."

At this point Lawrence Byrne asked her to marry him. She had thrown herself into his arms.

He was a writer, seven years older than she, who had come to California for his health. Cultivated, fastidious, holding high ideals of his art, he had tried for a while to devise those first, extraordinary scenarios, but had given that up in disgust. He had a trivial independent income, which he eked out by writing for serious journals. So he and Laura were poor; but to her their little bungalow was like a home in heaven—for a year.

"Poor Larry!" thought "the great Laura Morquest," as the splendid Hispano-Suiza bore her triumphantly on toward her villa in Beverly Hills.

What had become of him? Two years ago, in a friend's house, she had picked up from a table a heavy sort of magazine—no doubt laid there for the effect it would have on callers—and had seen an article of Lawrence Byrne's entitled, "The Foundations of Dramatic Gesture in Europe." She had reflected sadly, from old experience, that a thing like that must have brought him hardly more than a hundred dollars. What stubbornness!

But then he had always been so.

Indeed, he had been a peculiar character in many ways.

Reticent, gentle, charming, perfectly well-bred, he had known all sorts of extraordinary things, which he had imparted to her

with a whimsical humor. He had traveled in younger days—"before the money gave out"—and by virtue of that experience he made many races and classes vivid before Laura. From a world other than Hollywood, he had derived an accurate good taste, a nobility of judgment and intention, that never failed, no matter what question arose.

The trouble was, he couldn't make enough money to put that taste and judgment to interesting uses.

He went on and on, writing "that dull old stuff."

WHILE professing a profound contempt for "the movies," he loved the theater. But he loved the theater, alas, like a scientist, recording its history, analysing its means of progress, examining, in the driest way, all its countless immemorial effects. He could hazard an excellent guess why this or that classic actress, for instance, had not quite succeeded as "Medea" or "Gelimene"—the fault in her nature, her training, her sentimental career, that had made her fall short of the proper horror or polished coquetry. Then he had brought back from Europe an enthusiasm for the voice of Coquelin, for the marvelous visage of Duse which remained so still while expressing everything, for the fluent poetry of Sorel's fine body.

Sometimes in the evening, in the small living room fuller



and fuller of pipe-smoke, he talked for hours of his hobby, till Laura, with an exasperated yawn, inquired:

"That's all very well, Larry, and you express it quite nicely; but it's not going to get us anything you could notice. Look at that last piece you wrote, about what d'ye call him—Congreve? Seventy-five dollars! There's a fellow came round to the studio today who cleans up ten thousand a year free-lancing."

Lawrence Byrne's lean and sensitive face expressed a smile as he said:

"You are so admirably adaptable, my dear. You sometimes not only bring the syntax of the studio home with you; you even bear back to me, on your delicious lips, the gossip of deeds far too grand for me. I'm terribly sorry; but I can't write in that line."

"Then write a play."

"But haven't I already written two, that nobody wants?" he laughed, rising, going to her, touching with a secret wistfulness her radiant young head, which she had lowered in despondency.

"Try again," she muttered, almost with the effect of giving him one more chance.

"Ah, of course I shall! Yet it wouldn't make any difference."

She looked up into his tender eyes. But with that, there was also a queer new look in Lawrence Byrne's gray eyes, like the prefiguration of a sad forgiveness.

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

"That no matter what it was, I don't think it would be enough."

"Enough for what?"

"To keep you forever in my dry and dusty prison."

She sprang up in guilt and compassion, wound her fresh arms about him, pressed her sweet mouth to his. At a sudden gust of that emotion which she had not known before in Lawrence Byrne, she cried softly against his face:

"But ain't we always to be together, no matter what happens?"

"Aren't we," he corrected, with a confidential wink, hugging her so tight that she forgot his present superiority to her and her future, inevitable superiority to him.

It was not, as a matter of fact, until ten months later that she had definitely and fatally "outgrown him."

SHE HAD, that is to say, ceased to be the appropriate wife for a poor, pleasant fellow who was never going to get on. Already with the money earned from better and better parts, she had changed herself into a slim, lovely, brilliant-looking girl who might have stepped out of "a house on Fifth Avenue." There were women stars in those days who watched in amazement her savoir faire, and her simple attire more [Continued on page 81]

DOLLARS

That Pass In the NIGHT

FOREWORD

By KARL K. KITCHEN

Celebrated as a Writer Who Knows His New York

THERE is no city in the world that offers as wide a variety of after-midnight entertainment as New York. I make this statement being fully familiar with the night life in all the leading European capitals.

Because our supper clubs are not overrun with cocottes—because we observe the decencies here to a greater degree than anywhere else in the world—there are some out-of-town visitors—who have never been abroad—who imagine the night life of Paris or Budapest is much livelier.

As a matter of fact, the night life here is far more expansive—and of course far more expensive—than in London, Paris or Berlin.

There are night clubs in New York that do not take on an air of activity until four o'clock in the morning and I know of at least three which do not disgorge their jaded patrons until nine A. M.

WHAT one can spend at these hundred odd supper clubs depends entirely upon where one goes and what one orders. The covert charges vary all the way from twenty-five cents to five dollars. Liquor is dispensed, either by bootlegging waiters or the "house," at prices that vary quite as much as the covert charges. In some of the less pretentious night clubs cocktails and highballs are retailed for a dollar and even less. In the smarter establishments Scotch is provided at eight dollars or ten dollars a pint, and champagne at fifteen dollars or twenty-five dollars a quart. How much of the liquor is "authentic" is difficult to say but bootleggers tell me that supper clubs buy the cheapest stuff they have for sale.

There is nothing very startling or risqué to be seen in the more or less exclusive supper clubs on Broadway. They are simply places for theater-goers to top off the evening with dancing and perhaps a light supper. The majority of their patrons do not order more than a sandwich. The sale of bottled water is the big feature and the most profitable. The minimum of a dollar and often as much as two dollars is charged for a bottle of mineral water that costs the establishment seventeen cents.

In many of the supper clubs the dancing by the professionals is superlatively good. The highest paid "hoofers" in the world, as the ball-room dancers are called, perform here.

THE majority of night club patrons fall into two categories: Young men on small salaries or allowances who cannot afford to visit them, and speculators with "easy money"—both accompanied by members of the dear unfair sex.

This doesn't mean that people who can afford to spend twenty-five dollars a bottle for champagne are not to be found in New York's supper clubs. No generalization is wholly true, not even this one. The occasional visitor, it must be remembered, is not

the habitué. In every supper club crowd on Broadway there are out-of-town pleasure seekers and even native sightseers. But they are only the fringe of the patronage. The ringside tables at the more pretentious establishments are occupied night after night by men of the speculator type—who make large sums in devious ways. The wealthy men of New York like Harry Payne Whitney, Vincent Astor, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., or any of the Morgan partners, for instance—never frequent them. The big spenders are practically confined to the speculator type of New Yorker.

Sandwiched between their tables are a few society folk—often guests of the management—to give the gatherings a little tone. On opening nights, for instance, social register guests are begged to attend in order to make a showing in the newspapers, which to print the names of the society patrons but naturally do not mention the leading gunmen and their companions. The theatrical, motion picture and other celebrities you encounter at the leading supper clubs do not pay their way. They are invited to drink and dance at the expense of the management—for their presence adds importance. Also there are the influential politicians, "fixers," publicity experts and others who are able to say a good word for them. Their checks, which they sign with grand flourishes, are never presented.

By far the most numerous patrons, curiously enough, are the clerks and small-salaried employees who visit the famous rendezvous of Broadway to live—for a few hours—what is pictured as the "New York game." On Saturday nights they are so numerous that they would fill every supper club on Broadway several times. Many of them actually spend their week's earnings on a single after-theater check.

THE financial return to the proprietors of these supper clubs is amazingly large—if they have a popular place. The hat and wash-room privileges, together with the cigar privileges, practically pay the rental. I will not say anything about the liquor profits—that is too obvious. The big return, outside of the sale of bottled water, is from the covert charge—a popular supper club with four hundred seating capacity being able to average more than one thousand dollars a night.

Of course, there are big expenses. Professional dancers get big salaries. Orchestras are costly, and the item of decoration is important—for the life of the average club is only a few months, and there is little salvage. Sometimes, large sums are needed to "fix" certain people who might become too active.

The best proof that the supper club industry is flourishing as never before is the number of establishments that are functioning up and down Broadway. Moreover hardly a week goes by without a new club opening, and this in spite of padlock threats and even more drastic padlock action.

It's the fourth biggest industry on Broadway.



Everywhere he looked he saw beautiful gowns, bare arms and shoulders.

A Stranger Investigates Broadway's Fourth Largest Industry

By William Hazlett Upson

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

AT ABOUT eight o'clock on Friday evening, February 5, 1926, a solemn looking youth was eating a portion of hamburger and onions at Shea's Quick Lunch, Sixth Avenue, New York, when a smart looking young man sat down by him and said, "What seems to be gnawing at you? You look so sad and sorrowful."

"Nothing is gnawing at me," said the solemn looking youth. "I ain't that kind of a guy. But I sure feel sad and sorrowful."

"Who are you, and what is the trouble?" "My name is Joseph K. Banks and the main trouble with me is I'm lonesome. Six months ago I come to New York from my home in Macksville, Kansas, with the idea of making good in the garage business here. I am a good mechanic even if I am only twenty-one years old. So far, the only job I've had is washing cars in the Union Square Garage at thirty dollars a

week. Just think of it, mister! For six months I've been washing cars, and eating at this bum hash-house, and living in a dirty little room over on Sixteenth Street. Not only that, but I don't hardly know anybody here. I ain't got no friends, and I don't know any girls at all, and I am lonesome, and I wish I was back in Kansas."

Joe gazed mournfully out through the large plate-glass window of the restaurant. A heavy snow had fallen the day before, and Sixth Avenue under the pale street lights presented a dirty, messy, cheerless appearance.

"So you feel lonesome?" said the smart looking young man. "Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Joe. "I have a hundred and thirty dollars, which I have saved out of my pay."

"Is it in the bank?"

"No, in my pocket."

"Well, well!" said the smart looking young man. "I always have a soft spot in my heart for anyone who is lonesome; and possibly I may be able to help you. My name, by the way, is Edwin Latour."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Latour," said Joe.

"Never mind the Mister; just call me Edwin. I am an actor," he continued, "and naturally, in my business I know a lot of very attractive girls. Perhaps it would cheer you up to meet some of them."

"Sure!" said Joe. "Sure!"

"Do you dance?"

"I used to be considered the best little old stepper in all Macksville, Kansas."

"And are you a good sport?"

"Sure I am."

"That's the stuff, Joe," said Edwin. "I begin to see you are a regular guy. Now, I tell you what I'll do. I'll scare up a couple of real nice girls, and you and I will drag them up-town. It's too late to take in a theater, but we can go some place and dance. Are you on?"

"Sure!" said Joe. "Gosh, it's nice of you to do this."

"Always glad to do a service for a friend. And you will be helping me at the same time. I have been just pining to go on a good party for some time, but I haven't been able to swing one. You see, the public doesn't appreciate real art, and I absolutely refuse to demean myself by taking any rôle unworthy of me. So at the present time I have no job, and I have no money. But if you—"

"You want me to pay for the tickets to this dance?" asked Joe.

"That was more or less the idea."

"Sure! Delighted! It won't cost much, will it?"

"A small cover charge. Perhaps a few sandwiches. Not a great deal."

"That's fine," said Joe, "because I can't afford to spend much. This hundred and thirty dollars I have been saving to get a radio to send my mother in Kansas for her birthday. Of course I won't need it all for that, but I have almost decided on a swell eight-tube set at a special sale on Fourteenth Street for a hundred dollars. And then I want a loud speaker to go with it, so there won't be much left over."

"Don't worry about that," said Edwin. "Just slip me a nickel, please, and I will call up Geraldine—she's one of my lady friends—and make arrangements."

Joe handed out a nickel and Edwin retired to the telephone booth. A moment later he came out and said that Geraldine would be delighted to come, and would get hold of some other nice girl to make up a party of four. They would be ready at half past eleven.

Joe obligingly paid for both suppers, and they put on their coats and strolled out into the snow covered street.

"I suppose you have evening clothes?" asked Edwin.

"If you mean a dress suit or Tuxedo," said Joe, "I don't own any such thing."

"When you go to a high grade dance in New York," said Edwin, "you have to dress the part." He thought a moment, and then said, "There is a man over at my house who is very hard up and who has a Tuxedo which he will sell with all the fixings—shirt, collar, studs, everything—for only twenty dollars. At any store it would be a hundred. You better come over and get it."

"Twenty dollars is a lot of money for me," said Joe.

"Come on, be a sport," said Edwin. "You aren't going to back out of this party now, are you, after I've invited the girls?"

Joe considered. "All right," he said. "I'll put off getting the loud speaker for another month, and in the meantime Ma will have to use ear-phones."

He accompanied his new friend to a rooming-house nearby and paid out two handsome ten-dollar bills for a somewhat old but fairly presentable outfit of evening clothes. He then returned to his room, took a bath, and with some difficulty arrayed himself in his new purchase. At eleven he presented himself at Edwin's room and found that young gentleman also attired in evening dress and ready for the party. Edwin inspected Joe carefully, adjusted his necktie, and told him he would pass. Joe felt a bit stiff and uncomfortable, but very elegant.

"I just had a phone call from Geraldine," said Edwin, and she has scared up a young movie actress for you to take along. I have reserved a table for us up at Texas' place—one of the most fashionable night clubs in the whole city. What do you think of that?"

"Swell!" said Joe.

Edwin led the way, and they walked down to a small apart-

ment house on Twelfth Street. They climbed one flight of stairs, Edwin rang a bell, and they were admitted to what seemed to Joe a very richly furnished apartment.

There were two girls present, and Joe was introduced first to Geraldine, a dazzling creature with golden, bobbed hair. She had very red cheeks and red lips, and she wore a green velvet dress cut considerably lower than anything Joe had seen outside of a vaudeville theater. The dress was held up by two strings of pearls over the shoulders. Joe felt just a bit dizzy as he shook hands. "Pleased to meet you," he said.

Then Geraldine introduced him to the other girl. "This is my friend Millie," she said—"one of the stars of the Paramount Pictures, you know."

Millie was a demure little thing, and she wore a plain gray dress that made her seem very modest indeed beside Geraldine in her brilliant green one.

"Joe is a big butter and egg man from the west," explained Edwin. "His father owns half of Kansas City, and has just bought him the big Union Square Garage down here so he can start in business for himself in the big town."

Joe started to protest that this was not accurate, but Edwin winked at him and he understood that he was expected to keep quiet.

"Joe is a real sport," continued Edwin, "and a good spender. He is the man that is heaving the party tonight."

"Good for Joe!" said Geraldine in a loud voice. "We'll get our wraps and start." As she turned around, Joe noticed that the back of her dress was so low that you almost might have said it had no back at all. He also noticed that while Geraldine's coat was of expensive looking fur, Millie's coat was of plain black cloth.

THE four of them went out. Edwin called a passing taxicab and gave an address to the driver. They all climbed in—Edwin and the two girls on the rear seat, and Joe on the little folding seat in front.

The cab sped around a couple of corners and drew up at what seemed to be a perfectly dark dwelling house. "I want to stop here a minute to stock up," said Edwin. "Just slip me a ten dollar bill." Joe did so, a little doubtfully, and Edwin disappeared down some cellar steps. A moment later he came back, gave the driver an address on Fifty Fourth Street, and climbed in. As the cab started he showed them two flasks.

"I had to shoot the whole ten bucks," he said, as he stowed them in his pockets, "but the stuff is good. It's worth the price."

The taxi turned north on Fifth Avenue, and Joe felt his heart beating fast with expectations. At the same time he had a feeling of uneasiness when he thought of the ten dollar bill which had gone so quickly.

At length they rounded the corner into Fifty Fourth Street, and stopped at a doorway with the sign, "Texas Guinan's 300 Club." They got out, and Joe paid the taxi driver—a dollar and a half for the ride, and fifteen cents tip. Joe had heard that ten percent was the proper thing for a tip.

Edwin and Joe checked their coats at a counter just inside the door, while the ladies went upstairs. When the ladies came down, Edwin spoke to a gentleman in evening dress: "I have a table reserved for four. The name is Latour."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman. He ushered them into a large, gaily decorated room which had a dance floor in the center. They sat down at one of a number of tables arranged around the sides of the room. Joe looked about. Most of the other tables were occupied by ladies and gentlemen in handsome evening dress. Everywhere he looked he saw spotless white shirt fronts, beautiful gowns, sparkling jewels, bare arms and shoulders.

"Pretty nice, isn't it?" asked Edwin.

"Swell!" said Joe, in an awed voice.

"How about some sandwiches and something to drink?" suggested Edwin. The girls seemed to approve, and Edwin called a waiter. "Four chicken sandwiches," he said, "and four bottles of White Rock." A few minutes later sandwiches, bottles, and glasses appeared. Edwin produced one of his flasks and poured a small amount into each glass, filling them up with the sparkling, bubbly water. Joe tasted his very cautiously; he still remembered how sick he had been once when he took too much on a party back in Macksville.

An orchestra at the end of the dance floor began to play and Edwin and Geraldine got up to dance. Joe looked at Millie.

"Would you care to dance?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, indeed," she said, and they moved out on the floor.



☞ "This little girl," announced Texas, "is going to sing for you."

Joe had not exaggerated when he said he was the best little old stepper in all of Macksville, Kansas. He was a born dancer, and so also, apparently, was Millie. She was so delicate and so light on her feet that she appeared to weigh nothing at all. The music was glorious, and Joe stepped along gaily and confidently. He decided he was going to like this place, and he also decided that he liked this girl. What a lucky boy he was, he thought, to be dancing with such a peach. And a movie actress, too!

At length the music stopped and they sat down. A girl came by with a tray of cigarettes. Edwin took four packages, one for each of them.

"Oh, what pretty cigarette holders!" said Geraldine. "Let's get a couple." She took two, one for herself and one for Millie. Joe felt them all looking in his direction. Slowly he brought out his pocket book and asked, "How much?"

"Thirty-five a piece for the Lucky Strikes, fifty a piece for the Turkish cigarettes, and two and a half each for the holders." The cigarette girl smiled at him sweetly. "That makes six seventy altogether," she added.

Joe counted out a five dollar bill, a one dollar bill, two quarters and two dimes. This was the amount the girl had said. But instead of picking it up she merely stood there with an expectant look on her face. Edwin whispered in Joe's ear, "She wants a tip."

"Oh," said Joe. He laid a fifty cent piece with the rest of the money.

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, gathering up the pile.

"You're welcome," said Joe. The girl moved off, and Joe sat

with his hand in his pocket, clutching his purse. How much money was left? He didn't want to count it in public, so he tried to figure up mentally. But he couldn't remember exactly how much he had spent—it had gone so fast.

"Excuse me," he said, and retired to the men's wash room to check up. Ninety-one dollars and fifteen cents. As he finished counting, an attendant started brushing him with a whisk broom. He handed the fifteen cents to the attendant and escaped to the main room.

The orchestra was playing again, and he found Millie seated alone. Edwin and Geraldine were dancing.

"Listen, Millie," he said. "Do you know anything about radio sets?"

"Not so very much," said Millie. "Why?"

"Well, you see I have been thinking of getting a swell eight-tube set. But I was just wondering whether maybe one with say six tubes might not be just as good. What do you think?"

"My uncle has one with only five tubes, and it works fine."

"About how much did it cost, I wonder?"

"About seventy-five dollars, I think."

"Thank you," said Joe.

The music stopped, and Edwin and Geraldine returned to the table. Edwin filled up Geraldine's glass and his own. Joe's and Millie's were still half full.

"There's Texas herself!" said Edwin suddenly—"the lady that runs the club."

Joe looked up and saw a comfortable, jolly-looking woman advancing to the center of the dance floor. [Continued on page 88]

THE DESERT DECISION

Ⓒ Karger pitching

LAFE KARGER was Buck Jenkins' keeper from the time they were boys attending grammar school in the little town of Olamette, Kansas. Lafe was ten years old when he made his first characteristic sacrifice for his friend.

Young Jenkins, also ten, had broken into the school house at night. He had drawn certain pictures on the blackboard and walls. Under these pictures he had scribbled captions. The pictures and captions dealt rudely with the teacher.

There was, of course, an investigation. Lafe Karger believed, rightly, that the investigations would, if persisted in, discover Buck. He believed, too, that if Buck were proven guilty he would be harshly dealt with. His reputation, even then, was considerable and bad. Lafe had heard Buck's name linked with talk of the reform school.

So, knowing a little and imagining more, Lafe Karger rose in class and confessed the vandalism of which Buck Jenkins was guilty. The results were about what he expected. He was punished, of course, but because of his excellent reputation the penalties inflicted were comparatively light.

When the affair was over young Lafe Karger went swimming with young Buck Jenkins. The swimming hole was some distance from town. When they arrived there young Lafe spoke his mind.

"You hadn't ought to done that, Buck," he said earnestly.

Buck dug in the mud with a bare toe. He was embarrassed. Embarrassed and puzzled. Lafe often affected him thus.

"Aw shucks! What did you want to go an' own up to it for?" he demanded resentfully.

"I was scared they'd send you to the reform school if they caught you," Lafe explained.

"They wouldn't o' caught me," Buck persisted scornfully. "You make me sick!"

"Put up your fists," Lafe commanded without heat.

"What you goin' to do?" Buck asked.

"Fight," Lafe enlightened him laconically.

"All right," Buck said wearily, without enthusiasm or anger.

He put up his fists and they fought there on the bank of the creek, fought furiously to a finish. Buck had the initial advantage. He was quicker, more naturally savage, the better instinctive fighter. Lafe took all the early punishment and fought on doggedly. He was still fighting strong when Buck began to weaken. The affair wound up with Buck helpless on the ground and Lafe astride him, bloody and bruised, but still strong.

"Give up?" Lafe inquired. There was no hint of rancor or fury in his voice.

Buck gasped an affirmative.

"Promise you won't do nothin' like that again?"

A grunt of assent.

Lafe rose and helped Buck to his feet.

"You're a sight," he said sadly, gazing on the facial havoc he had wrought.

Ⓒ Jenkins catching by radio

"Aw, y'ain't so pretty yourself," Buck snarled in retort.

"Y'ought to be ashamed of yourself," Lafe insisted mildly.

"You make me sick!" Buck said sullenly. Then they stripped and went swimming.

LAFE KARGER was twenty-one years old when he broke into Major League company, pitching for an Eastern team which, for the double purpose of identification and concealment, we will call The Bears. He was a big, strong, calm young man with bullet speed and rifle control. His nervous system was, apparently, equivalent to that of a sleepy ox. No matter how critical the situation nor how demonstrative the crowd, he did his work methodically, unhurried, unworried, as cool and sure as a man puttering with a garden, alone in his own back yard.

The sport writers nicknamed him The Big Truck. They wrote much of his blinding speed, his coolness in crises, his uncanny control, and more of his character and life off the diamond. He had brought a bride with him when he came up from the minors. She was a homey, old-fashioned girl from Olamette. She and her ball-playing husband lived simply in a small apartment after the manner of a steady-going young carpenter and his wife. Lafe was as good a husband as a ball player. Home every night the team played in town. In his hotel by or before ten each night the team was on the road. Never drank. Smoked only an occasional cigar. Unspoiled by publicity. Just a steady, hard working, home-loving young man whose business happened to be playing ball.

In midsummer of his second year with The Bears, John Fogarty, the manager, sounded him out on the subject of one Buck Jenkins, catching for a Coast League team.

"I worked with him from the time I broke into the minors until I came up here," Lafe told him.

"So I hear," said Fogarty. "He's burnin' up the Coast League. Got everything they tell me."

"He's a sweet ball player," Lafe assured him.

"He must be," Fogarty agreed. "But—wild I hear."

Lafe said nothing.

"I'd sign him in a minute," Fogarty went on. "Only—"

Well, I hear he's hard to handle. What do you know about him?"

"I can handle him," Lafe declared.

"Yeh?" said Fogarty. "All right, big fella. You'll get the chance."

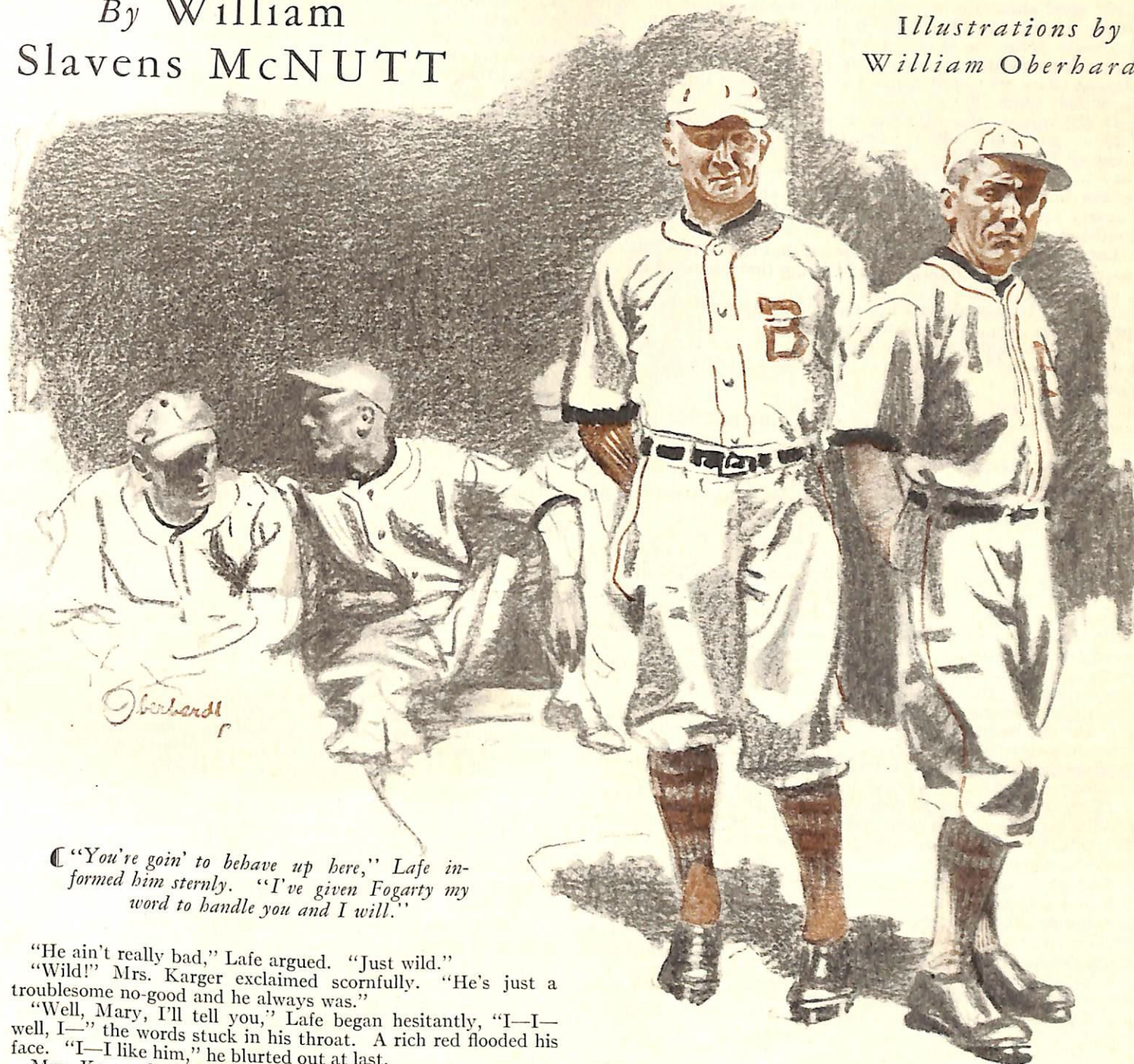
MRS. KARGER was not pleased when Lafe told her Buck was joining the team. "I think it's a shame!" she declared indignantly. "You know perfectly well how he'll act and I suppose you'll go chasing around after him as you always did, getting him out of trouble and straightening him up."

"I can handle him," Lafe insisted. "I always could."

"I know you can," Mrs. Karger admitted irritably, "but why do you waste your time doing it?"

By William
Slavens McNUTT

Illustrations by
William Oberhardt



"You're goin' to behave up here," Lafe informed him sternly. "I've given Fogarty my word to handle you and I will."

"He ain't really bad," Lafe argued. "Just wild."

"Wild!" Mrs. Karger exclaimed scornfully. "He's just a troublesome no-good and he always was."

"Well, Mary, I'll tell you," Lafe began hesitantly, "I—I—well, I—" the words stuck in his throat. A rich red flooded his face. "I—I like him," he blurted out at last.

Mrs. Karger looked at him curiously, started to speak and thought better of it. After a little time she nestled in his lap and kissed him.

"You're awful nice," she whispered fondly. "Sometimes I could just shake you for being such an easy-going old silly, but if you were just even a teenty-weenty bit different I'd die."

BUCK JENKINS arrived drunk. Lafe met the train at a junction stop outside the city, lugged Buck off and drove him to a Turkish bath.

"Whyn't you lemme alone?" Buck raved at him maudlinly. "Always bozzerin' me! Y'make me sick! Knew damn well you'd be at me soon's I got here, preachin' 'n' beefin'! Lemme lone!"

Lafe offered no argument in answer until Buck was boiled out and sobered up. Then he spoke.

"You're goin' to behave up here," he informed him sternly. "I'm goin' to see to it you do. I've given Fogarty my word to handle you and I will. Any time you go off the reservation while you're up here with us I'll lick you within an inch o' your life."

Buck stared at him, embarrassed, puzzled as of old. "What's the big idea?" he demanded. "I'm just a big bum, Lafe. I always was an' I always will be. What do you bother with me for?"

Lafe flushed and shrugged. "I dunno," he mumbled.

Buck shook his head wonderingly. "Neither do I," he declared. They both lied. They both knew.

AS A BATTERY they were worth more, far more, than their combined offensive and defensive value to the team. They were drawing cards. They always gave a good show. It was entertainment to watch them work together, the nervous, hawk-faced, voluble Buck Jenkins squatting behind the plate, calling encouragement to the big pitcher, yelping derisive comment at the enemy batters, smacking the hollow of his big mitt smartly with his right fist, tense, talking, always talking; Lafe Karger on the mound, huge, cool, silent, slow, moving always lazily and easily until the instant of delivery and then suddenly exploding into a co-ordinated intensity of effort that whistled the ball over the plate with such speed that, at his best, the batters facing him thanked God he had control and swung blindly at a swishing sound rather than a seen object, and the umpires blinked and flinched and called many a ball a strike by guess.

Off the ball field Lafe rode herd on his fiery, wayward battery mate, as he had promised Fogarty he would. He kept him in

fairly good shape during the playing season, but in the winter Buck escaped surveillance and had his way with himself. Each successive spring he showed up at the training camp in a more deplorable condition. Each year his job of getting back into playing shape was harder and Lafe's duty as a shepherd correspondingly more difficult.

In the winter after his seventh year in the Big League Buck Jenkins tried vaudeville in company with a comedienne by the name of Rose O'Malley. After a month on the road together they were married. In the spring Buck announced he had given up the diamond for the stage and would not report for training. Fogarty sent Lafe Karger to persuade him to play for at least another year.

Lafe started on his errand convinced that the actress Buck had married was an evil influence and vowing that he would give her a piece of his mind.

He came back without Buck and curiously gentle in his comment on the woman who had married him.

"Buck's through," he told his wife the night he returned. "This winter's finished him. He'll never get himself into shape to play again."

"That woman!" Mrs. Karger exclaimed.

Lafe shook his head. "It's funny," he said thoughtfully. "She's tried her best to keep him straight. She—she loves him."

"Love!" Mrs. Karger sniffed.

Lafe nodded. "She does," he insisted. "But she can't handle him. Nobody but me ever could handle him. I don't know what'll become of him now."

LAFE was right. Rose O'Malley did love Buck Jenkins, loved him near to her own destruction. She clung to him for three hectic years, refusing booking that was offered if she would again do a single, playing small time because that was all she could get as long as she insisted on carrying Buck, striving all the while to make a performer out of him, which couldn't be done, and struggling, too, to reform him into a sober, decent man, which was, seemingly, equally impossible.

In the end he left her and she appealed to Lafe Karger to persuade him to return.

"Everybody thinks I'm a fool to want him back," she said. "I suppose I am. But—"

"I know," Lafe said gently. "Buck's mighty wild an' hard to handle, but he must be some good or—or you and me wouldn't like him the way we do. I'll get him to come back. I always could handle him."

This once, though, he couldn't handle him. He found him, sick and shaky in a hotel room, and began to argue and command as of old. Buck sat up in bed and cursed him, cursed him filthily, earnestly, far beyond the bounds of endurance. Lafe Karger's face went white as he listened and his eyes turned cold.

"I'm through," he said when Buck had finished. "I've took a lot off you, Buck, but I don't take that. I'm through an' for her sake I hope your wife'll leave you go to hell alone in your own way."

He left the room and Buck Jenkins, cynical, hardboiled Buck, buried his face in the pillow and cried like a baby. The unforgivable words he had said to Karger had been said deliberately, for the purpose of driving him away forever, but only Buck knew why. Karger alone could still hurt him. He had always been able to hurt. He could hurt because Buck loved him. And now that he had assured himself that he would never be hurt by Karger again, he was worse hurt than he ever had been before.

An offer to act the part of a ball player took Buck to Hollywood, and there or thereabouts he stayed, playing a bit now and then, trading on his fading popularity, borrowing, mooching, going rapidly down year after year, while Lafe Karger pitched his way steadily through the seasons, passed the time when most ball players retire and became the reigning active grand old man of the national game. But at last a year came when the news was written that Lafe Karger was playing his final season. In midsummer he confirmed the report. He was still taking his turn in the box, but the mighty right arm was failing. He might hang on for a year or two more if he cared to, but he had made and saved and cannily invested much money and could afford

to spare himself the humiliation of staying in the spangles to hear the death chant: "Take him out!" from the throats of the crowds that had cheered him so long. And so he was quitting at the end of the season.

And that year The Bears won the League pennant, and for the first time since Lafe Karger, the Big Truck had joined them, had their crack at a world series. And that year Buck Jenkins, in Hollywood, reached the bottom of the pit of degradation into which he had been so long descending.

Through July, August and September of that summer the days were blurred intervals of light to him, intervals in which he moved about mechanically, performing the services for which he was paid, walking, talking, apparently normal and actually out on his feet. He was delivering bottle orders for a bootlegger. He had sunk to that. And he was taking most of his pay in cheap, raw gin, fiery stuff that just barely kept him together, kept him moving, talking, obeying orders, but practically mindless. He lost all track of time and events, and finally, in late September, he lost his job. Penniless, unable to mooch sufficient gin to keep himself drugged, Buck Jenkins grew frantic. Feeling returned horribly to his misused nerves. He scurried from acquaintance to acquaintance, begging abjectly and meeting refusal everywhere. The day of his fame was a dim memory. He was just a bum nearing the bottom of a long down grade and of all he knew he found only one to offer him help. Spider Monahan listened to his plea and, cautiously, out of the corner of his mouth, whispered a proposition.

"I ain't never done anything crooked," Buck protested feebly. Spider shrugged and moved away.

"Hey," Buck called after him. "Wait a minute. I—I didn't say no, did I?"

AND so it came about that on a bell-clear day in mid-October the wreck of a once-great Buck Jenkins sat in the driver's seat of a stolen car far out on the Colorado Desert, driving slowly perforce for the road was a lightly traveled way and rough, heading for a fence in Arizona.

It was his first job. He had taken the car in Hollywood after midnight and driven steadily through the dark, the dawn, and on into the desert brilliance of full day. Behind him the snow-powdered peak of old San Geronio shone high above the lesser mountains of the range. At his right, far across the floor of the desert were the dry, wrinkled flanks of the San Jacinto Mountains. At his immediate left the bare, baked San Bernadinos. All about him the raw desert. Nothing in sight but sand and chaparral.

His unfit body ached from the strain of the long drive. He stopped the car, crawled stiffly out and stretched his cramped limbs.

With the stopping of the motor silence assailed his ears, a silence so utter that it first startled and then awed him. He cleared his throat nervously and jumped at the sound he had made.

The car seemed, suddenly, a haven of refuge in that vast, strange, silent waste, a friendly familiar bit of the world he knew. He crawled into the back seat intending to curl up there and doze for a bit. A black suitcase on the floor of the car attracted his attention. He opened it idly and grunted with satisfaction. What he had taken for a black suitcase was a portable radio set.

"Too damn still," he muttered as he placed it on the front seat and set up the folded loop. "Give a guy the willies. Get somethin' goin'. Some music or somethin'."

He turned the dials and developed a hoarse whistle. A little further manipulation and a voice, clear, distinct, broke the desert silence:

"Seventh and deciding game of the World Series. Mason is pitching for New York. For The Bears, the Big Truck, Lafe

from the past unwinding before his mental vision.

"The Bears have taken the field," the voice spoke again from the box. "Karger pitching. Bender at bat. Strike one. Called. Ball one. Low, outside. Ball two. High. Strike two. Foul. Bender grounded out, short to first. Case at bat."

Crouched in the car there on the desert Buck Jenkins spoke.

"Atta boy!" he said hoarsely.

The knuckles of his fingers, clutching the seat-back were white from pressure. His eyes were fixed in a hypnotic stare on the box from which the voice spoke, relaying the news of the game being played on that green, crowd-ringed diamond three thousand miles away.

As one hypnotized, Buck Jenkins remained thus, bent over, hands grasping the seat-back, eyes fixed on the radio set, while the voice of the announcer droned forth the tale of scoreless inning after scoreless inning. When the announcement

came in the third inning that Karger was in a hole with men on first and second, none out, and the head of the batting list up, Buck Jenkins' frame shook violently. When word came that Karger had struck out Bender he gasped. Then: "Case hit into a double play, Frazier to Timmons to O'Donnell. Two hits, no runs, no errors."

Buck Jenkins cried then. The tears came from his reddened eyes and streamed down over his bloated cheeks. He wept intermittently, heedlessly, from then on until the last half of the eighth when Big Lafe Karger caught one on the nose and lifted it into the stands in left field for a home run. Buck Jenkins moved then. He leaped from the car and did a crazy dance on the desert sand whooping hysterically, arms flailing.

The voice of the announcer stopped him. "First of the ninth," it droned. "Score one to nothing in favor of The Bears. Slagel at bat for New York. Ball one. Low, outside. Ball two. Low, inside. Strike one, called. Ball three. Low, outside."

A painful chill of fear rippled along Buck Jenkins' spine. Standing there on the hot desert sand, surrounded by cactus and greasewood, he squatted slightly and thumped the cupped palm of his left hand with his clenched right fist.

"Steady kid!" he called hoarsely. "Nobody walks. Make 'em like it."

Unconsciously the fingers of his right hand formed the pattern of an old signal against his left palm. His knees bent more. He stood crouched, peering forward, set to receive the ball he had called for.

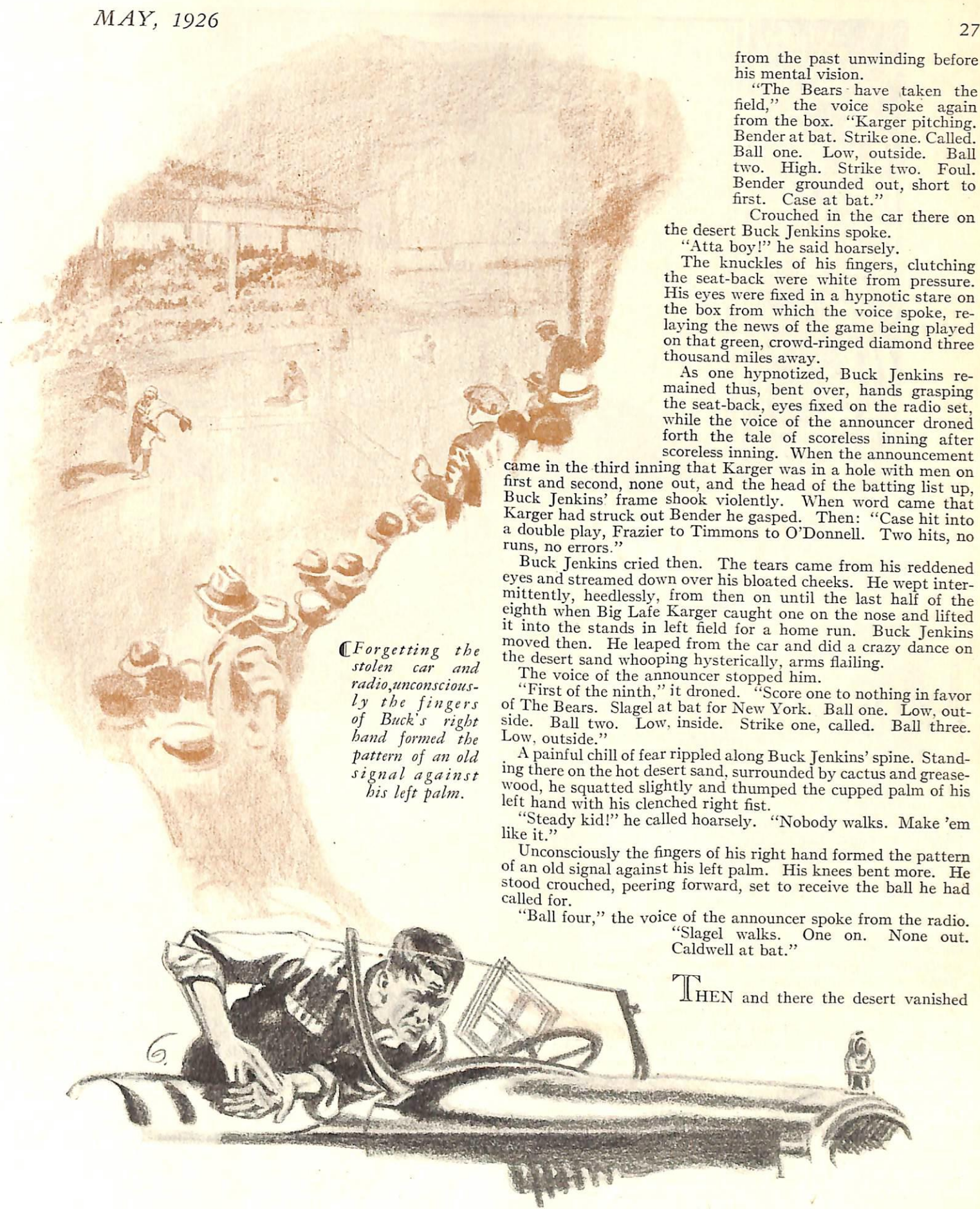
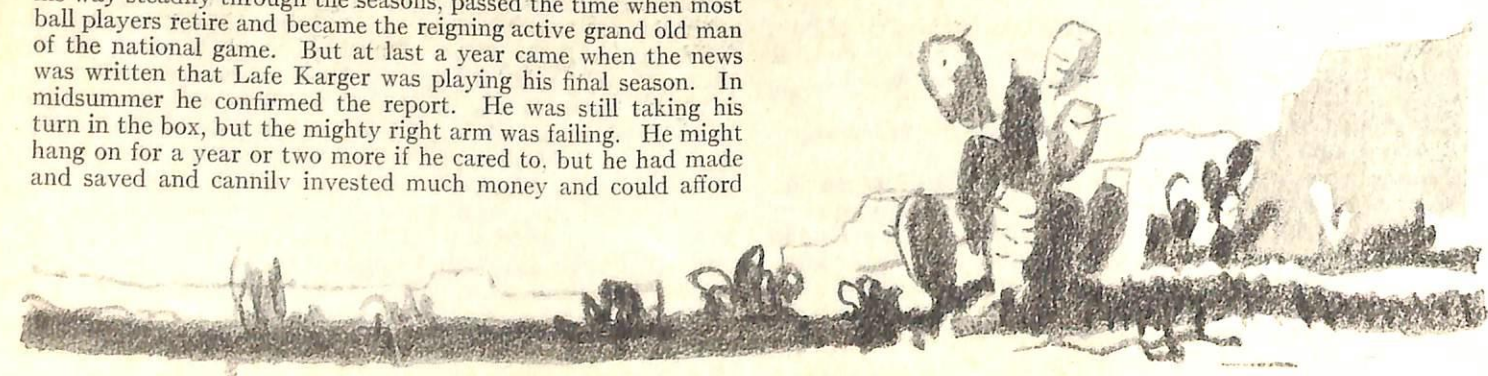
"Ball four," the voice of the announcer spoke from the radio. "Slagel walks. One on. None out. Caldwell at bat."

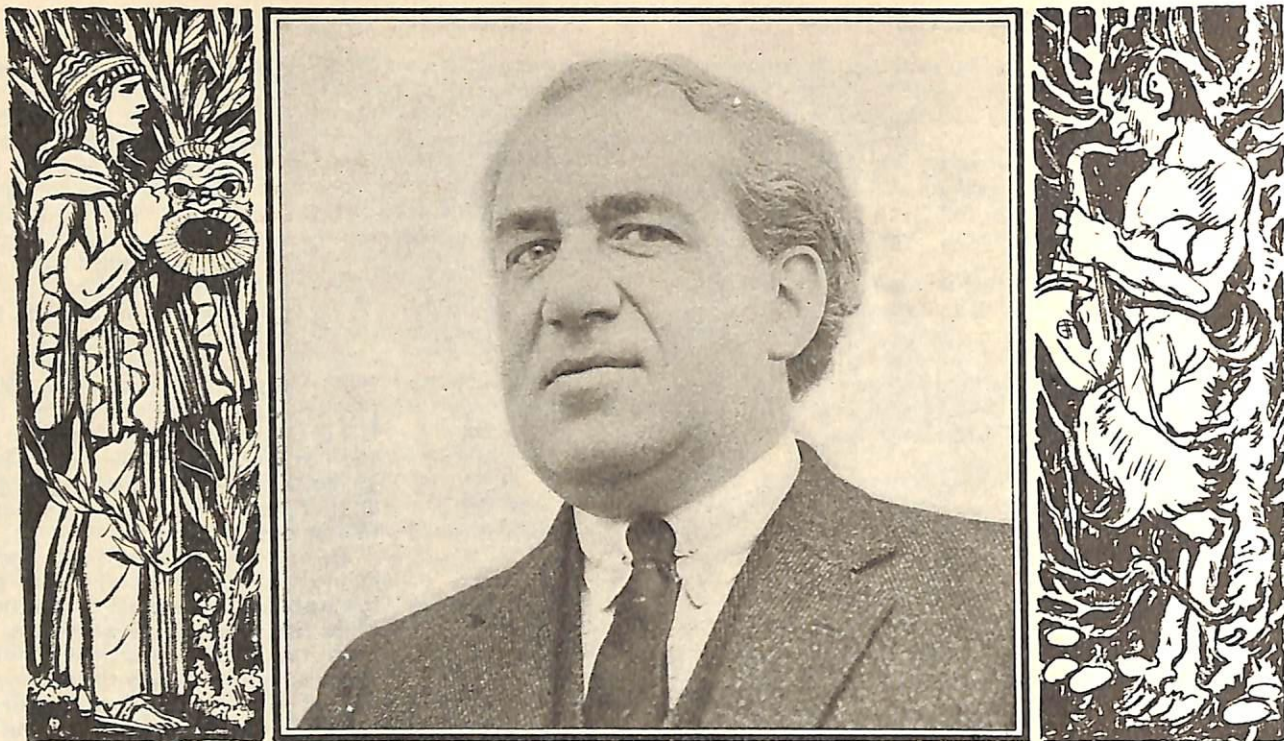
THEN and there the desert vanished

Karger. Although Karger was batted out of the box in his first start and defeated in his second attempt, Manager Fogarty is depending on his old star in this last and deciding game of the series. There is much sentimental interest in today's contest for good old Lafe Karger is quitting the game he has honored for so long and this will be his final appearance on the mound.

A little interval of silence then. Buck Jenkins stood bent over the back of the front seat, stunned, a blurred ribbon of scenes

from Buck Jenkins' consciousness. Instead of sand and chaparral and mountains he saw around him a sloping bank of people and in front a green diamond. And on the pitching mound of that diamond, Lafe Karger, Lafe in trouble, Lafe at face with a situation that age and strain had robbed him of the reserve of power to master. And then and there Buck Jenkins took charge. Calling encouragement to his old friend and battery mate and yelping shrill jeers of derision at the enemy [Continued on page 66]





Mr. Pollock Accuses . . .

Has box office GREED killed the Theater?

Decorations by C. B. Falls

DID YOU ever see "Peter Pan?"

If so, of course you remember Maude Adams' pleas that Tinker Bell was dying and could be saved only by your applause. That is my plea now for the Theater . . . that it can be saved only by your intelligent interest, and discriminating support, and indicative applause.

The Theater is dying.

On Broadway, business has never been better—for exhibitions which vie with those of the motion picture, the comic supplement, and the house of ill repute. As I write, we have achieved two enormous successes; the action of one laid in negro dives, and of the other in a brothel in China. There are four established dramatic "hits"; two dealing with professional harlots, one with amateurs, and one with a thief. Of the five great musical triumphs, four are dramatizations of bar-room stories, pieced out with displays of naked women, and the fifth is a dramatization of the "funny page." For art and dramatic literature, business has never been worse. There is not one great success in New York that could possibly be classified under either heading.

THE strange thing is that, even if you admit this doesn't matter, even if you adopt the managerial view that success is to be measured by the line in front of the box office, all is not well with the theater.

In the argot of Broadway, "the road is shot to pieces." Outside of New York and Chicago, "business is rotten." The theater practically has ceased to exist. In New York and Chicago, it exists largely as a manufacturing plant for "the movies." Plays are produced with one eye upon their value as motion pictures, and the biggest and most important managers in the country were giving favorable consideration to a proposal that they be produced with motion picture money, subject to the wishes of a motion picture magnate, when the proposal was checked by joint action of a group of American Dramatists. When the biggest managers

EDITOR'S NOTE. When *The Shrine Magazine* asked Channing Pollock's permission to run the story of his play "THE ENEMY", he said "Yes," but added: "There are some things that I haven't said in my play that I want to say—some things about the stage as it is today." We invited him to have his say and here it is—rather startling, too. You may not agree with him, but his opinions are certainly worth considering.

are willing to become jobbers for "the movies," something would seem to be wrong, even under our holy national faith that "all is well where business is good."

What? One of three things is obviously true:

There are not enough decent and intelligent people in America to support a decent and intelligent Theater—or there are . . . but they are not supporting it—or . . . there is nothing to support.

The third premise may be dismissed at once as obviously untrue. There are decent and intelligent plays in New York now, and they are not being supported—not so that the ticket speculators can notice it. Three of the greatest failures of our time were "The Thunderbolt," "Justice," and "The Silver Box." Jesse Lasky of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, said recently—and with considerable truth—that such fine motion pictures as have been made have resulted in loss recovered by producing the other kind. Thesecond premise is mine, and, therefore, you shall hear more of it.

THE FIRST is a distinct possibility. So many people are required to make "enough" for a theater. A magazine can live, and live well on the circulation of *The Atlantic Monthly*, but a play requires the circulation of *The Daily News*. On Forty-second Street, a play must take in \$12,000 a week to hold its theater. This, however, is due largely to managerial materialism, and is a condition that might be altered by eliminating some of the managers and some of the materialism. There certainly is a limited public for fine things, and two ways of obtaining them are to stretch the limit and to bring the fine things within it.

My view is that, except as "jobbers for 'the movies,'" the managers have eliminated themselves. Israel Zangwill said: "The drama is an art, conducted as a business by bad business men." Conducting the drama otherwise than as an art seems to me the worst business in the world. As an art, it has no rival. Otherwise, it enters into competition [Continued on page 62]



PAULI ARNDT (Miss Fay Bainter) and her father, DR. ARNDT (Russ Whytal) in March of 1917 when, as civilians in Vienna they are feeling the economic pinch of war.

DR. ARNDT: We're all barbarians!

CA STORY FROM THE THEATER

EDITOR'S NOTE. From time to time *The Shrine Magazine* will give, in story form, scenes from important plays. This month's presentation is "The Enemy" by the author of "The Fool" and other stage successes.

THE PEOPLE Versus WAR

Argued by
Channing Pollock
in his drama

The ENEMY



Miss Bainter
as PAULI.

ON SUNDAY, June 28th, 1914, Dr. Arndt invited several guests to dinner at his flat in Vienna. The day was a memorable one; not because the elderly university professor gave a birthday dinner to Carl Behrend, but on account of a bit of news that dribbled back to Vienna that afternoon and set newspaper presses in motion.

Carl Behrend, to his father's great disgust, wishes to be a playwright. Carl has been encouraged in his ambition by Professor Arndt, by Pauli, the Professor's daughter, and most generously by Bruce Gordon, a young English student at the University of Vienna. Gordon has lived at the Arndts' for four years.

Among Carl's birthday presents is a typewriter, which he has longed for. Bruce bought it for him, since he knew Carl could not afford the machine.

Behrend (Carl's father)

(To Gordon) You English can afford these luxuries, with the advantages you take of us. If you read the trade reports . . . how else do they get the better of us . . . No one doubts that ours is the superior race.

The elder Behrend taunts Carl about the

promptness with which the theater managers return his play manuscripts. "He" (pointing to his unhappy son) "always writes plays about something. People want stories of girls and crimes. The more plays he writes, the more postage. Carl's stamps are round trip tickets."

Pauli

Mr. Behrend is joking.

Carl

Father means I got my play ("The Enemy") back from Bergman.

Mizzi (Wife of a journalist friend of Carl's) "The Enemy?" But Bergman's accepted "The Enemy."

Carl

What did you say?

Mizzi

Bergman told Fritz (her husband) at supper last night. Fritz wrote the announcement for tomorrow's paper and has gone to get a dozen proof sheets to surprise you . . . Good heavens, I've told! Fritz will destroy me.

The guests go into dinner, leaving Bruce, Pauli and Carl in the room. Bruce, with a fine understanding of their love for each other, contrives to close the door into the dining room and give them a minute alone together.

Carl

Pauli, I can write. I shall be a great author and always your lover. (He is about to take her in his arms when the phone rings.)

Pauli

I'm afraid.

Carl

Our troubles are over. (Pauli starts for the phone.) Kiss me first. (The phone continues to ring.)

Pauli

We must answer it.

Carl (The telephone in his hands)

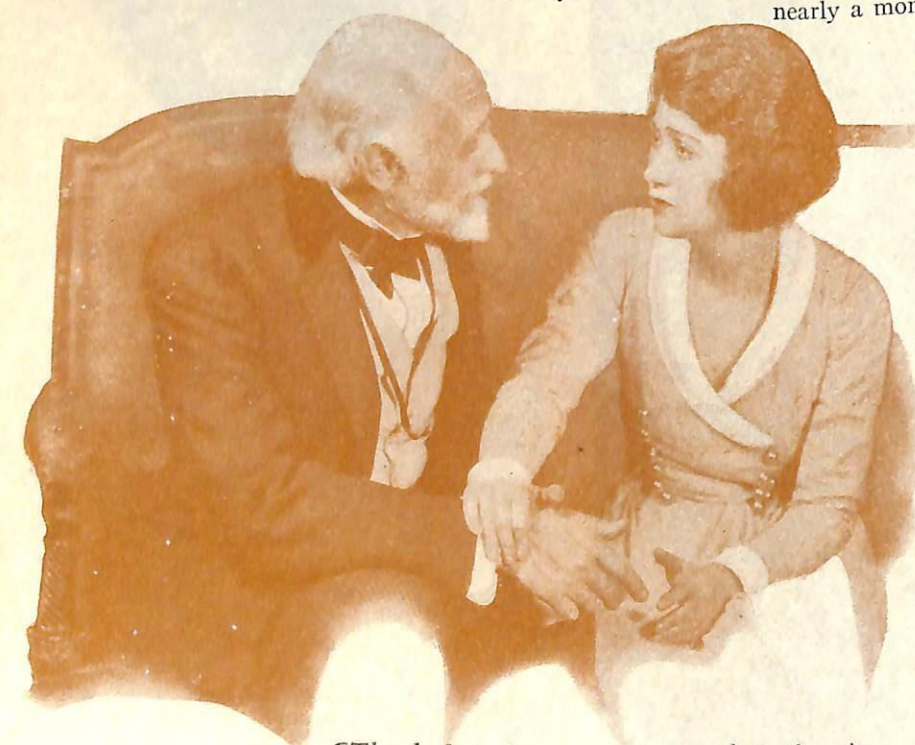
We'll take a flat and get some furniture . . .

Pauli (Laughing at him)

Carl!

Carl (Into the mouthpiece)

Hello . . . yes, Fritz, we're waiting for you . . . What? What? When? . . . It doesn't seem possible . . . How soon will you be here? . . . All right . . . Goodbye.



(The shadow of war is cast upon the professor's household. DR. ARNDT tells PAULI: And it would have been silly to start housekeeping . . . in case . . .

(She knows that he means "in case Carl's regiment is called.")



(DR. ARNDT and AUGUST BEHREND, (Charles Dalton) the profiteer.

(BEHREND: I am worth more! Five hundred millions! That's money!

(DR. ARNDT: Not money. Blood and tears.

Carl

Fritz isn't coming. The Archduke has been killed in Sarajevo . . . (Then, seeing worry in her eyes.) Pauli, what's that to us? With nothing now to disturb them, they kiss for the first time as the curtain falls.

BECAUSE of the threat of war, Professor Arndt hurries up the marriage of his daughter to Carl Behrend. So it happens that on the afternoon of August 4th they have been married nearly a month. Uncertain whether or not he will be called to active service, as a lieutenant in a reserve infantry division, and because the trend of Vienna thought has made the production of his play an impossibility and because, since it has not been produced it yields no income, Carl and Pauli are living with the Professor in his flat.

But the declaration of war against Serbia, Russia and France has changed the entire atmosphere of the home. The Professor has been forced to resign his chair at the university because of his pacifist comments upon the insanity of the nation. Mizzi is wildly excited by the sight of the marching soldiers and Pauli is worried because she feels that she may lose Carl.

Mizzi

This isn't the time for pacifists.

Professor

No. Once war is in the blood, all nations spell "Reason" with a "T".

Mizzi (Scornfully)

What's that? A pacifist book?

Professor

The worst of all pacifist books—the Bible.

Mizzi (surprised)

You're copying from the Bible? (He nods.) What?

Professor

The worst of all pacifist lines. "Thou shalt not kill."

Pauli enters carrying a uniform coat. She has been troubled and is obviously worried, but, as yet, trouble and worry have not effaced her happiness with Carl.

MAY, 1926

A man who uttered those words today would be sent to prison.

Mizzi (Finding further argument difficult)

But that just means killing someone.

Professor (Humorously)

I see. You think it was just written for the retail trade.

Mizzi

When is Bruce going?

Pauli

Monday.

Mizzi (Dubiously)

Mmmmmmmmm. Fritz says the country's over-run with spies. You know that Russian in the Karntnerstrasse?

Pauli

The little jeweler?

Mizzi

Well, a crowd broke into his shop yesterday and unearthed hundreds of letters . . . in Russian. They wrecked the place . . . And last night, as if more proof were needed . . . the man was found . . .

Pauli

Hiding?

Mizzi

Hanging. He killed himself.

Pauli

Mizzi, suppose . . .

Mizzi

Anyway, he was a Jew . . . I've often wondered where Bruce got his money for . . . typewriters. If you take my advice, you'll tell him to go home.

Pauli

Never. Never.

Mizzi

(Picking up a little silk British flag, which, for months, has been in the Professor's living room, hung over a photograph of Bruce.) This isn't a good time for English flags.

Pauli

(More amused than angry.) I put that there ages ago. We're not at war with England. Bruce is our friend.

Professor (Looking up from his evening paper)

That little Russian in the Karntnerstrasse, there were only two letters, the police have translated them . . .

Mizzi (Eagerly)

And they were . . .

Professor

From his wife, saying she was glad he loved his adopted country and that she was glad he was going to send for her as soon as he paid for his new stock . . .

Mizzi (Self-convinced that Bruce is a dangerous spy)

Yes, and ten to one that wife business was just a code. (She goes out.)

Pauli (Stopping her work of sewing buttons on Carl's tunic)

Oh, father, I can't let him go.

Professor (With mild wonder)

Bruce?

Pauli

Carl. If anything happened to Carl now . . . Just for an Archduke that nobody liked anyway. My country is you and my home and my husband. I don't care who gets to the Adriatic.

BEHREND, already making money in grain speculations as the ports close and food-stuffs advance, has heard of the Professor's forced resignation from the University. He comes to the flat to offer the Professor a loan. On Behrend's tongue are all the patriotic catch



(CARL (Walter Abel), the young reservist, dares not tell PAULI, his wife of a month, that he must report at the barracks in the morning.

(PAULI: Carl, darling, I couldn't tell you, when I thought you were going away . . . but soon after we move into our new home . . . You're not listening.

to compete with us commercially, she plots to crush us. Unless French militarism is checked, we shall see another Napoleon in Vienna. Where's Carl?

Pauli

Looking for news.

Behrend

I'll wait for him . . . in case . . .

Pauli (Very frightened)

You think? (Meaning "You think he'll be called?")

Behrend

Not unless England . . . and she won't. But a man of my age can't be dragged out of bed to say good-by. Ah, Professor, age is a tragedy. We are too old. Thank God, I have a son.

Professor (Dryly)

Yes.

Behrend

What an end to die for one's country!

Professor

I've heard it highly spoken of by people who don't do it.

THE POISON of Mizzi's speech in which she referred to Bruce as an "enemy" and a possible spy makes everyone forget their four years of friendship with the young English-

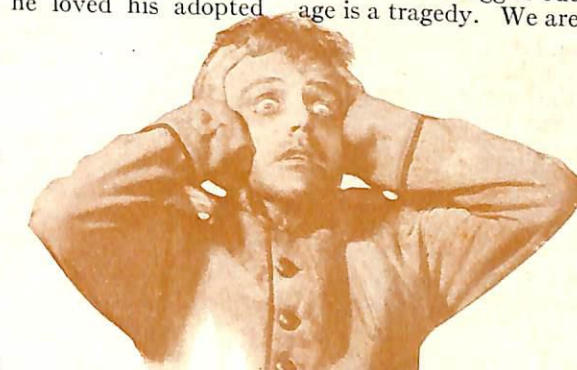
man. Carl is wildly excited by the spectacle of troops marching in the streets. He has forgotten his own pacifist beliefs and thinks war is a good thing as "it keeps the race strong." Fritz, the journalist, is wild to go and rushes to the house with important news.

Carl (Reading the extra which Fritz hands him) "England declares war; British army mobilizing."

Fritz

They were all ready.

[Continued on page 58]



(JAN (Harold Vermilyea) Carl's servant tells Carl's wife of his death.

(JAN: I said, "I can't go on," and the Captain put his hand on my shoulder . . . I could hear his wrist watch ticking . . . And it rained water and bullets and shrapnel.

phrases of the place, day and hour.

Professor

Any word from England?

Behrend (Shrugging his shoulders)

They warn us not to enter Belgium.

Professor

We've entered.

Behrend

All these warnings! However, they won't fight. Nobody fights for principle.

Professor

We've no right to cross Belgium.

Behrend

France would if we didn't. She was all prepared. For fifty years they've been preparing. We only defend ourselves.

Professor

They're probably saying the same thing. In all history, no nation ever attacked another.

Behrend

France dreams of Bonaparte and world dominion. England . . .

Professor

Yes?

Behrend

The cause of everything. Professor (With grim humor) Tell Pauli. Tell her what we're fighting for.

Behrend

Our national honor.

Professor

But you said nobody . . .

Behrend

Nobody but us . . . With England it's jealousy. Unable French militarism is checked, we shall see another Napoleon in Vienna. Where's Carl?

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[Continued on page 58]

EVERY MOTHER'S

By
Mildred
CRAM

THE DAY Helen Burrill realized that her son was no longer a little boy, she thought her heart would crack open. He had been a little boy for fifteen years, her little boy, and here he was, growing up!

Could she face it? She didn't! She cleaned the house. Upstairs, downstairs, the back porch, under the ice-chest, behind the books, along the cupboard shelves. She had to stand on a chair and reach tip-toe. Her hair came unpinned and she pinned it up again, any old way. Her shirt-waist pulled out at the belt. But she felt calmer, even happy. She told herself that all boys are bound to grow up, but that Oliver was going to be different. He would always be close to her. He would always love her and confide in her.

She went up and down stairs, singing, taking pleasure in tiring herself out. Oh, it was good to be tired! At the end of the day, the house would be shining, and she could sit in her rocker near the stove and watch Oliver do his home-work. She might pretend to knit, but in reality she would be watching Oliver, loving him, loving his round head, his thick yellow hair, lustreless, like his father's, his short nose, his humorous mouth. She would sit by the hour, still as a mouse, doing nothing but watching him. When he looked up, abstracted, she would smile quickly and eagerly, to show him that she was there and that even if she was not studying history and Latin, she could at least sympathize.

HELEN BURRILL was thirty-three years old. She was shy, impractical and feminine. Her friends described her as "fresh and neat-looking." To Oliver she was simply "mother," and he accepted her as he accepted his other blessings, with a careless heart.

Today, for the first time, he was a little impatient. He was going to "sub" on the sophomore foot-ball team, and she wanted to watch from the side lines. Other mothers didn't. Girls, yes, if they were silly enough. Boy crazy! And a few kids from the grammar-school, perhaps. But not mothers.

"She's always got to tag along," he thought. A frown tangled up his candid brows. He hated like thunder to hurt her. She had gone without a winter hat for herself, in order to buy a foot-ball outfit for Oliver. He resented it, even while he was grateful. He was sensitive, and she had taught him to be sympathetic.

"Don't you want me to go, Ollie?" she asked, sensing his reluctance. Her lips trembled and she grew white around the mouth.



"It isn't that. Only this is the first day. The fellows are all older'n me, and they'd laugh at me if you were there."

"I see," she said. But she didn't. "I'm only a 'sub,' anyway. I don't count."

"All right, Ollie." He was gone, running awkwardly, in the new, heavily-padded clothes, toward the athletic field. As he ran, he pulled the leather helmet over his head. He looked tall, bulky, strange, like a grown man.

She had cried bitterly. Her heart had seemed to split open. But now the house was wonderfully clean and it was four o'clock. She felt certain that he would love her for having cleaned the house, and that he would be sorry because she had worked so hard, while he was out there having a good time.

When he came in, he called: "Hello, Mother! Supper ready?" and went to his room. She heard him up there, whistling a tune popular with the high school students, a sort of fraternal, binding, boastful hymn.

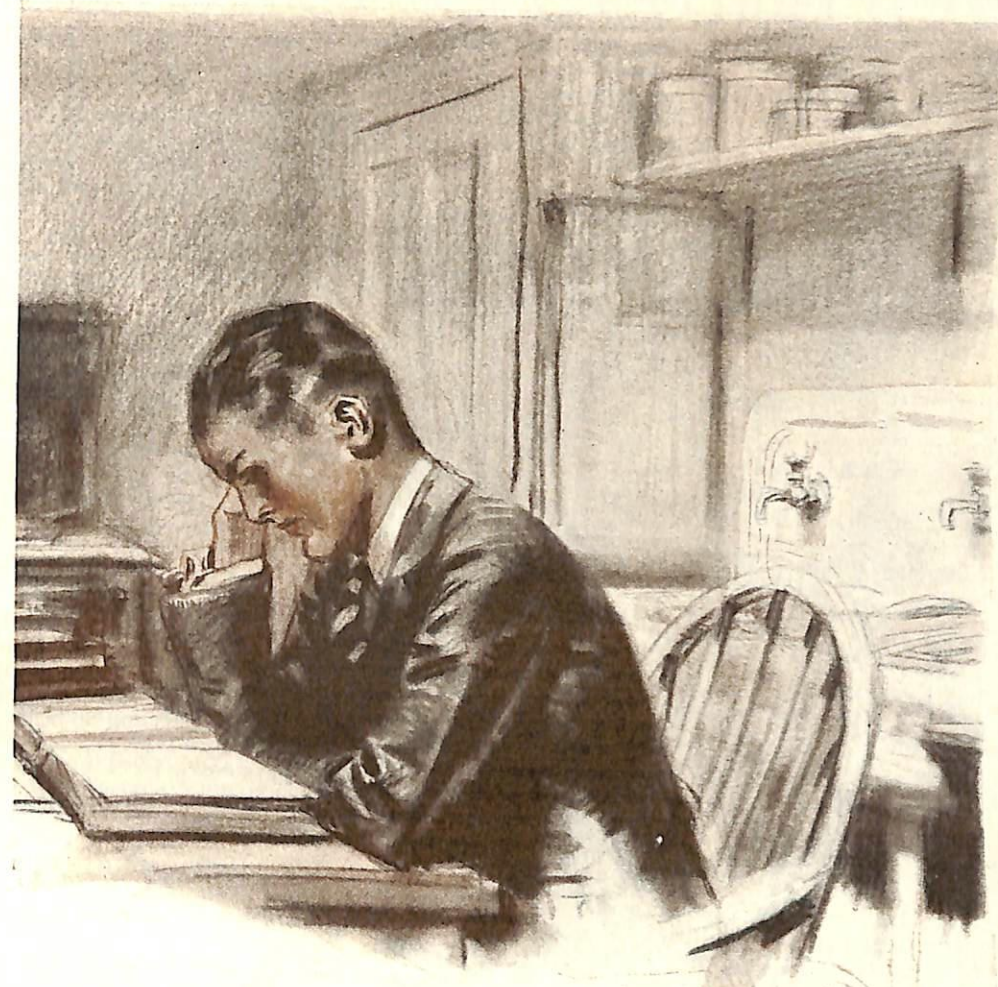
She sat at the kitchen table, peeling potatoes, and a sudden, hurtful jealousy assailed her. The school meant so much to him! She had not realized it during the summer vacation, months when he had seemed to be more than ever her boy. They had tramped out into the country together, and he had shared her love of nature. They had had a wonderful companionship. But now, the school had taken him.

The potatoes sent up an earthy, sweetish smell, and the long curling peels dropped into the bowl.

SON

Sometimes one wonders if it
pays to love one's children

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz



There were times when she pretended to be more stupid than she really was, just to hear Oliver say: "Oh Mother! Can't you understand?"

Helen tried to imagine what she would do without Oliver. It was as if someone had dug a pit and had asked her to jump into it. When Oliver appeared, still whistling, she tried to keep her feelings to herself.

"What've you got?"

"Pork chops, and fried apples and potatoes."

"Any quince jelly?"

"I'll get it."

He sat while she waited on him. His plate had to be just so, and she put a bowl of nasturtiums on the table, to brighten the kitchen. She wished that Oliver would notice them and speak of them. But Oliver, like the cat crouching over a saucer of milk, and the dog, gobbling boiled meat in the pantry, was too hungry to be grateful.

"Well, dear," she said, brightly, "how did it go?"

"Oh, I didn't play! But just wait until I get a chance. I'm too light now, but give me a year! I'll make the team."

HE DID make the team. Summer intervened again, with a period of relief for Helen. She was like a woman in love, tormented by her delight, fearful lest it slip out of her grasp. Now, with autumn, Ollie was nearly seventeen years old, a junior, a half-back. He had no time for her.

In her trouble, she did all the things he took for granted and none of the things he would particularly have liked. To begin with, she painted the furniture in his bed-room, and painted it white.

"Gosh! Mother! White! I'm not a girl, you know! I liked it the way it was!"

"Nothing I do seems to please you any more, Ollie."

He saw the tears trembling on her lids, but pretended not to see them.

"It isn't that, Mother. But a fellow gets used to his room and likes it that way. Besides, what's the use of your working yourself to death? I'm going to college next year, and I won't be home except at Christmas and Easter."

"Will you be sorry, Ollie?" She waited, and her whole being seemed to be listening; she could feel her heart stop, to listen.

Oliver patted her shoulder. "I'll miss you, you bet," he said.

Stubbornly, then, she went on painting his furniture. She felt that she knew what was best for him, since she had given birth to him. They had put him into her arms after the long, long travail, and had said to her: "He is yours." Her son! How heavy he had felt against her breast: his soft, warm, furry head; his moist hands; his humid, sweet-smelling flesh. Her own . . .

She painted grimly, remembering. And when the old walnut furniture was transformed, Ollie moved his things into the spare room and slept there on a narrow cot, using a ragged black and red afghan as a comforter. He said, casually, that he "liked to pitch things around."

She had no one except Oliver. But Oliver had always been enough. He had exactly fitted the inside of her heart.

Helen was never at ease with other women. It was not that she disliked them. She was afraid of them. They seemed so self-satisfied, so breezily efficient, so normal. Helen was serious. She found life complicated and peculiar, contrary to her idea of what it ought to be. She could never feel herself superior, because she had always known that she wasn't, and she found it irksome to be normal about anything, in the way that most women are normal. She loved even inanimate things with a pitying love that was out of all proportion. She could feel a personal ecstasy in the flowering of a bush, as if the bush flowered through her. She gave herself to service in foolish, blind ways, out of a desire to further the world and its little, obscure, powerful works. Never a day passed that she did not water the plants in the screened porch. They seemed to cry out to her: "Water! We are thirsty!" And no matter how tired she was, she gave them to drink. Yes, she was afraid of women. They made her feel that she was too different to be quite likeable.

Other women made clothes, gossiped, played bridge, went to the city. But Helen, instead, liked to lie under the big maple tree in the back yard, and watch the moving of the leaves against the sky. She liked to polish mirrors, wash shelves, arrange dishes in neat piles, or mend Oliver's clothes. She was happy doing these things, save when she remembered, as she did more and more often, that Oliver was growing up.

He was going to college. In her imagination, she saw him

stepping into another, glamorous world where she could not follow. She thought of his teachers as conspirators, her enemies, who would initiate him into the secrets of a maturity she could not share.

SHE WAS thinking of these things, one day, when she met the principal of the high school, just outside the gate. He was a aggressive, boisterous man who seemed never to have made a mistake.

"Oliver Burrill's mother?" And when she nodded, he said: "You don't look much older than he does! He's a mighty lucky boy, having such a young mother."

Helen had never thought of herself as being young. A widow at nineteen, she had schooled herself not to think of how she might look. Yet there were moments, as just now, when the principal stared at her, when a dark, strange, frightening feeling swept through her from head to foot. It was as if she drew too near to something dangerous and wonderful. And again, at night, she would wake suddenly, afraid to be alone in the wide bed, in the dark room. She would have to get up, switch on the light, and, seeing her face, pale, drawn with sleep, would feel that she had looked upon a stranger.

"Why don't you go to college with Oliver, next year?" the principal asked. "You could, you know. The university is co-educational. You could study this winter and next winter, and enter with Oliver. Every mother ought to know what her son's thinking about!"

What was Oliver thinking about? The idea winged into her heart. She caught her breath.

"Oh, I couldn't! I'm too stupid. I don't know anything." But she might. She might! After all, she wasn't old. And, at the university, she would be near Oliver. They would study together. Graduate together. Mrs. Helen Burrill. Oliver Stewart Burrill. Bachelors of Art.

She felt suddenly safe, free; even for her, bold. She saw what it might be to strike out into the unknown, alone. To leave the safe shelter of the familiar house, to lock the door on all the little duties, to take her place with other men and women, as if she were not shy and sensitive, but one of them, eager to know whatever was true and necessary, no matter how ugly or cruel or wonderful it might be.

FOR A YEAR, then, she studied. Oliver was inclined to be interested, but it soon became apparent that he considered the whole thing ridiculous. At first, they shared the kitchen after supper, and their books and papers were scattered over the table. Helen asked Oliver questions and was amazed by the careless, easy manner with which he dashed off solutions to problems that were utterly beyond her. Helen liked to flatter him, even if it was at her own expense. There were times when she pretended to be more stupid than she really was, just to hear Oliver say: "Oh, Mother! Can't you understand?"

She shook her head. "Oliver, you're so clever! Show me, dear." And he would show her, quickly, contemptuously, as if knowledge were the prerogative of men. Helen had a hidden, sly feeling that this was perhaps not so, but that Oliver would have to find it out for himself.

"Why do you want to go to college?" he demanded. "None of the other fellows' mothers do!"

"I want to be near you." He smiled and, reaching forward, patted her hand. "Maybe I'll get home oftener than

you think. Anyway, you wouldn't be happy in a college town." "I'm not happy here," Helen Burrill confessed.

Oliver let this pass without comment; for one thing, he didn't believe it. Like most sons, he preferred to be ignorant of his mother's personal life. He simply wanted her to go on being what she was. In the meantime, he would swagger out into the world, would change, and would have marvelous things happen to him. "Well, anyway," he said, gruffly, "I wish you'd give the idea up. I don't like it."

There must have been a spark of resistance in Helen Burrill, even then. Instead of surrendering at once, she said: "Oh, well, I'll try it, anyway."

Oliver began to study in his room, sitting on the bed with the table drawn up and the light pulled over and tied to the head of the bed with a piece of string. Helen had the kitchen to herself.

"I just can't take the time to answer questions," he said. "You'll have to get a tutor."

So she sought the principal and explained her difficulty. "I am really serious about it. I want to go to the university and progress, step by step, with my son. But he doesn't think I can pass the entrance examination."

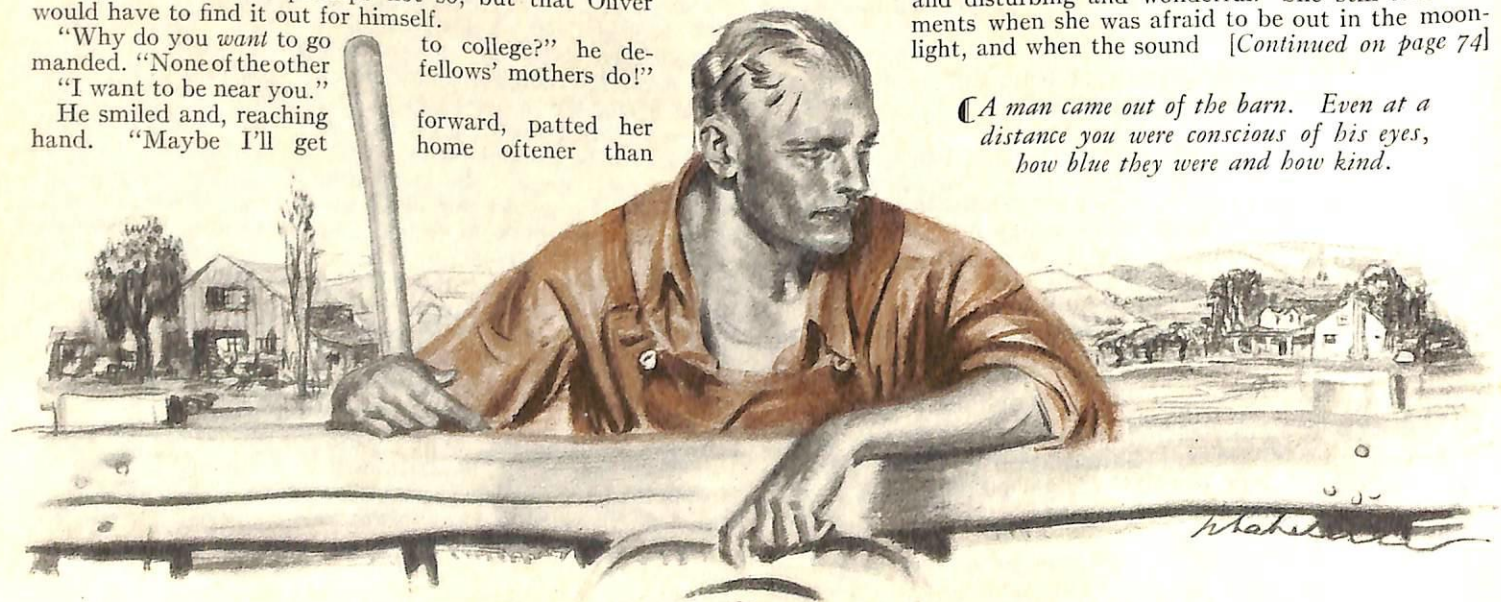
The principal laughed in his bluff, hearty way. His hair was too thick and curly. When he looked at Helen, she felt that life had come too near. He made her feel that she was a pretty woman, which frightened her. She wanted only to be Oliver's friend and mother.

"Oliver is a fine boy, Mrs. Burrill. Just now, he may be resentful, but later, when he realizes that you are as capable as he is, he will be proud of you. I think you can count on that. In the meantime, I'll accept you for the senior year at the high school."

SHE STUDIED all summer, while Oliver ostentatiously loafed, and in the autumn, became a member of her son's class. It was very strange and bewildering: the bright, clean room, smelling of varnish; the desks; the lecture halls; those rows of young, eager faces; the high, hopeful voices. And herself, feeling somehow old and faded, like a book that has been read and put aside. She tried to be calm and to smile. Oliver sat across the room, under the windows, and she kept looking over, hoping to meet his eyes, but he stared rigidly ahead, and she saw that his cheeks were flushed. The idea that he might be ashamed caused her to hold her head higher. Yet she could have run away, swiftly, back to the safe shelter of the house and the little, obliterating duties. It was so much easier to be a mother and a house-keeper than to be a student.

She felt that her presence was resented, as if, by some curious reversal she had become a conspirator. She smiled brightly at everyone to hide what she was feeling. But in her heart, there was a new, difficult bitterness, a pain almost too heavy to bear, because she realized for the first time that she was no longer a young girl. The faces all about her were brighter, clearer than her own; she was marked by the years. Yet she still had moments when she wanted to be idiotic and inconsequential, when she believed that wonderful things were coming toward her, from somewhere, brought to her by someone. It was all very vague and disturbing and wonderful. She still had moments when she was afraid to be out in the moonlight, and when the sound [Continued on page 74]

(A man came out of the barn. Even at a distance you were conscious of his eyes, how blue they were and how kind.



TEN MINUTES with Colonel Leonard P. AYRES

By
Fred C.
Kelly

(A Field Marshal
of Figures

Drawings
By
Arthur Little

I OCCASIONALLY have the satisfaction of going to an obscure little room and seeing the vice president of one of the great banks of the country seated on a stool working an adding machine. Or if he isn't doing that, maybe he is bent over a crude drafting-table, jotting down neat little figures on sheets of cardboard. Again, he may personally be inking-in what looks like a cross sectional view of the Rocky Mountains.

One might easily jump to the conclusion—after viewing this unpretentious little room, tucked away on the top floor of the bank's annex—and particularly after looking at the quiet, thin-haired chap who occupies the office—that there's nothing going on here which seriously matters.

Yet the truth is that this modest kennel, without rolltop desks, outer waiting-room or other accoutrements of business grandeur, is one of the vital innards of the bank; and the fellow working there, who, because of his unassuming demeanor might be mistaken for a book-keeper, is one of the



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

I find that I'm likely to overlook the real meat of a problem unless I take pencil in hand and slosh myself all over with actual figures."

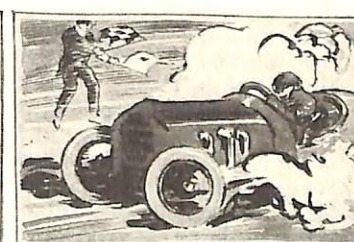
That perhaps is one of the important reasons why his statistical studies of business conditions, and his forecasts of what may be expected to happen, are so closely watched and awaited all over the United States.

EARLY in February, 1925, Ayres remarked to a small group of which I was one, that he thought stock market prices would take a violent turn downward within thirty days. It so happened that exactly twenty-nine days later, the memorable March reaction of last year set in. When Ayres made this informal prediction, one of the men who heard him, refused to believe or heed him. He didn't want to believe him because he held stocks that he earnestly desired to see go much higher.

"What does Ayres know about finance, anyhow?" he demanded. "He has been in



(Scene Shifter



(Racer



(Teacher



(Colonel

most intelligent and able men about the whole premises.

The bank is the Cleveland Trust Company and the clerical looking chap with good-humored blue eyes is Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, internationally known student of business trends.

SINCE his name appears in the bank directory as "vice president and director of statistical department," why, you may wonder, isn't he a director, with all the airs and dignity of a fellow who merely sits back and tells others what to do? Why doesn't he put on more "dog?"

I once asked Colonel Ayres that very question and he replied: "When I used to devote most of my attention to automobiles—in the days, that is, when he was a professional racer—"I discovered that I couldn't learn anything about mechanics, no matter how diligently I read or studied, unless I personally got grease on my hands. It seems to be the same way with statistics.

the banking business for only four or five years or so."

His statement was correct. Ayres certainly did not start in at the bottom and work up to the vice presidency of a big bank, but stepped right into finance toward the top without previous knowledge or experience. Possibly that is why he has been successful—because he came to his job without bias, with an entirely fresh point of view.

EVIDENTLY, if a man's really smart, in the sense of having native ingenuity and open-mindedness, he can get along rather well, no matter what his job happens to be. When I think of the variety of Ayres' achievements, I appreciate the soundness of the hypothesis that it is truly difficult "to keep a squirrel on the ground."

Ayres' first important job was a scene-shifter in a theater. From there he advanced to tinkering [Continued on page 64]



Photo by Lazarnick

This is the home of the wise merchant who heeds Mr. Hoover's advice and who is doing his share through simplification of styles and materials to cut out an annual waste of \$250,000,000.

THE AVERAGE American shop stays open just seven and a half years. The oldest department store in New York has just celebrated its hundredth birthday; the next oldest will reach its centennial next year. Most of the big, well established stores, the ones that have a real name, a substantial standing in their communities, have a long history. Eliminate these well-settled, prosperous establishments and you will find that the average business life of the rest is pretty short. But you know that anyway, you don't have to look up the statistics to find it out. You know how, in your own town, your own neighborhood, little shops are constantly opening, with high hopes, and flowers from friends—and almost as constantly closing, with sheriff or receiver to play the part of undertaker, and no flowers, by request.

Why is this so? It's an unhealthy condition. It worries bankers a good deal, for they, only too often, are caught by these failures, with notes worth less than their face value. It worries the jobbers, the wholesalers, the manufacturers, who supply the goods that stock the shelves of these shops that fail—because they, very often, aren't paid for the goods they have sold, or are paid only a fraction of their cost. It ought to worry you and me, whether it does or not—because, in the long run, we have to pay our share of what every failure costs.

You see how that is, don't you? If Jones opens a store in Kalamazoo, and buys a bill of goods from Hawkins and Co. in Detroit or Chicago, and only pays thirty cents on the dollar of what he owes when he goes out of business, Hawkins and Co. have to add whatever Jones cost them to their total selling cost—which is, of course, what their prices are based on. When that process is being repeated day by day from coast to coast it adds a pretty penny, in the long run of a year's business, to prices.

Why is this so? Why do all these shops close? There isn't any single answer, unless it's poor judgment—that is back of nearly all business failures, of course. One special sort of bad judgment, according to bankers and business experts, is present in practically all failures—the sort that stocks the shelves of retail shops with a great variety of goods that sell slowly or not at all. Remember that.

MILLIONS WISE!

By Sidney

A FOREWORD By SECRETARY

Can we reduce the margin between our farmers and manufacturing producers on one side and our consumers on the other?

I am convinced that we can, without reduction of wages or legitimate profits, by the elimination of waste. I do not mean waste in the sense of wilful waste but economic waste. Nor are the wastes to which I refer to be corrected by any extension of the Ten Commandments. You cannot catch an economic force with a policeman.

In the end the public pays the bill of waste. It is either charged into the consumer's price of goods at one end or is subtracted from the wages of the producers of raw material, such as farmers and miners, at the other.

Just as you need no reference to statistics to inform you of the countless retail failures every year, you need none to tell you about the way, in certain trades and occupations, workers are laid off for part of every year, in one or more slack periods. Sometimes this is because the particular sort of work these men do can be done only in good weather—this applies to the building trades, and road making, and much outdoor work in general. This sort of seasonal slackness is very hard to overcome. But in certain trades the slack period, when factories are shut down and workers are laid off, occurs because of seasonal demand. That is true in all, or nearly all, the clothing trades, for example. Just before the heavy buying seasons, spring and fall, these trades are busy; they can hardly work fast enough to meet the demand, then, when the demand has been met, work falls off and there is nothing doing until it is time to prepare for the next rush.

The best economic minds in the world have worked on this problem. There is fearful waste in this seasonal rise and fall of production activity. It costs money to keep a factory idle and it costs money to reorganize working forces two or three times a year. Every manufacturer wants to keep his plant working, wants to keep his good workmen on his payroll. Why can't he do it? Why can't he, when the demand is slack, produce against the next period of heavy call?

Largely because he can't anticipate, until orders are in hand, what he is going to have to supply. His salesmen go out with samples of so many different sorts of articles, he dare not tie up money in goods for which there may be no call. This condition, you see, ties up with that which causes so many retail failures. Manufacturers make a great many articles for which the demand is very small; retailers stock up with these articles.

LET US go ahead a little and take up a concrete case. One of the great makers of men's felt hats used to make, for a single season's business, hats in 3,684 different styles and colors. He analyzed his business. He found that 90% of his sales were of only seven styles and ten colors of hats. He was making up all the others to be able to fill only 10% of his orders. So he did a very radical thing. He stopped making anything but hats in the seven styles and ten colors that most of his customers wanted.

Did he, as he was prepared to do, lose ten percent of his

BILLIONS FOOLISH!

Young

HERBERT HOOVER OF COMMERCE

I do not believe the remedy lies in legislation. The saving in national effort through simplification and standardization already runs into millions of dollars. There is a great area still untouched in which the application of these waste-eliminating measures may well save not millions but billions. The consequent reduction of manufacturing, selling and distributing costs and the release for active use of millions now tied up in slow moving stocks combine to yield savings eventually reaching the consumer in lower prices. The rate of our advance must and will be in proportion to the extent to which we all cooperate for the elimination of waste.

HERBERT HOOVER

business? He did not! His increase in business was greater than it had been the year before. Salesmen reported that jobbers and retailers alike were delighted. Retailers said that customers took less time to choose their hats, with a smaller choice, and were better satisfied. The maker was able to reduce his inventory from more than half a million dollars to about \$175,000—because he no longer had to keep on hand felt in freakish colors, seldom used. Selling costs dropped sharply, wages were raised, and most important of all, this maker was able to keep his plant running at 75% of full capacity during what had been his slack seasons, when in other years it had been shut down.

He could do this because, with a greatly reduced line, he knew now what hats would be ordered. Just so his retail customers profited. They didn't have to fill their shelves with hats that might or might not sell; they could concentrate on a few styles and colors sure to sell. The prices of these hats weren't reduced, in this instance, as it happened, but an increase that would have been necessary under the old plan was averted. So you and I made a profit, directly, in that way—and indirectly because the depression that always follows, locally, the shutting down of a factory was avoided.

What this hat maker did was to simplify his production, and what he did, other manufacturers in other lines are doing—not by themselves, but as trade and industrial groups. All over the country, in all sorts of trades, manufacturers who have surveyed and analyzed their production have found out just what he did. Carefully prepared and verified statistics show that, on an average, 80% of all business done by all manufacturers is in 20% of the items listed in their catalogues. This is the basis of the effort the Department of Commerce, under Secretary Herbert Hoover, is making to have simplified practice adopted by American manufacturing industry as a whole.

It all boils down to a very simple statement indeed. Suppose you make metal waste baskets, and suppose you make and sell a million of these every year. You make these baskets in, say, a hundred styles and a hundred finishes. The chances are that, if your experience is the average one, 800,000 of the baskets you sell are made in twenty styles and twenty finishes, and only 200,000 in the other eighty styles and eighty finishes. Very well, says Hoover, in effect, why don't you and all the other manufacturers of metal waste baskets get together and agree among



Photo by Lazarnick

This is the home of the foolish merchant—the man who stocked his shelves with a useless variety of goods that do not sell. It is this condition that the government is trying to correct.

yourselves to concentrate on the twenty styles and finishes in real demand? If some of your customers still want some of the other styles and finishes—all right. Give them what they want—but make them pay extra. Don't make those who are satisfied with regular stock pay the extra cost of turning out special designs.

That is the whole idea of simplification reduced to the fewest possible words.

IT IS no new thing, of course. Individuals have worked in just this way for a long time. Henry Ford's whole business is built upon it. The real problem isn't that of the individual manufacturer. He may, at any time, if he is strong enough, decide to concentrate upon production of a single article. The real problem is that of simplifying production among a whole group of manufacturers, each of whom makes a diversity of items, in a still greater diversity of varieties—styles, finishes, colors, sizes. No one of them can move alone; in any highly competitive business there must be uniform action.

Simplification, as a national measure, started, in a way, during the war, as a matter of sheer necessity. Then, of course, America had, first of all to raise, arm, feed and equip its armies. Industry had to be mobilized to that end. The labor reservoir was drained of young men for the armies, hence there was, inevitably, a labor shortage. Raw materials were diverted to military use; the ships that might have brought in more materials were needed as war transport.

Obviously, then, unrestricted production became impossible. Only those things actually needed could be made as we didn't have labor enough, or raw material enough, or factories enough, to make luxuries or anything dispensable. So the War Industries Board, under Bernard M. Baruch, came into being. It enlisted experts of every sort, in every branch of industry, and in effect, it rationed labor and raw material and issued permits to operate factories of every sort.

What manufacturing for civilian use it allowed was rigidly restricted and controlled. If you, for example, had been making your metal waste baskets, you might

[Continued on page 60]

CAF-eteria LOVE



"Never register a reaction on a check lower than fifty cents. From fifty cents to seventy-five, contact with a most cordial expression. Over seventy-five follow-up with your most efficient smile," J. Rodney directed Kitty.

THEY CAN TALK about breaking down sales resistance and all that, but I maintain a dairy-lunch ought to be run for the people. I had resigned from the Eighth Avenue ice wagon and accepted a standing position in the West Fifty-eighth Street branch of the Daisychain dairy-lunches, when we got a call for a report on what particular food was ate most of. Well, Silver put down sandwiches because that happened to be what he dished out, and Antone voted for bean soup. I was at the pie counter. So the report went in that the thing the New York public eats most of was sandwiches, bean soup and pie. After that we drew this guy J. Rodney Jenks to show us how to run a dairy-lunch.

WE KNEW right away he was an executive. He told us he was here to work with us in the interests of the bigger and better Daisychain that was to be. Then he had the cash register moved up front and hired a little French doll by the name of Kitty Malloy to sit and run it. That was efficiency right off the reel, for big dark eyes and red hair and a snappy little tilted nose is an asset to any dairy-lunch.

J. Rodney, he stuck pretty close around Kitty the first day. It seemed like he had to instruct her how to make change. Kitty looked over at me out of the corners of her eyes once or twice and I offered to show her how to beat the register.

"Back to your bar, young Casey," said J. Rodney very lordly. "And speaking of bars, you must cease mopping the pie counter with a napkin and asking 'What'll it be, gents?' You don't perceive any sawdust on the floor, do you?"

"No, but there's an odor of limburger getting in my eyes," I answered like a gentleman. "Lay off my pie counter or I'll crown you with a custard." I confined myself to refined repartee, on account of Kitty.

J. RODNEY passed me up. "Never register a reaction on a check lower than fifty cents," he went on to Kitty. "From fifty cents to seventy-five, contact with a cordial expression. Over seventy-five, follow-up with your most efficient smile. Make the big customer feel good and the little one will take care of himself."

"On a dollar check you wink the left eye," I told her. "Any come-on that can eat that much here deserves it." J. Rodney looked around and registered extreme peevishness.

"Why, Mr. Casey," said Kitty over his shoulder, "I wouldn't ever wink at anybody." She didn't wink of course, but she closed one eye and then opened it again right away.

But after a while Jenks came around to the pie counter. "You are no adept in the psychologic appeal of the Pie in its Place, Casey," he announced.

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, my pies get ate," I told him.

"But not efficiently," said J. Rodney. "Now you've got the apple pies on the side nearest the sandwich case. That's not salesmanship. You must bring the slow-moving stock like lemon custard over on the side next the sandwiches. Then the Uncertain Purchasing Percentage will settle on the lemon custard. Thus you will achieve an equal turnover on all stock."

Then I saw Kitty slip me another look out of the corners of her eyes, and I remembered how Little Long-Lashes didn't seem to like arguments, so I decided not to paste the expert with some of the slow-moving stock. "Before I boot you into the kitchen," I said like a lamb to J. Rodney, "I'll try your idea out."

NEXT MORNING J. Rodney began strutting his stuff in earnest. He heard Antone say "Hello, Shorty," to a customer. "Casual familiarity with customers detracts from the tone of an eating place," he said. "The quick, snappy Sir is the salutation that sells, Antone."

"Sure," said Antone. Antone's English isn't very good but he has a nice disposition. "Snappy Sir she sell 'em all right, I bet you."

"Quite appreciably so," said Jenks, mollified. "Hereafter there will be just the one uniform mode of address in this restaurant. A suave, snappy, though sympathetic, 'What will it be, Sir?'"

Shorty came back at lunch time for his hot beef on toast and Antone asked him, "What will it be, Sir?" just like J. Rodney had instructed. Shorty stared at Antone a minute and Antone said it again. Then Shorty decided Antone was trying to high-hat him, and first he asked Antone out in the alley to get his head punched, and when Antone wouldn't go he got sorrowful and mourned at my pie counter for a while, saying Casey was the only man that always treated everybody like they were human. When I told him to shut up before I threw him out he drew a deep breath and said "Thank you, Casey, thank you," and went on out without ordering anything.

Kitty told me I had a nice way with people. "I could see that man just loved you," she said. Then she closed one eye again in that ladylike way of hers. J. Rodney didn't notice for he was busy explaining to Antone that fellows like Shorty weren't desirable customers and Antone should stick to the "Snappy Sir" stuff anyhow.

A side-arm slant on two men and a cashier.

By Karl Green

Illustrations by Arthur Fuller

"On a dollar check, wink the left eye," I told her. "Any come-on that can eat that much here deserves it."



"I give him Snappy Sir and he want to sock me in right eye," said Antone. "Snappy Sir not so much good, I think." "It is the Sign-manual of Service," said Jenks, very stern. "Golly, I didn't know that," said Antone. "I use him all time."

THAT AFTERNOON Jenks put over another one. He told us it was time for Conference. He said he hoped these little daily get-togethers would be productive of a higher morale. Then he assembled us around the condiments table where the napkins and sugar and everything the public helps themselves to are.

"This is too profuse," he said and Silver spoke up and said, if there was anything mused up he would like to know what it was.

"He doesn't mean things are mused up, Silver," I put in. Silver is a good hard-working bird but not very much educated.

"I said profuse, not confused," explained J. Rodney impatiently. "There's too much of everything. When a customer sees an abundance in front of him he will partake more heavily than if he just sees a sufficiency. In this matter of condiments we must confine the public to a sufficiency."

"I thought our business was to see that things got ate, to the satisfaction of all," I told him.

"But not on the house," said J. Rodney firmly. "We must not encourage any orgies with the paper-napkins or sugar or chili-sauce. We will keep one dozen napkins in the rack, one cupful of sugar in the bowl and six squirts of chili-sauce in the bottle. As fast as these are consumed we will replenish the supply."

"I can't measure no chili-sauce by one, two, three squirt," said Antone with a sort of a yelp.

"Preserve your poise, dumbbell," I said to Antone, soothing him. "His Honor is speaking figuratively."

"Oh, excuse, please," said Antone, all subdued.

Well, discouraging the public orgies worked out all right, except the beef was rare that night and Antone became just a sort of blur between the soup-stand and the chili-sauce bottle, and Silver got a little surly with Shorty, who grabbed three paper-napkins off the napkin stand, cleaning it cold.

"Lay off that orgy or I'll bean you," said Silver. "Orgies don't go around here no more."

Shorty thought "orgy" was an epithet and cheered up and wanted to knock Silver's block off. But J. Rodney Jenks gave Silver an efficient scowl and Silver remembered the customer is always right and said, "Excuse it, Sir." Shorty lost his cheerfulness and slunk off into a corner and ate his pie in silence. I asked Kitty, as a personal favor, to give him a fifty-five cent reaction as he went out, he seemed so dazed and friendless. But Kitty shot me a cool stare and said, "On a ten-cent check, Mr. Casey? I am surprised at your ethics and I think you had better have them overhauled."

AND THEN J. Rodney came around to the pie counter and told me I was lowering the tone of the shop by recommending the chocolate eclairs. "The pronunciation among the people who know is ayclair, not eclair," he informed me.

"Of course," I said, mastering my feelings. "If you want to pronounce the French word eclair like it was English you can call it ayclair, but it will not be done with my endorsement. I will not be a party to any such burlesque on a proper card de menu," I told him.

"You will carry out the instructions of your department head," he said icily. "Understand, Casey, that in dealing with subordinates I must insist on discipline. On such a point as this I will go to the mat with you at any time."

"I'm no wrestler," I said, coming out of behind the pie counter, "but if going to the mat is anything like kissing the canvas you get your chance right now."

I hadn't noticed that Kitty had left her cashier's table, and I was just getting set to pat J. Rodney on the point of the chin when she floated in between us.

"Oh, Mr. Casey," she said, "I hurried my dinner tonight. Now I think I want something sweet, some sort of pastry out of your counter. Will you tell me something that's good?"

"I would suggest a chocolate eclair, Kitty," I said with a disdainful and haughty stare at J. Rodney.

"By all means, an ayclair, Miss Kitty," he came back with a low, nasty look.

Well, she took me by the arm and around back of the counter to get the eclair, and slipped me a nifty reaction as she started back.

"I'm crazy about eclairs," she told me. [Continued on page 90]

The AMATEUR

CH-O-W do GOLF and TENNIS

TEXAS, or more specifically, the eighteenth green of the golf club at San Antonio, is the scene of this little drama. Time, Mid-January and the occasion the Texas Open Championship.

Bobby Cruickshank, the man who made Shackamaxxon famous, is bending over his ball, putter in hand. The hole is so short a distance away that upon an ordinary occasion Bobby could have sunk the putt with his eyes closed.

But this is no ordinary occasion. The major portion of a purse of \$6000 is at stake and if Cruickshank holes out on this stroke he will be tied with Macdonald Smith, the blazing star of the west coast.

Now among the large gallery watching the culminating phases of this hard-fought match is Bill Mehlhorn, the raw-boned Chicago pro. Bill has a point of vantage in a tree adjoining the green.

Silence prevails, that deep stillness which properly should attend a juncture of this delicacy. With all deliberation Cruickshank studies the lie. The putt, to be sure, is extremely short, but as golfers, above all others, know, there is many a slip 'twixt the ball and the cup. Besides, there is big money at issue.

And then, between the time that the tendons of Cruickshank's wrists signalled the advent of motor impulse and the tap of the putter blade against the ball the irrepressible Mehlhorn made a remark.

It does not appear that it was addressed to Cruickshank; it was a remark utterly irrelevant to putting. At all events while a long-drawn sigh went up from the gallery Cruickshank missed the hole completely.

BOBBOY, of course, attributed his failure to Mehlhorn's "shout." There is testimony to the effect that Cruickshank exaggerated the volume of sound. He might naturally have done so; for, in view of the silence that prevailed and the tense state of the player's nerves, any vocal interjection of even ordinary cadence might well have crashed upon the auditory organs like the bellow of a bull.

Cruickshank, naturally enough, did not take the incident in good part and Mehlhorn has been made to feel that his sportsmanship is not so highly regarded as the quality of his golf.

Yet to one who has watched great exponents of all sports in action for a number of years, both amateur and professional, and seen them commit the most shocking errors at crucial times, there is serious doubt that Cruickshank would have holed out on that stroke even had there been no disturbance.

The gods of chance are extremely capricious at times, impishly bent upon demonstrating that human qualities, however sublimated, are fallible. Else, why is it that your Jake Schaffer or Willie Hoppe who can, and often do, run three hundred or more at 18.2 balkline billiards, will fall down on a straight carom? They have done it more than once.

And why will the star outfielder, with a fielding average of a thousand per cent extending over a season or more, lose an important game by dropping an easy fly that falls squarely into his waiting hands? This, also, has happened more than once.

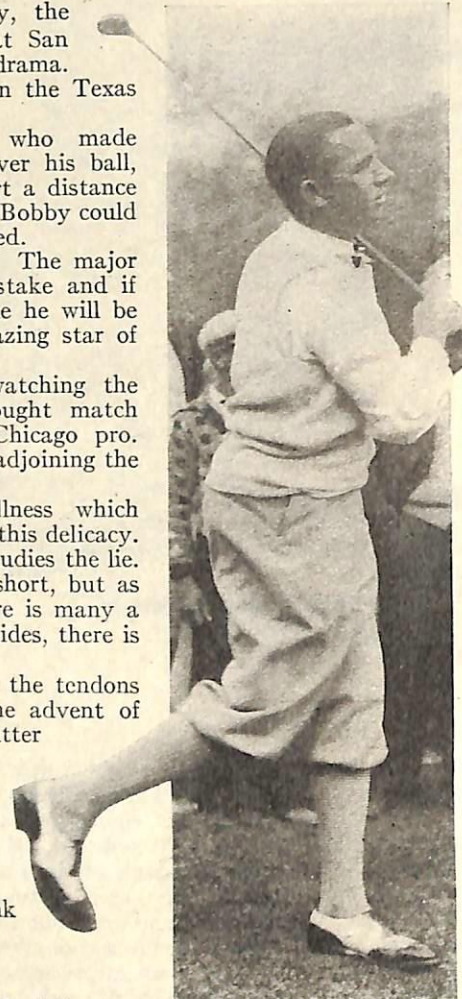


Photo by Wide World

Walter Hagen "played unforgettable golf, golf that was great in its manual brilliance."



Photo by Wide World

Jack Dempsey in "his corner." Kearns said the champion "did not know him from a stranger."

Athletes, in truth, confess to a curious phenomenon in connection with mishaps of the sort. They have a premonition that they are going to occur and yet are helpless to avert them. A great third baseman once admitted to me that upon the few occasions when he had thrown the ball over the first base into the grandstand he knew he was going to do just that thing. But he could not withhold the throw.

YOUR crackshot with the rifle or shotgun knows he will miss just as his finger begins to press the trigger. None the less he pulls the trigger—he cannot help it—and misses.

Something wrong with the motor impulse—yet an impulse that cannot be checked, that must go on inexorably to error. It has broken up many a match among the giants of the golfing world and in most cases there has been no Mehlhorn upon whom to lay the onus of censure.

Once in a British championship Harry Vardon, who had been playing great guns, as usual in those days, fell down on a twelve inch putt, missed the hole completely. There was no explanation. He simply missed, that is all. Any duffer who wishes may take unction from this. Or from this:

Harry Hampton was playing in the Canadian Open at Toronto two or three years ago. After putting up a splendid game he got into trouble on a short hole, 100 yards, if memory serves. It took him several shots to get on the green. Then he had a putt of three or four feet. He missed. He tried again and missed. On his third putt the ball went straight to the edge of the cup. There it trembled and lay still. A fraction of an additional turn and it would have dropped. But the extra impulse was lacking.

Thoroughly irritated, Hampton strode up to the ball and thrust at it with his putter—and missed the ball completely, never touched it.

IN fact, the best of players often fall down on putts of less than a foot. Abe Mitchell did it last year several times in important tournaments in England. All his shots to the green were working beautifully and on putts of four, five or six feet he was deadly. But when it came to the wee distances he seemed to develop a fatal palsy.

One cannot logically ascribe such things as putts missed at ridiculous distances, to extraneous influences; not, at least, as a prevailing cause. The reason more often lies deeper than that, lies deep down in the human economy of action, reaction and poise.

If not, how account for this instance, which is of a cloth with many similar ones. Miss Joyce Wethered, the greatest woman golfer in the world, was recently playing a three yard putt on a course near London. Just as she was about to tap the ball a railroad train went by with a rattle and a roar not a hundred yards from her.

She sank the putt in spite of the noise and when she straightened up one of her companions expressed wonder that the train had not bothered her.

"What train?" asked Miss Wethered. The thundering passage of that engine and cars had never registered upon her consciousness at all.

Concentration, of course. No person

MYTH By Lawrence Perry

STARS G-E-T T-H-A-T W-A-Y?

could by any conceivable possibility be a great golfer if he, or she, did not possess in some marked degree the power to sink oneself wholly in the job at hand.

Indeed, this applies to any athlete who has attained success in whatever sport. Walter Johnson says that he never hears the frenzied yells of the fans when at a crucial point in a game he has three and two on the batter and a hit or a base will seriously complicate the fortunes of his team.

AT Shelby, Montana, and at the Polo Grounds where I had the most favorable opportunity of watching Jack Dempsey as he sat in his corner before going into action against Tommy Gibbons and Luis Firpo respectively, it was obvious that those about him, his closest friends, meant nothing to him as personalities so sunk was he in thoughts of the problem lying ahead of him.

Jack Kearns, his former manager, who brought the champion to greatness, has often remarked that Jack did not know him from a total stranger when he sat facing his opponent and his mind was occupied in planning his course of action.

Walter Hagen, probably the world's greatest golfer—unless it be Bobby Jones, the amateur champion—is so involved with himself when playing a match game of golf that it is unlikely that a cannon shot would affect any of his shots. And so with Archie Compston, the British pro, who gives one the impression while playing, of being utterly withdrawn from life—a mere mechanical automaton.

All of which stands in the face of the fact that the greatest protagonists of sport are liable at any time to be victims of some illogical, unwarranted and utterly inexplicable departure from form.

The whole matter, so far as theory is concerned, lies outside the capacity of the mere sporting philosopher; it seems to fall squarely within the purview of the psychological scientist.

BUT it requires no scientist of whatever sort to demonstrate that William Tilden 2nd is wrong when he states that in all sports, age rather than youth, is going to be served in the future when it comes to champions.

Tilden, as almost everyone knows, is the earth's lawn tennis champion. He has won the title for five successive years and is now getting on toward his thirtieth birthday. Since no youngster is in sight who threatens to topple him from his throne and since every man is prone to think broadly from the narrow basis of his own specialty, one can understand the mental processes which lead him to remark that the championship age of the future would lie between thirty and forty.

Curiously enough it has so lain in two of the most strenuous sports upon the calendar, wrestling and boxing. Most of the

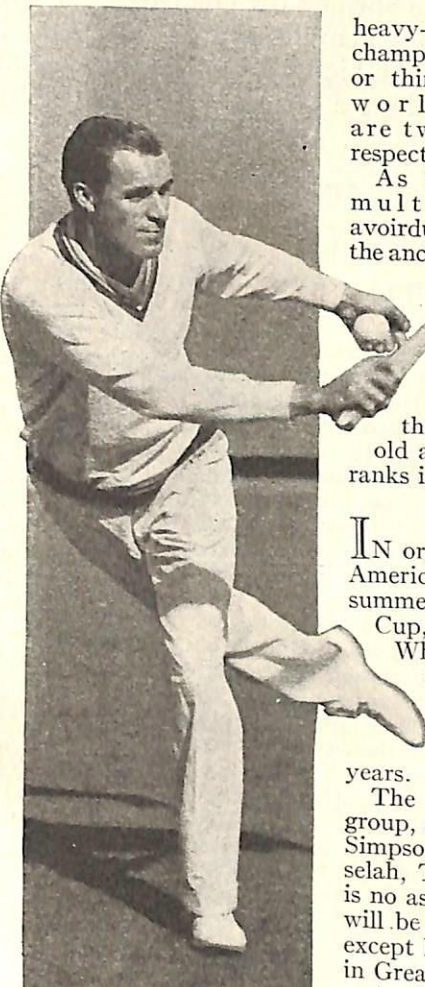


Photo by Wide World

"Bill" Tilden. "The backbone and sinews of the sport are the courts of private residences and clubs."

heavy-weight fighters have won the world's championship titles when in their late twenties or thirties and the two leading mixers in the world today, Dempsey and Wills, are twenty-nine and thirty-two years old respectively.

As for the multiplied avoirdupois the ancient pachyderms of the mat, years and huge accretions of seem to be the *sine qua non* in pastime of grunt and grapple.

But in golf, particularly amateur golf, a game for many years derided as the tottering pastime of men too old for strenuous pursuits, there is the most decided sort of a trend toward youth. Bobby Jones, accounted by many to be the world's greatest golfer, is twenty-two years old and his nearest competitor in the amateur ranks is a boy in his teens.

IN organizing her team of amateurs to meet the American Team which will cross the ocean this summer to play for the now famous Walker Cup, the cry of England has been all for youth. When the Royal and Ancient Golf Club selected its list of twenty-one players from among whom eight will be selected to compete against the Americans, it was found that the average age was under twenty-six years.

The veterans, the doddering old men of the group, are H. D. Gillies, Robert Harriss and J. G. Simpson, all age forty-four years and one Methuselah, T. Scott, forty-eight years old. But there is no assurance that any of these senile gentlemen will be chosen for the team, that is to say, none except Harriss, who is one of the steadiest players in Great Britain and a powerful hitter.

As for the American team it is unusually young in years. Watts Gunn and Roland Mackenzie are not yet twenty; George Von Elm, Bobby Jones and Jess Sweetzer are in their early twenties and Francis Ouimet, Jesse Guilford and Bob Gardner do not have to strain their eyes to look back upon their thirtieth birthdays. The team will not average in age more than twenty-seven.

Just as surely as can be the epoch of age and experience in golf here and abroad must give way to the swiftly advancing era of youth and the strength and elan of youth.

From the present prospects almost everybody who is anybody in golf will cross the Atlantic this spring to have a hack at the important British golf titles.

Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, Macdonald Smith, Johnny Farrell, Leo Diegel, Gene Sarazen and probably Willie Macfarlane are among the professionals who will participate in the British Open at Stannes and the holding of the Walker Cup match in England insures the presence there of [Continued on page 66]



Photo by Wide World

Miss Glenna Collett and Jess Sweetzer. Sweetzer is in his early twenties.



Photo by Wide World

Miss Joyce Wethered . . . "was playing a three yard put when a railroad train went by."



WITHIN THE SHRINE



EDITORIALS

Here begin The Shrine's own departments, which are conducted by and dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are The Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. So you will find here a forum, unique in the history of Shrinedom.



YOUR SERVANT, THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL, WHAT IT IS FOR AND WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED FOR THE SHRINE

A SMALL group of square-jawed old gentlemen as serious as King Solomon about to bisect a baby for the benefit of the multitude: a Shrine supreme court which passes laws and levies taxes which local Temples of the Mystic Shrine must obey, and pay willynilly. This is the mental picture of the Imperial Council many Nobles have.

Nothing could be further from the truth. You, Noble, whose eyes are running along this line of type, are the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine. Imperial council officers are your over-worked servants, not your masters.

There are six hundred thousand Shriners on this continent. To gather such a vast and far-flung organization into one group for legislative purposes would be impossible. The wise founders of our organization planned that each Temple should select and elect a few of the wisest of its members as Representatives to compose a smaller, and, for legislative purposes, less unwieldy body. By this means the whole organization is tied-in to uniform objectives carried out in a uniform way.

When you select a Representative from your Temple he is just what he is called: your representative. He votes for you, carries out your thought and your wishes in the sessions of the Imperial Council. Thus do you vicariously pass laws and levy assessments on yourself. The officers of the Imperial Council execute the wishes and carry out the will of your representatives. They see to it that the laws you pass for your own government are enforced on all Temples alike, that the per capita taxes are collected and expended as you, through your representatives, direct.

Once in a while you are a bit careless in the selection of your representatives. Now and then a Noble is sent by some thoughtless Temple because he is a good fellow who wants a free ride on the choo-choo train. But even this in no way affects the general results. Such misrepresentatives seldom sit through the long, tiresome legislative sessions of the Imperial Council but stray off to patrol exhibition drills, baseball games and the other entertainment supplied by the local Temple.

Out of this high-minded self sacrificing group of men has come all that is good in the Mystic Shrine. From the Imperial Council came this wonderful idea for our hospitals for crippled children through which the Shrine has found itself and through which it has sold itself absolutely to the Masonic fraternity out of which it grew, and to the whole world in which it lives.

The Imperial Council needs no apologist. It is composed of handpicked Nobles of all Temples on the continent, which means the best men in American Masonry. Its legislation has been so painstaking that thus far in its history it has never found it necessary to reverse itself on anything consequential.

EVERY new periodical tends to settle into one of two classes, optimistic or pessimistic . . . a publication which points with pride or views with alarm. The Mystic Shrine and the Shrine Magazine have so many things to which they can point with pride that our general tendency will be in the direction of prideful and bragful pointing. Yet we note with regret the neglect of many Nobles in the matter of dress at the ceremonial sessions of the Temples to which they belong.

The dress of a Noble of the Mystic Shrine is as prescribed as that of a Knights Templar, a policeman or a gob in the United

States Navy. It is not merely a matter of custom or usage but a long standing regulation. No Shriner is properly dressed at a ceremonial session of his Temple unless he is in evening clothes with a fez on his head. Only the most unusual circumstances excuse his presence clad otherwise.

The regulation says "dress suit and fez," but it was passed before the time of great popularity of the dinner coat or "tuxedo." As this form of dress has become the standard for all "stag" affairs it passes muster at Shrine meetings.

In the wicked days previous to the passage of a well known amendment to the constitution, a well known dispensary of liquid refreshment had a big sign which read, "It's not enough to be twenty-one years old. You've got to look twenty-o.e." It is not enough to be a Shriner; every Noble should take pride in looking a Shriner.

One Potentate solved the problem to the satisfaction of most of his Nobility by admitting to the first floor of the auditorium of the Mosque in which his ceremonials were held only Nobles in evening dress. Relegation to the gallery cured most of the carelessness. The plan may seem radical but it gets results.

MAN CANNOT AFFORD TO REMAIN AT A STANDSTILL; NOR CAN ANY FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION

A STATIONARY organization in a moving world courts disaster.

When an Indian made his captive secure he bound him with thongs of hide, for hide can not be broken by human strength.

"Hidebound" is our word symbol for that which we break with difficulty. And hidebound are we all in tradition, in example, in common practice, in our love for "the old way." We fight "the new way" tooth and nail; the voice of the pack cries out that we must not venture, must not change, must not desert the path found straight in years gone by, for the new untried way.

Luckily for all of us, some one is always so slow in growing up that he keeps for his manhood's equipment a part of the youthful spirit of adventure. He forsakes the old way for the new against the protest of his fellows and we get a telephone, a flying machine, a typewriter, a Federal Reserve Board or a far flung group of children's hospitals.

Stow this thought away for a quiet hour; all progress is a breaking away from the old way. There can never be a "going ahead" without an equivalent "leaving behind."

A man standing still is more easily toppled over than one who is moving forward. So also with an organization.

"HOW far can a dog run into the woods?" asked the Optimist of his adversary the Pessimist.

"As far as he wants to, I suppose," was the reply.

"No," said the first speaker. "He can only run half way into the woods. All the rest of the way he is running out of the woods."

Measured by Masonic standards the Shrine is a young organization. In its youthful exuberance it may have run into the woods a bit. It may have over-emphasized banqueting and good times. It may have been even a bit selfish.

But today the Shrine has passed the middle and is running out of the woods. It is justifying its existence and more than making good the hopes of its best wishers. "Joyfully righteous" describes it.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



EDITORIALS

Your Publication Committee proposes to make these pages vitally significant to each Noble who is actually interested in the Order. Here is the medium for the reporting of worth-while fraternal news and the recording of the Services which Shriners render to Humanity.



DID THE ORDER SOLELY REPRESENT A DESIRE FOR SELFISH AMUSEMENT NATURE WOULD DESTROY SHRINEDOM

NATURE abhors waste and tends to eliminate it. When the mole decided to spend all of his time under ground chasing worms and slugs, nature eliminated his eyes and shortened his legs into diggers.

When the seal decided to desert his brother quadrupeds on land for a life in the briny deep, nature eliminated his legs, transforming them through the ages until they became flippers and made his tail a propeller.

When a certain species of perch in India decided it would view the landscape from tree tops, nature reduced his fin spread that it might add hooks like those on a telegraph lineman's shoes.

The auk's wings made place for swimming flippers, the fish in the black depths of the Mammoth Cave are eyeless, the ostrich developed legs while his wings are eliminated because useless.

This law holds with man. The prodigious strength of the cave man has gone as went the hairy covering which protected his unclothed body. Uncanny skill with the rapier, deadly accuracy with the gun and a hundred other attributes of our ancestors have been lost by nature's inexorable law that the useless must be eliminated.

How long would the Mystic Shrine have lasted had it not found a real use for its wonderful organization? How long could we have bucked the law of the elimination of the useless had we gone on with no objective higher than our own amusement? Who can tell?

May the blessings of heaven rest on Forrest Adair, Free Kendrick and all others who led the Shrine into the movement for founding hospitals for crippled children. May the government deal gently with their income tax returns and may neuritis and arterial sclerosis pass them by on the other side.

In this work the Shrine found itself. In this higher idealism it took itself out of the class of useless organizations and offered its membership, at the price of one theater ticket a year, an opportunity to share in one of the finest pieces of work any organization has ever undertaken.

May each of this group of pioneers have a monument built to his memory after his death and may it be a hundred years before the first monument is erected.

Truly "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

ALMOST two thousand years ago Mt. Vesuvius, which then towered above a fine little city called Herculaneum, had a blow-out. At almost the first cough of the volcano Herculaneum was covered to a depth of more than a hundred feet with mud. This was smothered in volcanic ash which in turn was overflowed by a tide of lava.

Centuries passed. Another city was built on the site of old Herculaneum, which was forgotten until a citizen of the new city, digging a well, discovered the old Herculaneum.

Modern archaeologists have made extensive exploration there to see what manner of civilization existed in a city which was overwhelmed all standing, as it were.

In the course of their digging in this hardened coating of mud one of the workmen broke into a cavity. The wise old scientist who conducted the exploration stopped him at once. Preparing a barrel of liquid plaster-of-paris he poured this through the small opening made by the workman. Giving it time to set, he dug out

the plaster and found a perfect reproduction of a man who had been killed by the mud.

In the two thousand years intervening, this Herculean's clothing, flesh and bones had disintegrated. But left there in the clay of his day was a perfect cast of the man, his clothing and his weapons. Today, examining this plaster-cast, we know what manner of man walked the streets of Herculaneum two thousand years ago.

No man has ever lived who did not leave an imprint on his times. He may not have been caught in the mud of a Herculaneum, but his impression is caught and carried on through the mental processes of time. Two thousand years from now may show the inquiring savant what manner of men lived in this day.

Some historians and students of our day and time will, in the distant future, consider the Mystic Shrine and its influence on the civilization of 1926.

IS YOUR TEMPLE LIVING UP TO THE HIGH IDEALS AND THE GREAT OBJECTIVES OF YOUR ORDER?

IF THE record of achievement of your particular Temple falls into their hands, will it be a representative record by which the Shrine should be judged? Is your Temple living up to the high ideals and the great objectives of the Shrine? Would you be willing to have your Temple investigated as a fair sample of what the Shrine ideals are at the present time?

To be even a bit more personal, would you be willing to have a plaster-cast made of you and your life as a fair sample of Shrine standards and what a Shriner ought to be?

Before your Temple can live up to the high ideals of charity of thought and benevolence so characteristic of the Shrine, each of its individual members must first mesh his life and mentality with these ideals.

The Shrine must grow from the inside out. The sturdy oak shows its growth by the first ring in its heart, made by the tiny twig which began it. The other layers go on outside of that first core. No big fine tree ever grew from a twig not sound at heart.

The heart, core and soul of the Shrine are in the mind of the individual Noble. The next layer on top is the local Temple. Again, on this lies the outer layer of the Imperial Council.

Each succeeding layer depends for its strength on the sound heart of the whole, which is the individual Shriner.

And the inevitable and logical conclusion? Admit no man to membership in your Temple whom you do not honestly believe would answer as a model for that imaginary plaster-cast of a typical Shriner.

Membership in a Temple of the Mystic Shrine is a privilege, not a right. Quality, not quantity, should be our quest.

In China they pay a doctor to keep them well. On this continent we pay an embalmer to do the same thing.

When a liar meets a gossip he takes off his hat and bows in admiration.

"There is hope for the sap head but none for the sore head. Get in line or get out of the road."

Yeah. A woman is the only animal which squeals when it is pleased.

If he isn't satisfied with the rule of the majority do not worry. Just let the undertaker have his own.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



How the SHRINE CAME to BE

By Wm. B. Melish, 33° Senior Past Imperial Potentate



THERE ARE two—at least two—accounts of the beginnings of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Each account has its believers and partisans.

According to one account the order was instituted by the Kalif Alee, son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed, in 656, at Mecca. It was an inquisition, a sort of vigilance committee, intended to secure justice for offenders able to escape punishment through ordinary means; secondarily it was an organization of fellowship, with some measure of religious tolerance in its aim—though this is an anomaly, considering the militant nature of Mohammedan proselyting. Moreover, there was a secret objective, to be made known only to members of the Shrine.

THE order, according to this account, was international, including Christians, Moslems and Jews. Its ritual is said to have been kept at Aleppo, in Syria, and brought thence to London in 1860 by Rizk Allah Hassoon Effendi, a famous Arabic scholar and historian.

Now, of this account—taken, in effect, from an early history of the order, published under the authority of the Imperial Council in 1883—there is another variant. Making the same assumption of ancient Arabic origin, this varying account holds that William J. Florence, already a 32nd Degree Mason and a Knight Templar, was, by reason of his Masonic affiliations, allowed to be present, at Marseilles, France, at a ceremonial of a temple of the Mystic Shrine, and that he brought back a copy of the ancient ritual and laws of this order.

This brings us to what seems to the writer, as a result of his researches, conducted when, under the authority of the Imperial Council, he served as chairman of the committee which prepared the present official history of the order, the true account.

Noble Florence, the well-known American actor, did go abroad in 1870. He did, undoubtedly, while abroad, learn something of some oriental order—there were many such—and he did, upon his return to New York, talk with Dr. Walter M. Fleming, 33rd Degree Mason and Knight Templar. Dr. Fleming was a great Masonic scholar; Florence, the actor, loved mystic rites and ceremonies for the Thespian values.

THE writer believes that it was Florence and Fleming, with two or three other good fellows, who worked out the idea of the Shrine and its ritual—it is known, indeed, that the first ritual was written by Fleming. Believers in the first account assert that he translated and adapted an ancient ritual; that seems unlikely. He may have incorporated suggestions obtained abroad by Florence; in the main, however, our ritual is American in origin.

Some doubt has been raised as to Noble Florence's having been a Mason at all. The evidence on this point is clear, however; he was a 32nd Degree Mason and a Knight Templar. The doubts, in his case, seem to have arisen from his failure to attend meetings, but his profession accounts for this; he was, of necessity, a constant traveller.

Certain other facts as to the beginnings of the order are not in dispute. It is certain that Mecca, the Mother Temple, was instituted in New York. Seemingly the conception of the order dates back to August 13, 1870, when, in the rooms of a Masonic Club, upstairs in the old house at Twenty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, long occupied by

Mouquin's Restaurant, Dr. Fleming, Florence and one or two others discussed the founding of the Mystic Shrine.

Concerning this Noble William Fowler, Jr., wrote, in 1914, "I distinctly remember upon a certain Sunday afternoon my father coming downstairs and telling me they were hatching up in the club a new order to be called the Mystic Shrine."

SUBSEQUENTLY, in June 16, 1871, Mecca Temple was actually instituted, in a meeting at Masonic Hall—at which time it was decided to make membership in the 32nd Degree or the



William B. Melish

Knights Templar a prerequisite of membership in the Shrine. It was held that the order had already been instituted, Noble Florence having communicated the ritual to Noble Fleming, and at the meeting in 1871 eleven Nobles were added, as follows: Sherwood C. Campbell, James S. Chappelle, Oswald Merle d'Aubigne, Edward Eddy, Charles T. McClenahan, George W. Millar, John A. Moore, Albert P. Moriarty, William S. Paterson, Daniel Sickels and John W. Simons. These, with Nobles Florence and Fleming, were the first members of Mecca Temple, which held its first actual session on

September 26th, in the year 1872.

Such, then, was the beginning of the Shrine—the seed from which the greatness of today has sprung. The Imperial Council was organized on June 6, 1876, at New York, twenty Nobles being present. From the first, pleasure and sociability were the aims of the Nobles; the whole history of the order shows how it has come to be known as the playground of Masons—not, as some say, of Masonry, since Masonry has and can have no playground.

Its growth was slow at first, but sure and steady. The fourth session of the Imperial Council, in 1879, disclosed a membership of 425 in thirteen temples. It is noteworthy that during this period the whole country was in an era of business depression, following a great panic; the fact that a new order survived at all, and grew to some extent, is eloquent of its potential strength. Ten years later 44 temples had been chartered; six more were under dispensation, and the total membership had grown from 425 to 10,377. The Shrine was established; nothing, thereafter, could stem its progress. Already the Shrine had attracted the attention of the country in a fashion the future was more and more to emphasize—that is, by its swift and ready aid in time of disaster.

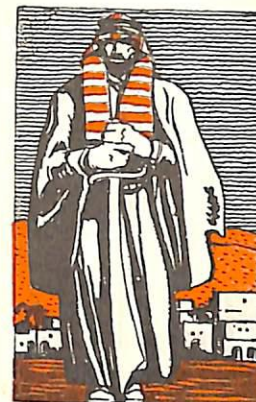
To Jacksonville, where yellow fever raged, and to Johnstown, swept by flood, money and help of every sort had gone, and the long record of the Shrine's activity in times of distress was nobly begun.



The Birthplace of the Shrine
Masonic Hall,
East 23rd Street,
New York City.

Author's Note

"I have never endorsed the correctness of the stories that have been published regarding the Arabic part of the history, but, as a historian, accepted what was originally stated by the American Masons who were the founders of the Order, as their story, or, rather, that of Dr. Fleming, and published about the time that Mecca Temple was started, edited by an Arabic scholar who had a somewhat vivid imagination."



WITHIN THE SHRINE



The PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION



"GO OVER to Philadelphia," they told me. "And come back and write something about the session of the Imperial Council there in June. Tell just what Lu Lu Temple is going to do."

Now, that sounds easy, but it isn't, because this is March and magazines have to go to press some time before they appear. There isn't and there can't be, any guarantee that every plan that exists now about the Philadelphia meeting will remain unchanged when the first caravans come in sight of the Schuylkill at the end of May. However, if that is understood, this is the general scheme, which has been worked out by the executive committee.

This much is true, and is not subject to revision, no matter what happens. The Shriners who go to Philadelphia are going to have a good time; also, if they do half of the things there will be for them to do, they are going to be pretty tired when they start home. For it is not only Lu Lu Temple that is getting ready to entertain them; it is all Philadelphia. This is a big year for Philadelphia. Just a hundred and fifty years ago Philadelphia was the most important place in the world, for history of the biggest and most enduring sort was being made there. John Hancock was getting ready to dip his pen and dash off that big, bold signature of his at the bottom of a document that declared that the thirteen North American colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, and Charles Carroll had it in his mind to add "of Carrollton" to his signature, so that, if it came to hanging the signers for treason, there should be no mistake in his case.



W. Freeland Kendrick,
Past Imperial Potentate and
Mayor of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA is going to celebrate the sesquicentennial of American independence with an exposition, as, fifty years ago, she celebrated its centennial. The Shrine had come into being fifty years ago; the Imperial Council, indeed, held its second session in the centennial year. But that was in New York, and it was not an event that year to cause much excitement, even in a smaller town.

It is a different story now. They have already been at work a long time over in Philadelphia. Naturally, exact figures can not be had as yet, but Albert H. Ladner, Jr., the lawyer and Past Potentate of Lu Lu Temple, who is director general of the executive committee that is preparing for the session, expects not less than three hundred and fifty thousand visitors. Already one hundred and fifteen temples have accepted Lu Lu's invitation, and quarters already definitely assigned provide for 70,000 people—40,000 in hotels, clubs and such places, and 30,000 more in 575 Pullman cars to which places have already been assigned in the yards of the three great trunk lines that serve the city. There is still room for 400 more sleeping cars in these yards, and the most complete arrangements on record have been made to provide for the comfort of those who decide to stay in their Pullmans.

Indeed, the first thought in Ladner's mind, from the start, has been the comfort of the visiting Nobles and their families. Everything along that line was worked out before any attention at all was paid to the entertainment features of the convention.

FIRST of all, naturally, there was an intensive campaign to find out how many people were coming. That is still going on; accurate figures dealing with probable attendance are always the hardest things in the world to get. Ladner however has done well, he comes nearer knowing just how many visitors there will be than is at all customary in such cases; and, as a parallel activity, he has charted the available accommodations of every sort in Philadelphia down to the last hall-room. His information on that point is as complete as that of a good billeting officer in time of war.

HE KNOWS exactly how many rooms there are in every hotel in Philadelphia. He knows their rates. He has dealt with the men in charge of them, and he has signed contracts; which tell him just how many rooms each can offer and at what rate, after taking care of its permanent guests and making a proper allowance for inevitable transient business. There will be no raising of prices; Ladner has seen to that. There was a time when trouble threatened as out-of-town temples were making their own tentative arrangements and tying up space. But that is all over, and the few hotel keepers who had seen a chance to do a little profiteering wilted very quickly when Ladner talked of the effect on public opinion of a public announcement of such tactics. Ladner is the sort of man who gets his way. There will be registration headquarters for the convention. They will be, in this instance, on the ground floor of the fine new office building of the Atlantic Refining Company, at Broad and Spruce streets—a location extraordinarily convenient, since it is within easy walking distance of all the big hotels and across the street from the Academy of Music, where the sessions of the Imperial Council will be held. Here all visiting Nobles will register; here all information will be available, and obviously, there must be telephones.

But these will, of course, be temporary telephones. Ladner, like everyone else, has been through the experience of trying to get the number of such a temporary telephone—in a stuffy booth, probably on a warm day. In Philadelphia you will not have to do anything like that. You can go to any telephone, either Key-stone or Bell, take down the receiver, say "Shrine" and get the registration headquarters. That was Ladner's idea, and the first officials he approached said it was impossible, and couldn't be done. But he kept on going higher up and higher still until he got his way.

Similarly, he wanted to make sure about transportation. In a modern city transportation is always a problem; it becomes a keenly acute one when there is a sudden accession of population. This convention has been planned so that you will be able to walk to almost every place you want to reach, but some motor transportation will be required. Again Ladner has arranged for it; the local agencies of practically every car made are going to supply all the automobiles needed.

All the way through it will be like that. Everything that can be done for the comfort and safety of the visiting Shriners will be done. Philadelphia will be, in a very real sense, their city. After all—why not? Its Mayor, W. Freeland Kendrick, is a Past Imperial Potentate; it will be no perfunctory



Albert H. Ladner, Jr.,
Past Potentate of Lu Lu.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINERS will visit the SESQUICENTENNIAL EXPOSITION



speech of welcome that Philadelphia's chief executive will make.

This is what he had to say as a preliminary word of greeting: "I am looking forward with delightful anticipation to the time when I will extend an official welcome, both as Mayor of the great and historic City of Philadelphia and as Past Imperial Potentate of our beloved Order, to the many thousand members of the Order of the Mystic Shrine who will assemble in the Cradle of Liberty City in June. In addition to participating in the sessions of the Imperial Council, they will join with us in celebrating the 150th Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

"It has long been my ambition to extend such a welcome, in which I will be supported by more than 16,000 members of Lu Lu Temple. Shriners of our Temple will join with me in making every effort to impress all who come within our gates with the greatness of Philadelphia, the hospitality of its citizens, and the appreciation of the Nobility of the honor conferred upon it by having the Imperial Council of our beloved Order assemble here at this anniversary of the most interesting and important period in American history."

Philadelphia expects the first Shriners to begin coming in on Sunday, May 30, the day before Memorial Day, which is also the official opening day of the Sesquicentennial Exposition. The first thing for every visiting Noble to do is to register. Every church in the city hopes to welcome visiting Nobles and their families at its morning services, and at each there will be an address concerning the work of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children, one of which is even now under construction at Philadelphia. For the rest of the day no special programme has been arranged but buses and cars will be ready for those who care to drive through Philadelphia's remarkable system of parks and boulevards in the afternoon, and in the evening there will be special private showings of pictures at the Stanley, Stanton and Palace theaters, with personal appearances by a number of film stars.

ON MONDAY morning the visiting Nobles, and all uniformed bodies and bands, will go to Independence Hall, and on its plaza Mayor Kendrick will extend the city's welcome, and then the historic spots of Philadelphia will be visited. No American city is richer in such places; every American wants, at one time or another, to see the Liberty Bell, Betsy Ross's house and a score of

other places associated with the earliest days of American freedom.

But—and this cannot be said too emphatically—there will be no attempt to dictate to the visitors as to how they shall pass their time. Certain important events have been planned, but in the main, the visiting Nobles and their families will simply have to make a choice for themselves among a number of attractive opportunities. The golfers can play a different course each day and all day. The course of the Lu Lu Temple Country Club will be open to visiting Nobles every day. On Monday the Manufacturers and the Pine Valley Country Clubs will also be available; on Tuesday the Whitmarsh, Overbrook and Torresdale links will welcome Shriners; on Wednesday the famous courses of the Philadelphia and Merion clubs, scenes of many historic tournaments, may be played. On Thursday the facilities of the Llanerch Country Club will be added to those of the Lu Lu Temple Club, and on Friday those of the Brookline Square Club, at Brookline. There will be open house, from Monday to Friday, at the homes of Philadelphia Lodge of the Elks, Philadelphia Lodge, No. 54, Loyal Order of Moose, and Philadelphia Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

The principal stores will extend special facilities to the wives, and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, too, of all the visiting Nobles, and will entertain them at luncheon in the stores each day. The Sesquicentennial grounds will be open all day, each day of the session. There will be special features each night in the great new stadium, the most impressive features of the Sesquicentennial grounds, and a permanent addition to the city's facilities for recreation—in which, Philadelphia hopes, future Army-Navy football games will be held.

For the great parades there will be a specially decorated and illuminated line of march, from the great fountain on the Parkway, around the City Hall and down South Broad street. Two long blocks of the Parkway will be closed to all traffic every night, and from eight o'clock on there will be dancing with music by the Shrine bands. Heaven only knows what will not go on—all Lu Lu Temple seems to be trying to think up and plan new stunts for the "Streets of Bagdad"—which is what they are going to call this bit of the staid old town of Philadelphia.

Then, in addition to these general plans for entertainment, certain special occasions have been arranged. At two o'clock on Monday afternoon all who care to do so may embark on Wilson Line steamers at the Chestnut street wharf, and go down the Delaware to League Island, and back [Continued on page 70]



Robert A. Sindall
President
Shrine Directors' Assn.



Julius P. Heil
Past Potentate
Tripoli Temple

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL



David W. Crosland,
Imp. Deputy Potentate.



Clarence M. Dunbar,
Imp. Chief Rabban.



Frank C. Jones,
Imp. Asst. Rabban.



Leo V. Youngworth,
Imp. High P & P



William S. Brown,
Imp. Treasurer.



B. W. Rowell,
Imp. Recorder.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



NEWS from the SHRINE HOSPITALS



W. W. BURGESS of Greenville, S. C., is neither Shriner nor Mason. Yet he is the man who has donated the ground upon which the Greenville unit is to be erected; he will provide the hospital building under the direction of an architect named by the Board of Trustees; he will furnish and equip it and then will turn it over to the hospital board complete. The gift carries with it no "string" or embarrassing request that it be known by any name other than one of the units of the Shriners' Hospitals For Crippled Children.

Mr. Burgess has a remarkable ability for self-effacement. His photograph has never appeared in any paper in his own city and it was with considerable difficulty that Noble John N. Holmes secured permission for The Shrine Magazine to reproduce this snapshot.

When the cotton industry began to flourish in the South, Mr. Burgess, who was born in Greenville about fifty-five years ago, became interested in the Victor Cotton Mills at Greer, near Greenville. For many years he was president of the company, relinquishing the position to re-enter the real estate business, in which his first success was made.

The magnitude of his gifts to charitable purposes may be gauged by his establishing the W. W. Burgess Benevolent Foundation, to which he gave an endowment of one million dollars.

Then he became interested in the children's hospital work of the Shrine, Noble Forrest Adair of Atlanta induced Mr. Burgess to visit the Scottish Rite Hospital there. Mr. Burgess was so impressed that he first offered the Shrine Board a site for a unit in Greenville. Since the Board felt that the need was greater in other communities, the offer was declined with thanks.

But Mr. Burgess was determined that the children of Greenville and the district in which it is situated should have the opportunity for treatment in the type of institution which the Shrine was providing elsewhere. He changed his original offer to the one which the Board was delighted to accept. And Mr. Burgess' sole condition was that the hospital which he is to build and equip would be located in Greenville.

The cost of this building will be about \$350,000. This sum will be given by Mr. Burgess. So that the project may not become an expense to the Board, in the building and furnishing, any additional cost above the \$350,000 has been underwritten by Hejaz Temple of Greenville and Omar of Charlestown.

Ten acres of rolling land, near the city and almost in the mountains, has been purchased as a hospital site. Ground has been broken and it is hoped that the Greenville plant will be in operation by January 1927.

This \$350,000 gift of Mr. Burgess is the largest single donation that has been made to the Board.

The winter session of the Board of Trustees for Hospitals was held in Atlanta. The meeting place was chosen as a compliment to the retiring secretary, Forrest Adair of Yaarab Temple. A physician's orders have made it necessary for Noble Adair to materially restrict his activities.

Dr. Osgood of Boston represented the Surgeons' Advisory Board.

The proposal of W. W. Burgess of Greenville to build and equip the Greenville unit was approved.

Dr. Baldwin of the San Francisco unit was granted a leave of absence for six months, without pay. His physician had ordered him to rest. During his absence Dr. Bull will be Chief Surgeon, assisted by Dr. Haas.

Dr. Osgood announced that Dr. Abbott of the St. Louis unit has been appointed clinical professor of orthopedic surgery in the Washington University Medical School, which position he will hold jointly with his present post as Chief Surgeon of the St. Louis Hospital. Dr. Osgood said that he felt this appointment was a great tribute to the skill of Dr. Abbott, as well as to his personality and executive ability. It also reflects the high standards of the St. Louis Unit.

PAST POTENTATE Albert Schurr of Salaam, Newark, appealed to the Board, asking that one of the units be placed in the metropolitan area. He added that Salaam is ready to provide a proper site and other support.

Past Potentate Charles A. Fraser was elected to the Board of Governors of Springfield and Nobles A. MacIntyre and David Dreher to the Winnipeg Board.

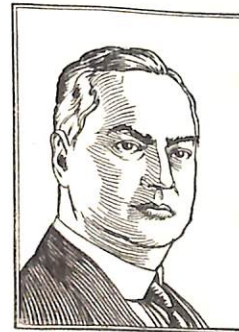
The board wired congratulations upon his recovery from an illness to Imperial Treasurer W. S. Brown, who is recuperating in Florida.

Potentate John B. Orr, Mahi, Miami, told of the work in progress there, where the Temple has assumed charge of the hospital and convalescent work. A large endowment fund is being raised. The Board offered to assist Mahi in any way possible.

Imperial Deputy Potentate Crosland announced that he had been asked to learn if the Board would accept a hospital, built and fully equipped and furnished, if the unit were so offered by a local Temple. The Board replied that it "felt in a receptive mood." An announcement confirming this may be made later.

An offered donation of an estate near Cookston, N. Y., made by the Cook heirs and valued at nearly a million dollars, was declined with expressions of appreciation. The site was found impractical for any purpose other than a convalescent home and no Temple is located in that city.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL



Esten A. Fletcher,
Imp. Ori. Guide.



T. J. Houston,
Imp. 1st Cer. Master



Earl C. Mills,
Imp. 2nd Cer. Master.



Clifford Ireland,
Imp. Marshal.



John N. Sebrell, Jr.,
Imp. Capt. Guards.



Dana S. Williams,
Imp. Outer Guard.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



GIFTS to HOSPITALS from UNEXPECTED SOURCES



An Assistant to the Director of Nursing was authorized at a salary of \$200 a month.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS

Local boards will not be allowed to decline any contribution, large or small, from any source, since the passage of a resolution by the Board governing this point.

Another resolution, reviewing the necessity for a strict adherence to the age limit rule on admissions, was emphasized.

These resolutions were passed upon the death of Potentate Henry Lansburgh of Almas Temple.

"RESOLVED that it is the sentiment of every member of this board that, in the loss of Henry Lansburgh the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children have lost one of their truest and most beloved supporters and promoters; and be it further

"Resolved that this board individually feels the loss to be, not only a calamity to the order which he loved, but a personal affliction to each member as well. Therefore be it further

"Resolved that in recognition to the unflinching devotion always shown by Noble Lansburgh to the cause which this Board represents, a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the official minutes, sent to each Recorder of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine and to The Shrine Magazine for publication, and a copy also be forwarded to the family of Noble Lansburgh, with sincerest condolences, in this, their day of bereavement.

"Attest: Sam P. Cochran, Chairman; James R. Watt, Secretary."

CHICAGO NEXT MEETING

The board decided to meet in Chicago on May 25th, proceeding from Chicago to Lexington to inspect the hospital addition to the Mobile Unit. This is the addition given by Oleika Temple. Immediately after this inspection the Board goes to Philadelphia, where it is probable that a session will be held, just before the meeting of the Imperial Council.

With the adjournment of this meeting, Past Potentate Watt, Cyprus of Albany, actively assumes the duties of Secretary of the Board.

MRS. BURGER'S HOSPITAL WORK IN DENVER

Mrs. J. C. Burger, wife of the Imperial Potentate, has been connected with child hospital work much longer than the Shrine organization. She has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Children's Hospital Association of Denver since 1910. From 1913 to 1918 she served as president of that organization.

She was head of the Board that raised \$210,000 for a new hospital building and she was selected to lay the corner stone because of her unflinching devoted interest in the work.

The hospital was opened on the eve of Mrs. Burger's birthday, February 12, 1917. During her term of office the holdings of the Association increased at least \$240,000. Her interest in the Shrine hospitals has naturally followed her interest in the Denver institution.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BENEFIT FOOTBALL GAME

Past Potentate Hugh McKevitt, Islam, San Francisco, ar-

anged and staged the All-Star Eastern vs. All-Star Western football game which made \$30,000 for the Shrine Hospital fund. He is a rabid football fan.

The players generously gave their services and the newspapers over the entire country cooperated most generously. It is believed that it will be possible to make this game an annual event of national importance to followers of sport.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE BOARD

Noble James R. Watt, who succeeds Secretary Adair, is Past Potentate of Cyrus Temple, Albany and a former Mayor of that city. He is President and Treasurer of the United Construction Company, bridge builders and contractors. Members of the Board recognize that Noble Watt's willingness to serve in this position, although he is saddled with the responsibilities of a large business, is an example of true self sacrifice to an ideal. The traveling it entails, without remuneration except for the satisfaction of accomplishment, is a heavy drain upon the Secretary's energy and time.

Although Noble Adair's ill-health required his resignation from the office of Secretary, he did not resign from the board and continues to act as a trustee. He will not drop his active interest in the hospitals and their work.

The Chicago Unit opened its doors with the announcement of many donations; among them were a \$5400 X-ray equipment, a \$2600 dental equipment, a present of \$1350 in blankets, enough for the entire institution, a \$1000 sterilizer, \$1000 in gymnasium equipment, \$1500 in furnishings for the nurses' sitting room, a motion picture machine, a library of children's books, an automobile, a collection of illustrated rhymes and stories and a number of gifts of money for a comfort fund, with checks for sums from \$100 to \$500 yet arriving.

Authorization for the transfer of the \$100,000 bequest of the late Past Potentate Clarence A. Sinclair from the Convalescent Home fund to the Nurses' Home fund has been authorized by a circuit court in St. Louis.

GRAND JURORS GIVE PAY

The members of the Grand Jury at St. Louis donated their pay, for a month's services, to the St. Louis Hospital unit. The money, \$328, will be used for special comfort expenditure.

Announcements of two bequests to the St. Louis unit have also been made. William Harvey Hyde left \$2000 and Charles B. Slade, \$5000, to be used by the hospital in that city.

SCIOTS JOIN WORK

The Sciots, at their last annual convention, ordered an assessment of \$1 a member (about \$21,000) to raise a fund to care for convalescent and anemic children. In California, where the order is strong, they will cooperate with the San Francisco unit.

At the death of his residuary legatee, according to the will of Noble Josiah Hocking of Racine, Wis., a two-twenty-fifths interest in his entire estate goes to the Twin Cities unit. The bequest is valued in excess of \$50,000. Should one of the Shrine hospitals be located in Wisconsin when the bequest is turned over it will go to the Wisconsin unit instead of to the Twin-Cities hospital. Noble Hocking was a member of Tripoli at Milwaukee.

TOLD IN A LINE

Acca, Richmond, has purchased nine acres for a hospital site. It has been accepted by the Trustees and is now deeded to them. Past Potentate Sam P. Cochran of Hella, Dallas and Mrs. Cochran have given property valued at \$25,000 to the city. The property adjoins a school house and the Parent-Teachers Association wished to buy it for a play ground. It will be used for that purpose.

(Continued on page 73)

MAY, 1926

49

Making CORDS Better and selling them Lower

New Water-Cure Tube

The perfect inner tube, made by a new process of curing in water under 150-lb. pressure. No chance for small air pockets, bubbles, blisters, or flaws around valve.



A big step up in cord utility. A big step down in lower prices. Goodrich all-cord production.

Every tire we manufacture is a cord. Not one fabric comes from our great plant and equipment.

One purpose—undivided attention—output of thousands of cords a day—combine to supply you the greatest tire value

Tires made expressly to meet different needs of transportation. Tires priced to suit individual demands of economy. Tires for motor car, bus and truck. All strong, enduring, and low priced.

You will find the Goodrich Dealer stocked with this wide selection of cords. Look them over with a keen, thrifty eye to your needs. It pays.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich Silvertowns

"Best in the Long Run"

QUEER STREET [Continued from page 11]

himself it was none of his, that the only part he could decently, not to say safely, play was that of a deaf mute whose eyesight was defective. He debated a bolt back into the bed-chamber.

"Runnin' up all them stairs like that," accents commented that might have gushed from a vinegar cruet. "I s'pose maybe you was afraid maybe you'd miss me."

"Why, no, Mrs. Fay; I—"

"You haven't forgotten what I told you yestiddy, I certainly hope!"

"No, of course not, Mrs. Fay; but I—"

"Then you wasn't lookin' for me to settle up that little matter I had to speak to you about? Oh, never mind the stall, dearie; I've heard 'em all, knew 'em by heart before you was born, I shouldn't wonder. Now you just listen to me, Miss Wilding; if I don't hear from you, you know what I mean, by this time tomorrow, I'll put a padlock on your room. And that's my last word."

"Yes, Mrs. Fay." The response was made in quavers of mortification; which the involuntary audience could hear too plainly, though he had by then retired even to the windows of the vacant room. "You may be sure—I'll do my best."

A SKEPTICAL snort, a scurry of light feet on the fourth flight of the stairs, overhead the slam of a door; and Mrs. Fay, breathing hard, barged back into the bedchamber to find the young man gazing pensively down into the street, by every sign again in the thrall of one of his queer spells. But this once he wasn't, as his quick turn proved, and the disarming smile with which he met a hard frown.

"I've changed my mind, Mrs. Fay," he announced before the woman could complain again. "After all, the room is what I want; and I daresay a couple of dollars won't make or break me. I'll take possession right away, if that's agreeable to you."

He was briefly bored through by a blue stare of mistrust. "It'll be agreeable to me, all right," the woman almost grudgingly assented, "so long's I get the first week down. That's the rule of the house, a week in advance from every incoming tenant; and not a bit of use askin' me to break it."

"But I haven't, have I?" Apparently nothing could quench that ingratiating smile. "If it isn't too much trouble to give me change for a ten dollar bill . . ."

The examination which Mrs. Fay gave the tendered Treasury note made it plain that no seedy bird from overseas with funny dumbbell ways need flatter himself he could palm off foreign money on her. But in the end she fished from under her apron a purse swollen with small silver and—what seemed curious—a number of stout gold coins as well, and from this counted out the change.

"Your key's in the door there," a gabble of rote informed him; "and if you want a key for the night-latch downstairs, that'll be a quarter for deposit. I'll fetch it up, next time I come upstairs. Bathroom's down the hall, and every time you take a hot-water bath, that'll be another quarter. If I catch you cookin' over the gas, I'll have to charge you extra. This is a respectable house young man, and I got my eyes open; you needn't think you can get away with any monkey-business. I guess that's about all; only—you haven't told me what your name is."

"That's so." The brown eyes, meeting the blue, were guileless. "I haven't, have I?"

"No, and"—pointedly—"you haven't yet."

"Stupid of me. It's Palmer, Mrs. Fay, John Palmer."

"Not that names mean an awful lot to me. They come," Mrs. Fay declared in mysterious resentment, "and they go. All the names they've told me, way back to the time I purchased this property—why! they'd make a city directory sing small. And half of 'em, I bet,

wasn't their own. A lot I care . . . Well, Mr. Palmer, I expect you'd thank me to clear out and let you shake down. Make yourself comfortable; I always say, we've only got one life to live, and they's no sense into not makin' it easy for ourselves every way we can. If they's anything you need, and don't find anywhere around—"

"I know," Mr. Palmer gayly took her up; "it will be a quarter extra."

But resentment of this impertinence never found expression; the amazement was too overpowering which resulted from the discovery that Mr. Palmer was gallantly holding the door for his landlady.

A speechless, semi-resentful nod acknowledged this attention; and on the far side of the door Mrs. Fay paused and wondered to herself, audibly, if the new tenant was all there.

He, on his side and part, was far more amazed by the irrefutable fact that he was indeed all there, where he found himself. A wry grin formed as, standing under the gasolier, he slowly wheeled on one heel and took more minute account of his new establishment. And one of two hands digging deep into trouser pockets fingered a painfully lean fold of bills.

"Now what under the sun," Mr. Palmer plaintively enquired of the four walls, "made me do that?"

He deliberately performed a second revolution on his own axis; and paused to continue his soliloquy.

"Simply because that old witch was wicked to a girl I never laid eyes on . . . Oh, I'm hopeless!"

II

WHEN the roadworn kitbag had been turned out on the bed and its contents disposed of in the clothespress and elsewhere, there was nothing more the new lodger could do toward persuading himself he had a home but doggedly settle down to live in it and cultivate such an acceptance of its faults as would end in his forgetting them. When that happened, and improbably before he had grown as unconscious of his habitation as a turtle, the story-telling instinct would begin again to spin its tissues.

He made a brave beginning when he resorted to the Morris chair for a smoke and a think. The rest was only his due; and it was still over early to go out and find his evening meal—unless, indeed, he desired voluptuously to add hours to the desert stretch which would have to be worried through somehow between dinner and bedtime. For this poor young man knew never a soul in New York to call up or on.

The legs of a good sailor that had been his pride were his no more since he had stupidly got himself crooked in Mesopotamia, the sea of his old delight had lost its savour; and the tedious passage just ended had taxed his powers of resistance more than he liked to admit. Still, there was little to be gained by refusing to face these facts. The medicos had warned him he needn't hope to be again the man he had been in many years. He was wondering now if they had only said that, meaning never . . .

NOT ONLY that, but the peculiar force of those hallucinations of his, downstairs on the doorstep and later up here, bothered him. No imaginative man could reasonably be blamed for experiencing an uprush of memories on revisiting a spot so hallowed by associations; but his had been more than simple glimpses down avenues of reminiscence, true re-creation, rather, of moments once keenly lived but long since lost in the limbo of past time; while they lasted John Palmer hadn't been a grown man musing on old days but a growing boy acutely quick with a sense of the vital present. If that sort of thing didn't indicate a system so worn down that the walls

between the real world and the realms of dreams had become perilously thin, it could only mean that those who told of haunted houses did more than merely give lip-currency to old wives' tales. John Palmer could still smell the homely fragrance of the draught which had puffed out to greet the schoolboy through the door when Wedge opened it, could still, and how much more poignantly, feel the warmth and tenderness of those dear arms which in this very room enfolded him.

Yet now when he sat with shut eyes, receptive, no recurrence came of those troubling sweet phantasms; he continued only too well conscious of himself as a war-wreck stranded in an old berth which had fallen into the last phase of dilapidation. His attention picked up a thin thread of sound which had for some time, he knew, now that he heard it, been weaving through the web of the hush, a trickle of crepitation, staccato and sustained, like the song of a riveting machine remotely plied—beyond doubt the drum of a typewriter hard-driven overhead. That unhappy child up there, working against time . . .

So the landlady had claimed too much for her house. But John Palmer would never be the one to quarrel with her on that account. He rated the noise, indeed, rather soothing. It reminded him that he wasn't the only soul in a sad way beneath that roof. And all at once he felt less friendless, and speculated, not without humour, on Miss Wilding's possible reactions to the news—if he ever had occasion or the courage to tell her—that her humiliation had been the cause of his renting a room at a cost beyond his means. Not that there was much likelihood of that . . .

The typewriter was still hard at it when, in the final blink of dusk, he sallied forth to stalk his dinner to its lair in the nearest cheap eating place; and upon his return after an absence of an hour or so, was as busy as ever. He wondered if the young lady typists had no appetite for the bread they ate in the sweat of homework, or no time to eat it, or possibly no bread; and though he himself had made a frugal meal, felt guilty, as one ought to who was gorged and idle, while overhead one even more darkly frowned upon by fortune slaved away without a rest or, so far as Palmer knew, any dinner either; and before long actually was shamed by that steady chatter into digging up a sheaf of manuscript, pressing the marble-top table into service as a desk, and devoting the best of the evening to drastic cutting and revision. Only when the typewriter upstairs decided to call it a night, at eleven or thereabouts, did he suspend his own labors, give a long stretch and yawn and, as he rose and began to unbutton his waistcoat, a whimsical nod to the ceiling.

"Good night," he said aloud—"and much obliged!"

HE REALLY owed her thanks, for her industry had been responsible for his getting down to work, this first night ashore. He hadn't hoped, in spite of his straits, to prove so enterprising; if still an unknown, he had at least been pottering in the literary shop long enough to have picked up the trick of procrastination, the absence of which in an author's gesture is one sure sign of sympathy with scab labor. But already Palmer had succeeded in working up a proper writing temper. Tomorrow, he promised himself, with his head on a gaunt pillow, he would buckle down to the grind in good earnest. That was, if he could come by any promising lead into a story.

His slumbers were dreamless, too; and in a mood still warm with self-approbation he started out, the next morning, to leave a couple of manuscripts with the publishers; so benign he suffered with indifference what he must otherwise have begun to resent as an unpardonable impertinence. For it appeared that it wasn't possible [Continued on page 52]



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QUEER STREET [Continued from page 50]

to pass either into or out of the old house without being made the object of masked scrutiny on the part of the busy-body who tenanted the living room and who, if he had any object in life other than to spy on his fellow-tenants, did nothing to prove it. Only a footfall on the stairs was needed, or observation proved nothing, to fetch the creature to the hall doorway with nose to its crack; the rest of his time he evidently spent on the *qui vive* at the front windows. But the young man knew no reason to read into this surveillance anything personal; he supposed it was exercised over the movements of every inmate of the establishment, without discrimination; and told himself the chances were that every other lodging house the town over was plagued by at least one such pest. His humour of that bright morning, you see, was not only hopeful but tolerant. It was neither when, hours later than he had thought to, he returned.

He had reckoned too naively without his host, the city in flux; the city, he was quick to rechristen it, of lost landmarks. He knew his way about in most of the capitals of Europe and half the coast ports of Asia; but this New York of his own nativity baffled and, more than that, bulldozed him. Its streets paraded types of every race the world over, including, cynically, as it seemed to him, a specimen or so of the authentic Anglo-Saxon; but left a composite impression of the Near-East preening plumage borrowed from the West. The stares he got, when indeed people took the trouble to see him at all, convinced the young man that in the sight of these citizens he was, what he began to feel like, mere foreign matter. And everywhere he heard an idiom spoken that was almost as difficult to his understanding as to, say, any Englishman's of the traveling average. The subways sucked him into trains mobbed at midday and reeking, and spewed him up again into localities whose honorable old names were supported by never a trace of their historic associations. He rejected, when he had with difficulty found his way to it, a Franklin Square from which the gloomy manse of Harper's had departed, and Madison Square was forlorn for the bright Diana who no more ruled its sky. Fifth Avenue, too, had surfeited all its bland enchantment; the native son simply didn't know it. He felt more at home over on Third, to which he turned toward the close of that wearing day; for there something he had known, a spirit racy of the old town unashamed, survived. The thunder of its Elevated was the song of a friend; and he shopped contentedly at a stationer's in its shadow, laying in a stock of pads and pencils against the nights of toil to come.

On his way out he hovered for a moment over the sidewalk stand that displayed the evening papers, trying to find one that wore any look of yesterday's lot; and, incidentally, failing. In the end he chose at random, and was making change for his dime from coppers which other customers had left, when a woman in a hurry left the doorway immediately adjoining the stationer's, passing directly under his nose, in effect, but so conspicuously desiring before all else to avoid attracting attention that she paid none to the patron of the news stand. Whether she would otherwise have known him he held doubtful; it seemed unlikely, when she had only that fugitive glimpse of his face, the night before, to go on. For this, he knew, was his over-head neighbor. Neither did he waste time marvelling that he, who had no more to go on, should have identified her at first sight and without seeing more of her face than the sweet curve of an averted cheek. It was enough that he did know her; and he found more cause for speculation in her shamed, evasive manner, the pains she took to put the most distance in the least time, without running, between herself and the doorway from which she had emerged. It wasn't until well beyond the next shop that she checked her pace and began to proceed

with something of the ease that became one who was, after all, no more than another item in the evening traffic of the sidewalks.

PALMER'S interest swung back to the adjacent door. It had a glass panel coated on the inside with black paint resembling lacquer, which gave it an impressively tight-lipped look in spite of the advertisement, in letters of gold, LADIES' ENTRANCE, beneath a simple crest but perhaps the best-known in all heraldry, three linked balls, or, pendant. Over the 'chopfront, too, three more brazen globes of good size drooped from a single stalk.

The young man made a small noise of commiseration, and followed that up with a round red oath; for he had no sooner grasped the nature of the girl's business with that shop, than he knew a flash of hot indignation and would have welcomed a chance to wring Mrs. Fay's neck. Hard luck was, if no fun, after all nothing for a man to grouse about; most fellows were probably in the long run none the worse for a taste of it; but when a girl on her own was so cuffed and kicked by fortune and driven to seek such bitter remedies—well! there was of course nothing a stranger to her could do about it; but nothing forbade venting one's resentment on the sole person known to have had a hand in making the girl so unhappy.

"I'll pay her out," Palmer wrathfully promised, thinking of the landlady. "Damn' old vixen! I'll put her in a book."

He was meanwhile following, but letting Miss Wilding hold her lead, which was one of a fair thirty paces; but merely because she, too, was homeward bound and he could avoid cruising in her wake only by going out of his way. It wasn't his mind to overhaul the girl or, by taking her attention, give her any reason to suspect he had this second time within twenty-four hours been made privy to the crisis in her affairs. Still, he couldn't very well help keeping an eye on the brisk young person that led so briskly down the avenue; and if what he surmised of its form and habit kindled admiration, that wasn't his fault either.

She had refound her poise readily enough, once out of the shadow of the pawnshop; and now Palmer marked in the tilt of her head, the lilt of her walk, tokens of a nature instinctively lighthearted, a spirit buoyant even in the roughest cross sea of adversity. Last night's drudgery might have gone for nothing, disappointments unearned might have constrained her to pledge some simple treasure for a loan; but she was never a girl to waste time repining, now that the thing was done she was, to the contrary, going to go right on making believe that this at its worst was a good old world and living in it the most delightful of adventures.

Palmer lost sight of her for a moment when she turned into the street of their common residence; and when he saw the girl again he saw her in a plight she wasn't likely to extricate herself from, or all signs failed, unaided.

The corner was occupied by one of those sullen gin-mills which unto this denatured day hold out like unhealed ulcers in certain quarters of New York; and its "family entrance," a rude wooden box built out from the side door to screen it from passing stares, was set back some fifty feet or more on the cross-town street. From this shelter, as Palmer hove round the corner, a young man darted to put himself squarely in the path of Miss Wilding. He was a type which Palmer would have accepted without question, as a natural growth of the soil, had they met on the flanks of the Butte Montmartre; an Apache in every feature, under normal stature, but lithe and active as a jungle-cat and potentially as deadly, with a cat's grace in his carriage and its unfettered egoism in his cast. For all that, any self-respecting Apache of Paris, loyal to the traditions of his tribe, would have disowned his kinship

at sight of a stranger so exquisitely kempt; for this feline body was fitted snugly into a costume of lavender-grey, tailored to the last letter of the season's mode in young men's suitings; and his patent-leather shoes had a gloss that rivalled his hair's. The brim of a light felt hat of the same hue as his clothing was rakishly snapped down over a dark face in which bold and rather beautiful black eyes were lively; and his full red lips shaped a fatal smile.

Palmer didn't hear what he said or what the girl answered; didn't need to hear—the scene wrote its own dialogue for anybody who lived by his imagination. It was enough to see Miss Wilding check and start back, shake her head and move to one side, only to find her way smartly blocked again. She stopped short then, stamped a foot and pointed an indignant chin at her persecutor. He said something indulgent and offered, just as Palmer drew abreast, to lay hold of her arm. That he failed of this purpose was solely due to what, on the face of it, was sheer accident.

The paving, of antiquated flag-stones, was uneven thereabouts; and John Palmer was so inexcusably awkward at that instant as to catch a toe on a raised edge and trip. He might have gone into an ugly spill, too, if he hadn't had the presence of mind to throw both arms out, embrace the elegant stranger as one might a brother, and hold on like grim death until he found his feet. That didn't happen instantly, for the force of his broken fall threw the other man off his balance as well, and they reeled away as one till the wall of the saloon stopped them. Palmer was prompt then to recover and disengage. And why not?—Miss Wilding was already well on her way and bettering her pace with every stride.

"My dear sir!" he breathlessly apologized—"I am so sorry—"

PROFANITY like sheet lightning played about his devoted head. He gasped and gaped in unfeigned admiration. He reckoned himself an amateur of the high art of blasphemy and vituperation, and what he was hearing now ranked well up in the best examples of his collection. Portions he identified as clever paraphrases of idioms current in Neapolitan brothels and on the waterfront of Genoa, others harked back to rude Elizabethan English, but the best part was a jumble of thieves' slang one hundred percent American. The whole wound up in phrases so comparatively civil as to be anticlimatic: "Whyn't you look where y'goin', y'poor flatfooted bum?"

"I'm sorry," Palmer ingenuously protested. "It was unpardonably clumsy of me, I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds; and if I have seriously discommoded you, I'll never forgive myself."

"Y'wouldn't get no chanst," the other interpolated.

"But you aren't really hurt in any way are you? It's a lucky thing we didn't both go rolling in the gutter."

"Y'said it—and y'don't know yet how lucky."

Something in the earnestness of the offending party's manner seemed to carry home conviction notwithstanding. Or else the whim of the ladykiller had been an idle one after all, and its defeat compensated by the discovery that his flirting clothes hadn't come by any actual damage. He drew off a pace, grumbling to himself while ostentatiously dusting his sleeves with a lavender silk handkerchief and making sure that a lavender-and-green display of gent's neckwear was riding sweetly at its moorings.

"G'wan an' don't pester me," he darkly counselled when Palmer would have renewed his excuses. "An' next time you feel a Charley Chaplin like that comin' on, pick out summon-else to fall all over, or y'people won't have no kick comin'."

"Thank you," Palmer [Continued on page 54]

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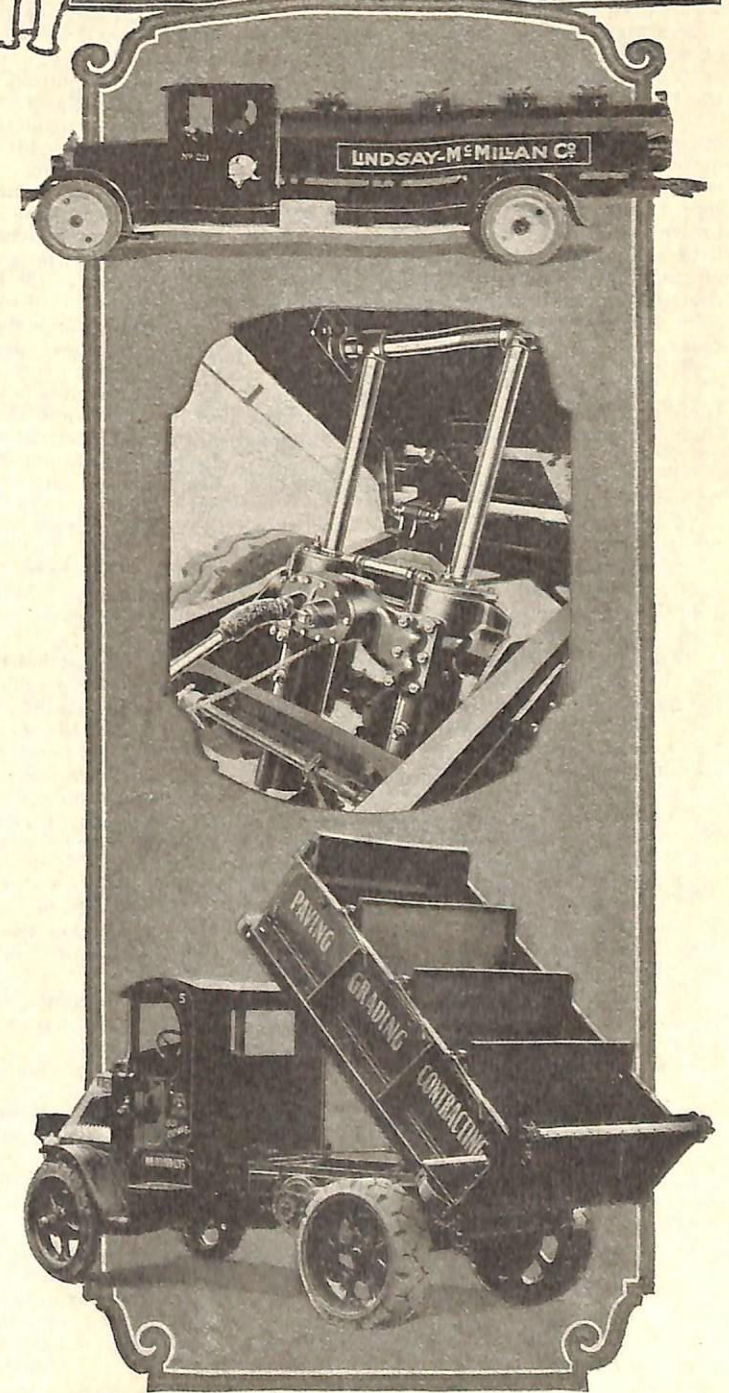
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QUEER STREET [Continued from page 52]

meekly responded—"I'll try to remember."

And being the precious innocent he naturally was in respect of local celebrities, he walked his way forthwith and without once looking back, without, for that matter, much to look forward to in the guise of further adventure, since he could plainly see a slender figure flitting already up the steps of the old house, far down the street, and Miss Wilding would, he didn't question, be snug in her room long before he could use his own latchkey.

Palmer was sorry for that, because he had been turning over, between the pawnshop and the corner, a certain scheme which might solve one of his own minor problems and go far toward solving the young woman's sores; had been thinking of broaching it to her without waiting for a formal introduction, if it should be his happy chance to overtake Miss Wilding anywhere short of the fourth flight of stairs. But there was no more hope of that, he would have to find another occasion to offer his neighbour what little consolation might be intrinsic in his plan. Though of the two of them, it's true, he counted himself the one who was really out of luck.

A mysterious noise alongside, a curious blend of scuffle and clatter on the pavement, presently took his attention and discovered to him the circumstance that, since the affair on the Third Avenue corner, he had attached unto himself a second shadow, substantial and articulate. A child was trotting at his elbow, and with solemn brown eyes staring up into his face; a boy of eight or nine, probably, with a brown round face, liberally soiled; a sprightly little shape clad in the uncouthest assemblage of unmatched garments, from the remains of a dead golf cap to the oversize shoes with flapping soles which were the source of that peculiar racket.

A wide grin repaid a spontaneous smile. "Say, fella!" Palmer was hailed in a manner of friendly solicitude—"I seen what y'done back there, an' gee! it was slick a'right. Y'soitanly got y'noive wi' ya."

"Think so?" Palmer queried with brows at a respectable elevation.

"Chee! don't y'know?" Acute disenchantment edged that cry. "Aw chee! I t'ought y'was a reg'lar guy like in the movin'-pitchers. But y'was only dumb. Say, lis'n, fella: I'll slip ya hot tip. Y'wanta look out who y'go bumpin' into 'r y'll get bumped off."

"I'm sorry." Palmer pulled up at the foot of the time-eaten brownstone steps. "Mind telling me what it's all about, young man?"

"F I don't, y'll make a swell job for y'undertaker, foist t'ing y'know. That boid y'done th' phoney flop onto was Yid November."

"Who?"

"Aw chee! don't y'know nothin', fella? Yid November, 'm tellin' ya—prize gunfighter of the T'oid Avenoo Cowboys. Y'r lucky to be alive an' don't know it."

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right." Palmer stopped and gravely shook a grubby paw. "And I'm much obliged to you for putting me wise—and there's something to prove it."

The round brown eyes widened over the silver which had been pressed into the child's palm. His pet oath rustled incredulously on his lips. "Say, fella!" he hoarsely breathed—"y're a prince. Tanks." And presumably for fear lest Palmer change his mind, the urchin turned and fled, his grotesque footgear kicking up a vast din.

Palmer watched him away with a smile that shaded into a whimsical frown. For there, the creature of impulse bethought himself too late—there went tomorrow's luncheon.

III

THE KEYHOLE without warning gave over its apathetic attitude of the ordinary, turned coy to the key, and fled its advances; the swinging door discovered Mrs. Fay in a new amazing phase, almost kittenish, bobbing

to her lodger with a smirk of welcome whose warmth, if possibly synthetic, was proof even against bewilderment poorly dissembled.

"G'devenin', Mr. Palmer! Speak of the devil, I always say, and you're sure to hear the flapping of his wings. I and Mr. Machen was just this very minute talking about you—and lo and behold! as the poet says."

"Does he?" Palmer uttered in polite interest. "Anyway, I'm flattered."

He was in point of fact more seized by the situation than he chose to appear; he could see, before his landlady moved to make way, one of the high double doors standing wide for once and a remarkable presence posed on its threshold, a man conspicuously tall, gaunt, clothed in a rusty dressing-gown and a guise of amiable attention. And why, Palmer couldn't help asking himself, had this peering spectre of the drawing room chosen this particular time to materialize? And why to him?

"I want you should meet Mr. Machen. He always takes a friendly interest in my roomers, any of 'em as has class, I mean; he's been with me that long, ever since I first bought the property, I guess he kind of feels what goes on in the house is as much his business almost as mine."

"Yes—I've noticed."

A dry cackle acknowledged this hit; and the oldest living inhabitant pounced on Palmer's hand and subjected it to a bony squeeze whose force was surprising.

"It's an author's business to be observant of all things, both great and small—isn't it, Mr. Palmer?" Mr. Machen produced the orotund delivery of one who is used to being listened to. "Happy to have the honour of your acquaintance, sir. I'm an old man, as you see, my health isn't all it might be; and it is seldom my privilege to meet figures of the intellectual world. It isn't every day, of course, Mrs. Fay secures a tenant who is a literary man—"

"A very modest one, I'm afraid."

"Are not all beginnings modest, Mr. Palmer? No man yet has mastered a difficult profession like yours without serving his apprenticeship. Such ambition and courage argue a mentality out of the common. You begin to understand now, I trust, and will forgive Mrs. Fay for letting me persuade her . . ."

"The honour," Mr. Palmer, perplexed but not to be outdone, punctiliously returned, "is mine."

"Good of you indeed to say so, very good, I'm sure." Something, perhaps that subtle professional manner, fostered the suspicion that Mr. Machen was denying an impulse to give his talons a good dry massage. "And perhaps, now we've been formally made known to each other, you will give me the pleasure of dropping in on me once in a while, when you've nothing better to do, for a smoke and a chat."

"Why, yes," Palmer like a gentleman lied—"I'll be glad."

"Then"—Machen stepped out into the hallway, leered and rounding his back, waved an invitation to walk into his parlour—"why not now?"

"Well," Palmer demurred in a boyish anxiety not to seem rude to an older person—"I don't know . . ."

A prod of intuition hushed half-hearted excuses, that sixth sense divining that this queer fist was in a real fret, for some reason, to inveigle him. Formless mistrust forthwith worked observation into sharper focus.

This Mr. Machen was well in the shade of the sixties, the walking ruin of what must have one time cut a fairly imposing figure in his world, whatever that might have been. Though years had bowed his shoulders down, they had good breadth, the man topped the average by an inch, at least; and tingling fingers bore witness still to powers of yore that were as yet anything but wholly enervated. A neck strongly corded lifted up a head rather notable for its modelling and dignity. True that the temples were hollow, the cheeks furrowed and

sunken, the nose a chiseled beak, and the eyes fallen into deep pits under dense and grizzled brows; true, the hair was silver that thinly thatched his cranium, a lush moustache, largely white, disguised his mouth, the beard of days crusted his jowls like hoarfrost, the flesh of his face had the bleached shine of flesh that never sees the sun; the man must have been personable enough in his prime, notwithstanding.

But the eyes that blackly burned in their dark recesses were what, in the last summing up, lent his peculiar, intriguing individuality. They were boring eyes and given to rare blinking; a trick that tended to get on one's nerves when one had subconsciously waited a while for their shrewd light to be eclipsed by the recurrent wink of the normal optic. The eyes of a hungry man, the vessel of an unslaked passion, the eyes of a fanatic . . .

MEASURABLY to his own mystification, Palmer heard himself consenting: "I don't mind."

"Capital!" Those big-boned hands came together in a clap all but childish. "Mrs. Fay, I know, will excuse us. After you, sir."

And in a stride John Palmer crossed the threshold between today and yesterday.

The change of atmosphere was so sharp, so absolute, that for a moment he could have believed himself taken anew in the coils of that curious dream-life which he had come half-way round the world to find here in the shadows of the old house. For in its darkened drawing room the lapse of two decades had been marked by not so much as a hand's breadth of change. If it had been sealed on the day when the property changed hands under the hammer and never entered since, only by some magic kept in clean repair, the room could not more consummately have remained its remembered self. Even its air held something still of a bygone fragrance to catch at a wanderer's breath and trip up the heart in a homeless breast. The click of the latch behind Palmer as the door quietly closed was a muffled sound; and the fine hairs on his scalp lifted and his heart knew an instant of the strange suspense when foot-falls on the polished parquetry matched an echo from far down the corridors of Time. He was afterwards a little vain of the self-control which had prevented his whirling round to cry out a name . . .

He would have felt a fool; the notion was too absurd . . .

A sly voice at his shoulder said: "You are surprised, eh, Mr. Palmer?"

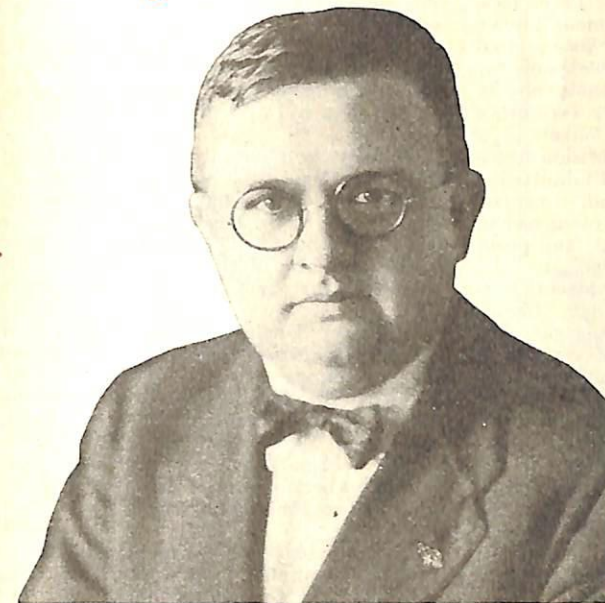
"Rather. Who wouldn't be?" The young man forced a chuckle. He wasn't going to show his heart on his sleeve to a stark stranger. "But perhaps you don't know how the rest of the house has run down. This is like climbing through the bones of some old hulk to find the captain's cabin in apple pie order. I don't suppose you've changed a thing since you furnished—have you, Mr. Machen?"

"I didn't furnish this room," Machen answered; "though I don't wonder you thought I had—it's my period, no question about that. That's one reason why I have never cared to change the arrangement since the day I moved in. It's a big mistake too many make when they feel old age coming on, if you want my opinion, sir—trying to keep up with the times when they would be much better off living on in their own. Young folks haven't got any real use for their elders, anyway, never had and never will have; so the old folks only waste their pains when they try to tag along with the youngsters. I would far rather be lonely, sir, than laughed at or snubbed."

"You are a philosopher," Palmer ventured, thankful to be so diverted from the tug of private emotion.

"I am what a lonely life has made me. A man who has nothing to do but nurse a bad heart gets all the time [Continued on page 68]

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The chief qualifications required are that you be sincere, honorable, respected in the community and capable of interviewing business men. Experience in selling will be helpful, tho it is not essential if you are ambitious to get up in the world. You will be given an opportunity to establish yourself in a permanent business of your own without investing any capital in stock. We make deliveries direct from our factory to the customer and our pay checks go forward once a week. You will have the benefit of our years of experience in this business and the best possible cooperation from our well-trained organization.

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With the addition of our new models we have a complete line of Approved Extinguishers—an extinguisher for every class of business and every fire hazard. The public invested over \$2,000,000 last year in Fyr-Fyters and our sales are showing a big increase this year.

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The position offers a wonderful opportunity for earnings—from \$3,600 to \$6,000 and more a year—depending entirely on yourself, your willingness to work, your locality, etc. Your home can be your office. You can arrange your trips to be at home every night. Ownership of an auto will be helpful.

It is a permanent, dignified position that should appeal to any man who wants to improve his future. Fire Prevention work is a coming profession. The gigantic national fire loss—over 15,000 lives, mostly women and children, and over \$500,000,000 property loss annually—has aroused the American public to action. The federal government, state, city and county officials, newspapers, magazines, trade and farm papers, have taken hold of the fire prevention idea; so have the schools, colleges, Safety Engineers, Fire Chiefs, National Fire Protection Ass'n, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, etc. All this will result in the sale of millions of Fyr-Fyters during the next few years.

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R. C. Iddings
President

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THE FYR-FYTER CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

[642]



Louis George of Illinois states: "Always made money in my four years with Fyr-Fyter. Wouldn't sell my business for \$10,000—fully expect to reach the \$15,000 mark during the next twelve months."



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Mr. Frank De Pries of Ohio has been associated with our company over eight years. He has sold over 14,000 Extinguishers and has made as much as \$7,000 in one year.

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE [Continued from page 15]

National Orthopedic Board, composed of men at the very head of their profession. The chief surgeon of every hospital is appointed by the Board of Trustees upon the nomination of this medical board. The Trustees, it is to be understood, can reject such a nomination, but they cannot name a surgeon of their own selection. (They never have rejected such a nomination, nor are they likely to. But that is, at any rate, the extent to which any member of the Shrine can interfere! The fact is that from the medical point of view, these hospitals are run purely by doctors, and not by Shriners. All the Shriners do, anyway, is to put up the money and the business ability, of which more will be said later.)

No layman can really know just how good these hospitals are, but Doctors, orthopedists and others do. I have talked to men, not themselves connected with them at all, nor with the Shrine, who look at you with rapt eyes and grow poetic in what they say about them. "An amazing, a marvelous hospital," one of these doctors told me. "They've got everything they can possibly need, and nothing they don't need. They've wasted nothing; they've steered clear of fads. They've got nothing they don't use all the time. Most hospitals have—they acquire all sorts of frills, and then they can't afford something really essential. Here, obviously, equipment was based absolutely on expert, orthopedic advice and demands."

That is true of every hospital in the growing chain. And it extends to all details of equipment—laundries, kitchens, heating and refrigerating plants. The Trustees have leaned backward. None of them can bid on any contract, or sell supplies, or profit in any way; no relative of one of them can receive a salary in connection with any hospital.

Actual operation of each hospital is under the control of a local board of governors, under the general supervision of the National Board of Trustees. Accounting is uniform; monthly reports are made for comparison, and there is, naturally, a genial sort of rivalry. Each hospital wants to keep its costs down, so far as it can without impairing efficiency.

Naturally, again, one man, as a rule gives more time than his fellow governors to the actual work. One local chairman, at least, gives all his time, and when I say all his time I mean from nine to five every day—real working hours. Others do almost as much but they are not all, like this particular man, freed from the demands of their own businesses.

Every hospital is absolutely free, and that means a lot more than the phrase itself seems to mean, for there are a number of hospitals, called free, and clinics, that aren't really free at all. Very often, at a free clinic, there is an admission fee. It may be only a quarter, or even ten cents, but something that costs even a dime isn't free. In orthopedic clinics especially, other charges pile up. A doctor was talking to me of the orthopedic work at one of the really great American hospitals.

"They do the level best they can," he said. "But they have to make some charges. A quarter at admission. Medicines, bandages, casts, X-ray examinations, all these have to be paid for. At cost—but still, they have to make these people pay. And braces again, they're charged at cost—but lots of these people can't pay anything, and there isn't one orthopedic correction in a hundred that doesn't call for some sort of brace. What happens? We got children, time and again, whose troubles could be absolutely corrected—often without operation, just by manipulation and bracing. They'd be brought a few times—then they'd stop appearing. Every time, in the follow-up work, the reason would come out—no money. Why, a good many times, before the correction was complete, the cost to the parents, in that free clinic, ran up to two or three hundred dollars."

No criticism of any other institution is involved in setting this down. They do, as my

friend the doctor said, the very best they can, with the money they have. Doctors give their services. Public funds and private gifts are spread out to do just as much good as possible.

The Shriner hospitals are. There are no fees, no charges of any sort. That statement doesn't have to be qualified in any way. Once a child is marked for admission there is no expense for the parents. They can't spend one penny in the hospital. Every hospital has its own brace shop; every mobile unit its brace maker.

Only one thing governs the decision as to whether a child shall or shall not be admitted—his or her need of treatment. (And, of course, the question of whether there is room has to be considered. Every hospital has, and probably always will have, a waiting list.)

In passing on applications no attention is paid to the child's race, creed or color. She or he must be under fourteen years of age. The case must be one giving promise of response to corrective treatment, and there must be adequate mental development. (This because, of course, so much of corrective orthopedic work is educative; the patient has to help, with understanding of what is being done, or attempted.) The parents must be really unable to meet the cost of corrective work. (But the utmost liberality prevails in applying this test. Every factor of income and expense of a family is taken into account; no arbitrary and absolute rules are applied.)

Applications must pass through a local temple. There are no other rules. There is no red tape. What rules there are, are applied with a single end in view—the helping of those who need help most.

I have seen, myself, only one of the hospitals. That is the one at Springfield, Massachusetts. I wish I'd seen them all and I hope I shall have the chance to see more of them. There is nothing cheerless or depressing about the Springfield Hospital. It stands, to begin with, on a high hill, looking over the city and the Connecticut valley, hence the view is superb, and inside and out, it is bright. It lacks the institutional severity and formality I, at least, always associate with hospitals. You're likely to find a doll, or a sled, or a toy of some sort, almost anywhere. The minute you get into the wings where the wards are, children abound.

Lots of them are in bed, of course, and you know that they will stay in bed for weeks, some of them for months. Some have to lie on flat boards, some have every movement and posture controlled by weights. Many are in huge plaster casts, with legs and bodies strangely out of shape. But they're amazingly cheerful, nevertheless, because they know they're getting better. They're the greatest lot of optimists you ever saw.

There was a great game going on in one of the wards for boys the other day. It involved a sort of medicine ball—you bounce it on the floor, and keep it going. The game was that the boy who had it, kept it till it got away from him—then it went to the next one. There were about two mobile players, that is, boys who were out of bed and could move around. The rest lay in bed, and all they could move was their arms. It takes skill to keep that ball, when you've got to keep it bouncing beside your bed, and can't move six inches to deal with an erratic bound!

That sort of thing was going on all around. Wheel chairs moved so fast that you had to jump sometimes to get out of the way. Out in the Twin Cities Hospital the traffic problem gets pretty acute, they say, and at one particularly bad cross road between wards they have a regular signal semaphore—one of the "Stop" and "Go" sort—and the reward of the best boy each week is to be traffic officer the next week during the congested hours.

The older children were reading a good deal as this was, in theory, a rest period. Some of them were writing letters. Every child had toys close by, the place is full of toys. As you

go through the store rooms you see reserves of toys piled up—every imaginable thing. Each ward seemed to have a phonograph or a radio—sometimes both. Beside a number of the beds were fresh flowers—this was in January, too, remember.

That brings me to another point. When people like the Shriners start something of this sort it is amazingly like making a snowball at the top of a hill and giving it a start to roll down.

Officially, you see, a hospital is held to be complete when it is built and equipped for operation. That is what the money provided by the national trustees—that is, by the order as a whole—buys. The order doesn't provide the toys, or any of the recreational facilities. And right there is where the snowball idea comes in.

A Shriner Hospital, once it gets started, doesn't remain exclusively a Shrine affair. Heavens above—everyone seems to want to take a hand! The Rotary Club wants to do this, the Kiwanis that, and the other organizations come along. At Springfield the local barbers became interested, and they sent up a small barber's chair, of the very latest type, and take turns in coming to cut the hair of the children.

Local women play a great part in the work of all the hospitals. They send flowers to children who have to undergo operations. They come in and write their letters home, and read stories. Individuals, too, insist on sharing in the work. One man left \$10,000 to the Twin Cities Hospital for entertainment, not for necessities. That was Edward T. Mott, and he deserves special mention.

He was born a cripple himself, and the first earthly record of him is that he was left, a crippled baby, on the doorstep of a hospital. He was taken in and cared for. He never was able to walk; he learned, though, to get around, and, as soon as he was old enough he started selling papers. He died before he was forty, and he left nearly \$40,000, spreading his money around for the aid, in various ways, of children handicapped as he had been.

Gifts and bequests come in all the time—usually to the local hospitals. These go for extras, so to speak. St. Louis will have a convalescent home as the result of one such gift. The money from assessments will always go for operations, research work and the erection of new units as that becomes possible. All the luxuries will come from windfalls.

The undertaking as a whole is, of course, a very great one. The total investment, by the time the three new hospitals are in operation, will come to something like six or seven million dollars.

But figures seem to me to mean very, very little in a case like this. You can't reckon this sort of work in terms of dollars.

Nor does that mean just making a catalogue of successful operations and manipulative corrections. In every hospital, of course, fine work is being done by the surgeons. They are straightening club feet, like Jimmy O'Brien's. They are turning the ghastly distortions of congenital hip disease into faint limps, at worst. They are straightening legs bowed by rickets. They are educating muscles left helpless by infantile paralysis after operative work has made renewed locomotion possible.

But that isn't all. It's only a small part of what they're doing. They're creating new, rich lives. They are turning despair into hope.

There was a little girl called Alpha, who was brought up in the poor house at Grand Rapids. She never had been able to walk. She was an ill-favored child, surly, suspicious and unlovable. She went to the Twin Cities Hospital, and there cried for three days, being homesick for the poor house!

In time her treatment began to show results—in two ways. Alpha grew better physically and she began to respond to love and kindness. She received a lot of both, because she put the

whole hospital on its mettle. The feeling was if Alpha could be cheered and made to believe life was worth living, great things could be done.

That was just what happened. She did cheer up, and she kept on getting better. One day, the nurse, engaged in educating her disused muscles got her so that she could take two or three steps—she had, at thirteen, to learn to walk, just as a baby does, of course. She remarked how fine it all was, and how, before long, Alpha could go home.

NOT for Alpha! She refused point blank to take another step. If getting well meant leaving the hospital she didn't want to get well, and she wouldn't. No one could do anything with her. And this was told to the local governor who had interested himself especially in her.

"I don't know what to do," the nurse in charge said. "I've thought of putting her on bread and water."

"No!" said the governor. "Nurse—God has done all the disciplining that's ever going to be done in this hospital."

He then talked to Alpha. He made her want to get well. He made her willing to do all she could to help those who were working with her.

"But you won't want to tell this story," said the man who was telling me of Alpha. "Because the ending is sad. She seemed on the road to getting well, and then the rheumatism came back. The doctors know now that it always will, that she may be able to move for a time, but then the rheumatism will return and cripple her."

Alpha had to go, finally, for these hospitals cannot keep those whose cases are hopeless. Even so, it seems to me that the story is less sad, much less sad, than it might be. After all, the human spirit is a greater thing than the human body, and Alpha went out of the hospital with her spirit cured and a determination to make her life a happy one.

A thousand stories might be told of what these hospitals do, but when you had heard them you would know less than ten minutes spent in one of them would tell you. There is an almost incredible beauty about the patience of those little boys and girls as they lie there, waiting. They wait, some of them, knowing that they are going to be cruelly hurt, again and again, as they have been already. They wait, knowing that they must lie still for months, perhaps, but they know, every one of them, that it is worth all they must suffer of pain, and waiting. Somehow, they have been taught, that life can be, and for them is going to be, worth all it is going to cost them to gain the right to live it fully.

Something like four thousand children pass through these hospitals each year. Ten years from now nearly fifty thousand children will be in the world, growing up to a real, free life because of what the Shriners have done.

But—see them, if you can! Go in and look through the glass walls of the isolation rooms in which, when they first come, all children have to stay, so that, if they have any contagious or infectious illness, the others will be safe. Look at a child who has just come in. She will be frightened, timid, uncertain. In her eyes will be the look that pain without much hope puts into the eyes of children.

Then look at one who has been there a few days. Already she will have her toys and her picture books. Already, in her eyes, hope will be showing, and that look of faith and trust, when doctor or nurse is near, that you can't see without a twitching of your own eyelids.

Finally, see a child who is ready to go home. See her walking, a laugh on her lips, to meet a mother and a father who saw her last, perhaps, on a stretcher, unable to move her legs.

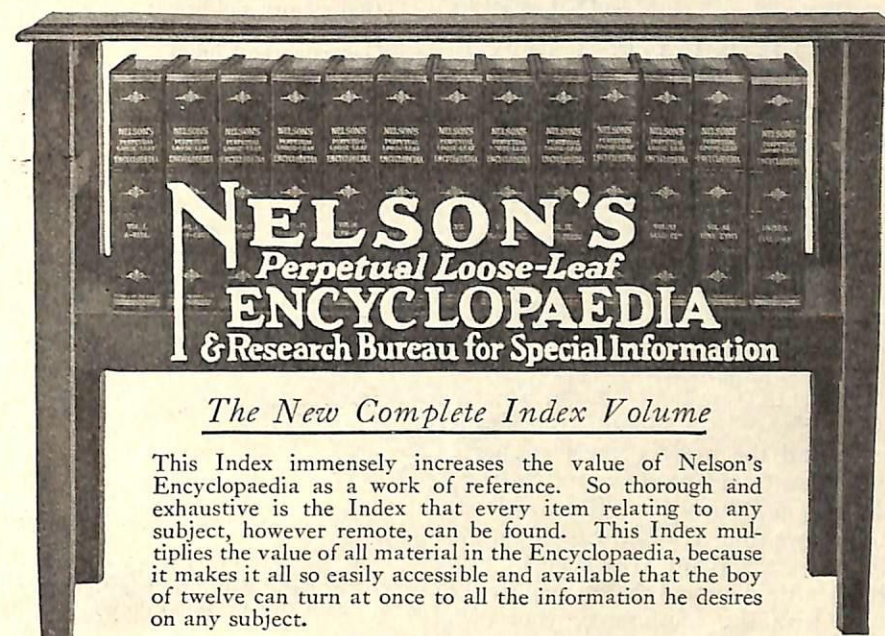
"For, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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When you stop at the McAlpin, you're in the heart of New York—in the "Centre of Convenience"—a minute from Fifth Avenue and the world's smartest shops, five minutes from Grand Central Station, a block from Pennsylvania Terminal, fifteen minutes from Wall Street and on the spot "where the White Way begins."

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Sincerely,

Arthur L. Lee
Managing Director

By the way—on your way to the Shriner's Convention in Philadelphia, why not stop at the McAlpin for a short visit. We'll be glad to greet you.

A. L. L.

HOTEL McALPIN
THE MECCA OF
ALL SMART
MASONIC FUNCTIONS
BROADWAY AT 34TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

THE ENEMY [Continued from page 31]

Carl
(Reading) "Sending troops to Belgium."
Fritz
Let them. We'll drive them into the sea.
Carl

By God, yes!
The young people begin singing the popular song, a music hall success written by a young man exempted from military duty. It is called "We're going to Rush the Russians."

All except Pauli
No nation that opposes us
Has got an earthly chance
God marches with our eagles
God victory will bring:
If the King of England fights us, then
God save the King."

In the open doorway stands Bruce.

Bruce
What's happened?

Carl
You know.

Bruce
I don't. I've been reading quietly at the University. Somebody tell me. Pauli, you.

Carl (Before she can answer)
Keep away from my wife.

Bruce (Amazed at his friend's tone)
What?

Fritz
Your countrymen dragged our flag in the mud.

Bruce
Where?

Fritz
In London. (Handing him the newspaper.)
Read that!

Pauli (Intervening)
Let's be fair. Bruce isn't in London and he doesn't have to go. What do you say, Bruce?

Bruce
Say?

Pauli
We are your friends.

Bruce (Catching the fever himself)
England is my country.

Pauli (Astonished)
You wouldn't . . . ? (meaning "You wouldn't fight against Fritz and Carl?")

Fritz
Wouldn't he?

Pauli
Not Carl . . .

Fritz
Against Carl, or me or anyone. Friendship? This traitor from a land of traitors.

Bruce (Violently)
A land of—? England? England, asleep while you plotted world dominion. England, trading quietly while jealous rivals schemed to crush her. For fifty years you've been preparing and then, because a crazy schoolboy killed a fat bully . . .

Mizzi
Our beloved Archduke . . .

Bruce
. . . you invade a peaceful nation at our very doors.

Fritz
So your security was involved.

Bruce
No. Our honor. Don't talk of friendship. You have no friends. When you entered Belgium, you became the enemy of the world.

Fritz (Starting forward)
You . . .

Pauli (Intervening again)
Wait. Don't you see he's saying the same thing we're saying? We're all saying the same thing and believing it and killing one another for it. God in Heaven, what's it all about?

Fritz
They dragged our flag in the mud.

Carl
Yes.

Mizzi (Suddenly remembering the British flag over Bruce's photograph)
We're flying theirs there.

Carl
The dirty rag.

Bruce (Murderously)
Don't touch that flag.

Fritz
I spit on it. (He leaps for the flag and Bruce hits him. Fritz falls back on the supper-table. His fingers touch a carving-knife. When he leaps again, Bruce receives a deep gash.) You spy!

The sight of blood sobers them all. They bandage the cut and are interrupted by Jan, a servant and a private in Carl's company.

Jan
Mr. Carl. Marching orders. Barracks tomorrow.

At dawn the next morning Bruce has slipped quietly away to England, traveling through Switzerland. And, at dawn, after a sleepless night, Pauli kisses Carl good-by. She does not wish to worry him, so she does not tell him that she will become a mother.

THE THIRD act is the same apartment in March of 1917. Every one of the Professor's treasured belongings, which have a commercial value, have been sold. The rooms, like the family's clothing, are shabby and forlorn. The typewriter which Bruce gave Carl is still there. Pauli adds to her scanty income by addressing envelopes on it.

When the curtain rises, the doctor has just left, saying the baby's illness was due to malnutrition.

Mizzi
The doctor must have stayed a minute, this time.

Pauli
You can't blame the doctors. They're so busy at the hospitals.

Mizzi (Bitterly)
And babies can't be patched up to be sent back to fight.

Carl's father, Behrend, has become a war-millionaire. He has quarreled with Professor Arndt, because the Professor called him a "murderer" for profiteering. Nevertheless, he wishes to see his grandson.

Behrend
How's the baby?

Professor
Better soon. (Referring to his selling his last treasures.) He's going to have some milk and eggs.

Behrend
He could have had them before, if one of his grandfathers had not been a fool.

Professor (Changing the subject)
What's the news?

Behrend
Now America threatens. Because of the Lusitania. They were warned by the German legation.

Professor
As our Archduke was warned by Serbia.

Behrend
That's different. However, they won't fight. Nobody fights for principle. With America in, there would be an end of civilized warfare. It's bad enough to use these black savages . . . but Indians. Did you ever hear of scalping?

Professor
Oh, yes.

Behrend
You see that's really a barbarous country. They burn people alive. Negroes.

Pauli
What are you talking about?

Behrend
About savages. Foreigners.

Professor (Laughing)
Oh, come now . . .

Behrend
Don't you read the papers? They drop bombs on hospitals and churches. They cut off the hands of little children.

Professor
And what is worse, they say the same things about us.

Behrend
You don't believe it?

Professor
Do you?

Behrend
If you are a patriot you are bound to believe in outrages. They are necessary to stimulate public feeling.

THE inevitable quarrel between the two men comes when Professor Arndt learns that his savings of a life-time, 25,000 kronen in endowment insurance, are now worthless. They are worthless because Behrend and his associates have "sold short" on kronen.

With a gesture, the Professor sweeps the 23 gold kronen, which Behrend put on the table as a present for the baby, to the floor.

Professor
Take them.

Behrend
You're mad.

Professor
From the floor. On your knees. On your belly. Crawl. You can't stoop as low to get them back as you stooped to get them.

In the end, however, the Professor swallows his pride and his ideals and picks up the coins, for the baby's sake. But it is too late. The baby dies from malnutrition.

Then comes another tragedy for Pauli; news that Carl has been killed in action.

Outside in the street a regiment of youths just called to the colors is marching behind its band. Pauli listens for a moment, then speaks quietly, triumphantly.

Pauli
Not my baby. He won't answer your bugles. He'll not feel mud and agony and bullets tearing his face. I've nothing more to feed your guns. My baby's safe. My baby's dead. Thank God. Thank God.

ON JUNE 20th, 1919, hope and cheerfulness have returned to the Arndts' and their flat. Professor Arndt is back in his old post at the University, for as Pauli says, "Everyone is a Pacifist now, especially the soldiers."

But Pauli's real happiness lies in the fact that Carl's forgotten play, "The Enemy," has been produced in Vienna and London and is a great success. Only two adverse criticisms have been made. In Vienna it has been called "Pro-English" and in London, "Pro-German" and "Pro-Austrian."

Bruce Gordon, bronzed by four years of fighting, has come back to visit his friends in Austria. Behrend, now boasting of his dead son's success as an author, is one of the wealthiest men in Central Europe. Behrend welcomes Bruce most cordially.

Behrend
Well, I blame the Kaiser . . . Good-by, Gordon. Germany is our natural enemy. Our natural allies are England and America, unless England fights America. In the next war, you and I will be fighting shoulder to shoulder . . .

Outside the children are playing soldier, filling the street with their noise. Pauli and Bruce listen at the window.

Pauli
There, across the courtyard is the next generation drilling . . . marching . . . marching . . . Shut that window. I want to shut it out—

(Curtain)

"You didn't come
a day too soon"

The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble.



4 out of 5 see him too late

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

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Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE • • • IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

6 MILLIONS WISE [Continued from page 37]

have proved that it was necessary to keep on making them, if so you would have been told just how many you could make, and, also, that you could make them in only the styles and finishes really needed—two or three of each, probably. That was the way it was all along the line. You had to do as you were told—or else you got no labor, no materials, no fuel for power, no opportunity to move what you did make on the railways. For the government, under its war powers, had its grip on all industry, through Baruch's board, and Hoover's Food Administration, and Garfield's Fuel Administration and McAdoo's Railway Administration and the War Labor Board that Taft and Walsh administered together.

All this was, in those days, a matter of sheer necessity. We had to win the war. That was the object of all regulation. But there were some non-military results. Some of the war restrictions promoted economy and efficiency amazingly. Plenty of business men will tell you that; you will probably even find a few to say a good word, in private, for the much abused railway control. But, once the war was over, all restrictions were removed as quickly as possible—and Hoover and Baruch, who had had more to do with imposing them than any other men, were among the first to insist that they should go.

A good many people wanted to keep them, or some of them—in spite of the traditional hatred and fear business America has always had for anything like government control of private enterprise. "Look here," these people said, "This government control has worked. It's done wonders. Let's keep it. Let's be as efficient in peace as we were in war."

A lot was to be said for that view, too. Quite possibly the depression of 1921 and 1922 might have been averted, to a great extent, if government control had checked the orgy of inflation in 1919 and 1920. But the men like Baruch and Hoover looked beyond the immediate future. They knew that the way to get the real results was to induce business and industry to achieve them for themselves. It's as Woodrow Wilson once said—you can't give people democracy as a gift from above; they have to achieve it for themselves. It's as Hoover says, too: you can't catch an economic force with a policeman.

JUST the same, the war regulation was an object lesson. What Hoover and the men who thought as he did wanted, was to bring about a condition that would accomplish all the good of such control without its dangers. There are dangers, of course. Initiative is checked; something of elasticity in the industrial structure is lost. America made up its mind a long time ago upon one point. A benevolent autocracy may be, in theory, even in practice, an excellent thing—but we simply don't want it.

Hoover became Secretary of Commerce when the Harding administration took office in 1921. Even before that, he had been interested in the survey conducted by the American Engineering Standards Committee, which had disclosed the opportunity for economy in the general adoption of simplified practice. This work had followed on that of the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board, under A. W. Shaw, and had reduced to statistical form information already generally possessed by industrial leaders.

As matters stood in 1921 a good many manufacturers and groups of manufacturers saw the advantage of eliminating many varieties in their products, but they were handicapped. The various laws governing practices in restraint of trade worried them when it came to planning joint action through trade associations. They lacked contact, too, with distributors and users of their products.

So, in December of 1921, Hoover established, in his department, a Division of Simplified Practice, with Ray M. Hudson as Chief. He

appointed also a Planning Committee, on which are represented the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Association of Purchasing Agents, the American Engineering Council, the National Supply and Machinery Distributors' Association and other associations representing manufacture, distribution and purchase of manufactured goods.

This division, backed by the Department of Commerce, acts simply as a clearing house. It is not—this cannot be said too often or too emphatically—in any sense an agent of government control or regulation. It issues, it can issue, no orders. It has no power over industry whatsoever. It wants none. It's as unlike the old Conservation Division of the War Industries Board as a New England town meeting is unlike the old Czarist government of Russia. It cannot and will not move toward simplification in any industry unless it is asked to do so—though that request may come from the manufacturers, or the distributors, or the more or less ultimate consumers.

THIS is how the division works. Contact is established between it and some industry. Perhaps the people who make something realize themselves that they are wasting time and money by producing too many varieties. Perhaps the big jobbers are the ones who feel this most keenly. Maybe, in any given case, the users are the ones who feel the burden of too many styles first. Well, either the makers, or the distributors, or the buyers—represented, perhaps, by some association of purchasing agents—can approach the Division of Simplified Practice. Once in a while the division makes the first move—but does it very quietly, by sending a representative to speak at a trade association meeting, who simply presents the advantages of simplification.

Once the ball is set rolling the procedure is always about the same. First, the industry is surveyed. This is not done by the division, however, but by some man, chosen by the industry itself, who acts as Secretary Hoover's representative. Usually the secretary of the trade association involved does this.

Questionnaires are sent out. Each manufacturer is asked to tell just what he makes and sells, and in what quantities. Thus a great mass of information is obtained and tabulated, and it is almost amusing to see how steadily the results correspond. Time and again that average of 80% and 20% is found—80% of sales on 20% of varieties.

Now hasty thinking might suggest that all the required facts can be found in the figures so obtained. You may say that all a group of manufacturers, knowing this, needs to do is to stop making the 80% of varieties that supply only 20% of the business. But—how about the people who buy those things, and want them? It's just as well for them to be satisfied, too.

WHEN this information has been obtained and tabulated, the next step is to arrange a conference attended by manufacturers, distributors and users of the products involved. This is done by Mr. Hudson's division. The conference is addressed by members of the division and often by Mr. Hoover himself. Makers, sellers and users get together and they try to eliminate the really unnecessary items. Often it is possible to show a large user of some odd size or variety of a product that he can do better with a stock variety. At any rate, he has something to say; he doesn't just have to accept an arbitrary ruling by the makers of the things he wants to buy.

Finally, after conference and debate, a decision is reached. Upon this a recommendation is based, which is sent out to all the individual manufacturers concerned. If—and only if—80% of them accept this recommendation, and agree to do all they can to live up to it and

induce everyone else concerned to live up to it also, the recommendation is adopted. Then the Department of Commerce, through Hudson's division, gets solidly behind it and argues for it with the people who must accept it if it is to be successful, namely the users. Also it publishes the detailed recommendation for the use of the industry, and, in due time, resurveys the industry, and, if it sees need, calls a new conference which may lead to further simplification.

FOR example, sixty-six sizes and varieties of paving brick used to be made. The first simplification reduced these varieties to eleven; the next to seven; the next to six; the next to five—and now a further reduction to four varieties is about to be made. Not very long ago the seventy manufacturers of electric lamp bases made 179 different varieties of bases. Now they make six. As lately as 1918, 37 different attachment plugs were made and used—and they were not interchangeable. Now there are seven, and all are interchangeable. That comes pretty close to home—you know how simply you can manage now, when the cord that connects your electric iron with the plug can, if there be need, be used for the coffee percolator, and so on.

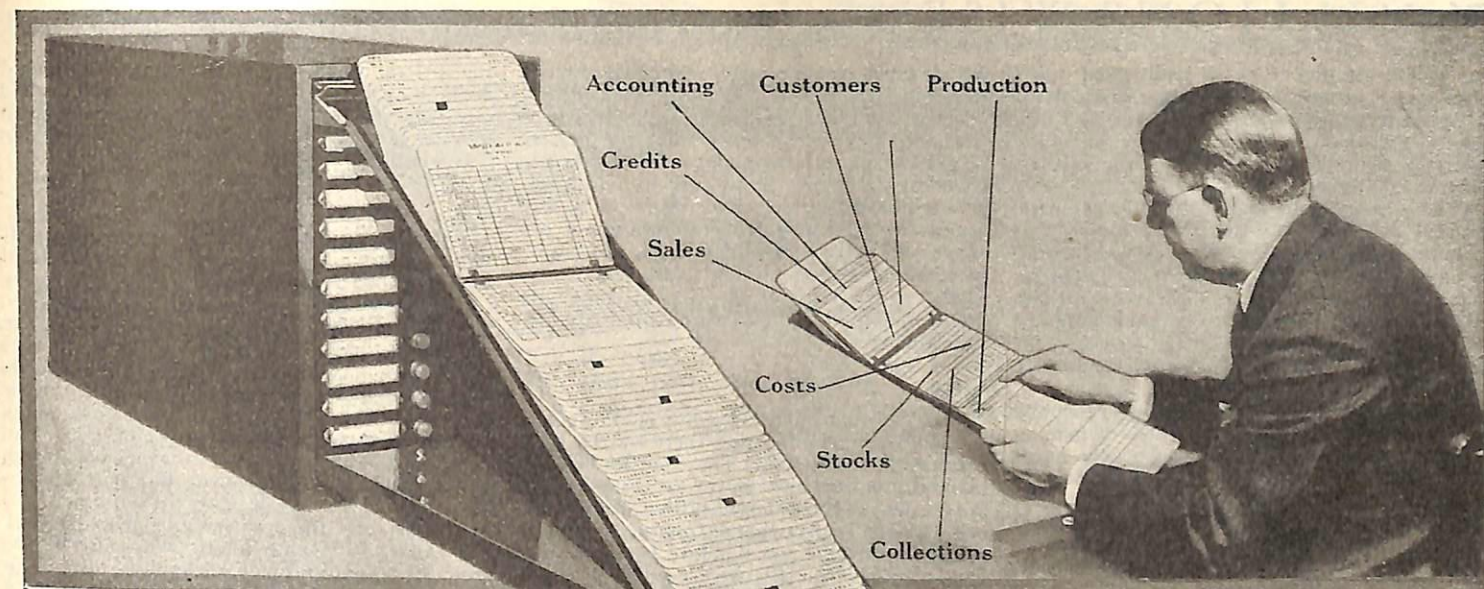
So far most of these simplifications have been in lines that do not lend themselves readily to dramatic description. It's important, for instance, that only 496 sorts of files and rasps are made now, instead of 1351, as formerly, and that the country gets along as well with 72 sorts of brass lavatory and sink traps as it used to with 1114 kinds—and probably a lot better. These things, as I say, are important, but they're not, to most people, exciting. Any one simplification means much more, of necessity, to the particular trade concerned than it can to the general public.

WHAT you have to do is to visualize the significance of the whole movement. This process of simplification is spreading. It will not stop, because every industry that experiments with it profits by it. Its manufacturing and selling costs are reduced. Prices are not, always—apparently, at least. This is an era of rising prices, and, very, very often, simplification makes it possible to offset rising wages and raw material costs without a rise in prices to the consumer—which is the equivalent, in a way, of a reduced price, and prices very often are reduced. One very big shoe manufacturing company, which operates its own retail stores as well as selling many shoes through jobbers or local agencies, has accomplished this.

It followed the regular practice—found out, that is, what proportions really existed between varieties and sales. Like the hat maker it found it was making a great many shoes that were seldom sold. It stopped doing so, and saved so much, without loss of business, that it has been able to reduce its prices to the consumer by 27%. That's a good deal—not less than \$2.50 on a ten dollar pair of shoes, for example.

Actual savings through the adoption of simplification are hard to estimate yet, but the figures are piling up. The paving brick simplification saved \$1,000,000 in a year; sheet steel \$2,500,000; lumber (soft woods, pine, etc.) \$200,000,000; steel reinforcing bars, \$4,500,000; builders' hardware, \$10,000,000. The Department of Commerce thinks it pretty conservative to say that total savings in 1925 were more than a quarter of a billion dollars.

That is a lot of money. One of the great sources of waste and loss in America is fire. These figures, accurately computed, are always late. The last of that sort I have are for 1922, when the fire bill was half a billion dollars. We saved, by this single business of simplification, half that sum last year—when, after all, the movement [Continued on page 62]



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MILLIONS WISE *[Continued from page 60]*

was just beginning to get a really good start! They may, perhaps, be over enthusiastic down in Washington, but the Department of Commerce thinks that industry can save ten billion dollars a year through simplification when it becomes really general.

It isn't going to be easy. What I have written may sound as if all that was necessary was to point out the possibility of such economies to have them put into effect. That is not so. It takes hard work, it takes diplomacy, it takes skill of the highest order, to get enough of the individuals in any one industry to the point where they are willing to adopt simplification if they can!

For one thing, you see, sentiment isn't wholly out of business—even the business of making a thing that sounds as unsentimental as hardware. They'll start one of these simplification conferences. They did, in fact—they wanted to cut out some of the superfluous varieties of hacksaws. Most of the makers of hacksaws, most of the jobbers and dealers who handled them, were convinced that this was a good thing to do.

But one of the leading hacksaw makers wouldn't so much as answer invitations to attend the conferences. He wouldn't see men from the Division of Simplified Practice who went to his town to call on him—he was too busy. That particular simplification is still hanging fire, and will, probably, for a long time. Why? Simply because that old fellow who wouldn't play—he makes fine tools, by the way, and sells more than any one maker of them—takes a pride in always giving his customers what they want. He's always made what he considers a full line, and he always will.

That attitude is very common. Manufacturers do take a pride, a very great pride, in being able to point to a bulging catalogue and to say that every item in it can be supplied. It's understandable, of course, but it's pretty expensive for everyone concerned. It is a business attitude that makes trouble in lots of ways that are not at first obvious. Suppose you have a lawn mower, and a screw works loose and is lost. You have to replace that screw before you can use the mower. No screw in your tool chest will fit. You go to three or four hardware stores and they have none. Finally you have to write to the maker and he happens to be out, and has to write to his manufacturer, who has perhaps to turn over a machine, to fill the order.

That is an extreme case, but it is by no means an improbable one. Things like that are always happening, and causing untold expense and annoyance and delay. Nearly always a stock size screw could have been used. There are—or there were, in the beginning—real reasons for nearly all these odd size gadgets in lawn mowers and ice cream freezers and such things. But simple changes in equipment—simple and cheap—would eliminate most demands for out sizes and patterns. That is what the Division of Simplified Practice is always trying to bring about—standardization in de-

mand, which makes possible simplified practice in production.

There isn't any desire, as some fear who tend, at first, to shy away from the idea of simplification, to bring about a depressing and cheerless uniformity or to curb individuality. Where design is a real factor in the value and appearance of a product simplification is not suggested; artistic design, that is. So things in which style and fashion figure are not regarded as fair game at all. The attempt is to get at underlying similarity and eliminate useless duplication.

DO YOU remember the gaudy old Pullmans? There's been simplification there by the Pullman people themselves. The same has brought about an improvement in the artistic effects in hotels. One of these simplifications was worked out with the Department of Commerce, and resulted in reducing 700 standard types of hotel chinaware to 160. Blankets used to be made in 78 sizes—now twelve are meeting every real need.

When all is said, of course, the way this job of simplifying industry is working out takes you right back to Hoover. He won't like this, if he happens to read it, but it is true. He'd say, and truly enough, that he didn't originate this idea of simplification; that all he did was to create a division to smooth its way. You feel, however, the Hoover touch the minute you go into the rooms in the big Commerce Building in Washington where the men who are working on simplification have their desks.

Hoover has a quite extraordinary way of making men enthusiasts for whatever they are doing. He did that during the war—first on the big Belgian job, and then when he came home to be Food Administrator. There is nothing of the regular inspirational talker about him, but nevertheless he fires people, he arouses them. I got the same feeling the other day, with the men in the Division of Simplified Practice, that I got during the war, when I went down to get material for articles about food conservation.

These men believe utterly in what they are doing. They know it is a tremendously vital and important thing. They feel that they are taking part in a campaign that will, before it is done, make living easier and better for everyone in America.

"We've been so lucky in this country!" one of them told me. "We had incredible riches, natural resources of every sort. We had, almost from the first, a general standard of living far higher than any country in the world had ever known. The time is coming however when we've got to fight to keep that standard. We can't keep on throwing our money away like drunken sailors—which is what American industry always has done."

"We've been efficient—in a way, but we've been pretty inefficient, too. We've been prodigal of what we had. Well—we've got to quit. We've got to keep on raising wages—but we've got to make the raises real by keep-

ing prices down, and that means increased economy in other production costs. That's our biggest object—to help industry to keep up American living standards and we've made a good start."

THIS is important because it shows the spirit with which these men in the Department of Commerce go at the task of helping an industry to organize itself for scientific production. They're not just technicians, indeed, they're not really technical at all. The industries themselves have all the technical knowledge that is needed as a rule. If special help is wanted, if it's important to make tests along certain lines, the Department of Commerce can help—through its Bureau of Standards, which is one of the great technical and scientific institutions of the world, too little known and appreciated by the country as a whole.

I talked to Major Foote, who nursed the sheet steel simplification through its first summer, so to speak. A friend asked him, as a personal favor, to speak at a meeting of the Metal Branch of the National Hardware Association.

"He said," Major Foote explained, "that there wasn't a chance, he thought, that anything would come of it, but he wanted me to talk to them and tell them about simplification, and I did."

I can guess how he talked, too. Like a crusader.

"I don't know anything about sheet steel—at least, I didn't then!" said Foote. "But I could talk about simplification, and they could apply what I said. They did, too. I didn't ask them to do anything but survey their own industry. They did that, and what they found out startled them. They came on down here and held another meeting, and they're going to save not less than eight million dollars a year by the simplification they've put through."

It doesn't always work out that way, though. Foote picked up a correspondence file, rather ruefully.

"Here's another industry," he said. "Everything looked fine. The recommendation was accepted and announced—the trade had been told that, as of a certain date, only so many styles and finishes would be available. And then one man backed out, and the others had to withdraw their announcements. But that's not the end of the story. The jobbers are trying now to find out which manufacturer it was who changed his mind. I won't tell them, but they'll find out. They're not pleased—the jobbers. They're going to be annoyed with the man who spoiled that simplification."

There's nothing dry or boring about the work of the men who represent the government in this job. They're in no danger of stagnating, or getting into a rut. Not while human nature continues to be human and they have to keep on dealing with greed and selfishness and pig-headedness as well as enterprise and vision and intelligence.

MR. POLLOCK ACCUSES *[Continued from page 28]*

with every catch-penny show between here and Coney Island, and, in such competition with "amusement" more cheaply created and purchased, it cannot survive. Quite plainly, it hasn't survived. I began by asserting that "the Theater is dying." Let us admit that, except as a body animated by the type of exhibition already mentioned, it is already dead. Let us "render, therefore, unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," and consider whether there is anything left for God.

Personally, with respect to the theater, I am an invincible optimist. I do not believe it can be made to stay dead. I believe love of drama—of real drama—to be too deep, too instinctive, to be permanently killed by illiterate managers, or by newspaper "critics," who think there is nothing new but sex, and nothing vital but sin, and who ignore Galsworthy to attend a premiere of the Music Box Revue; or even by a nerve-racked and materialistic public with a growing contempt of learning and a growing

avidity of empty laughter and vulgar thrill. In the womb of time I feel the stirrings of a new Theater. I hear the wings of a plumed phoenix rising from the ashes of pornography and childishness.

THE PHENIX was an eagle; not an owl. In my living theater the dead past has no place except as a milestone and monument. I hold no brief for the type of *[Continued on page 64]*

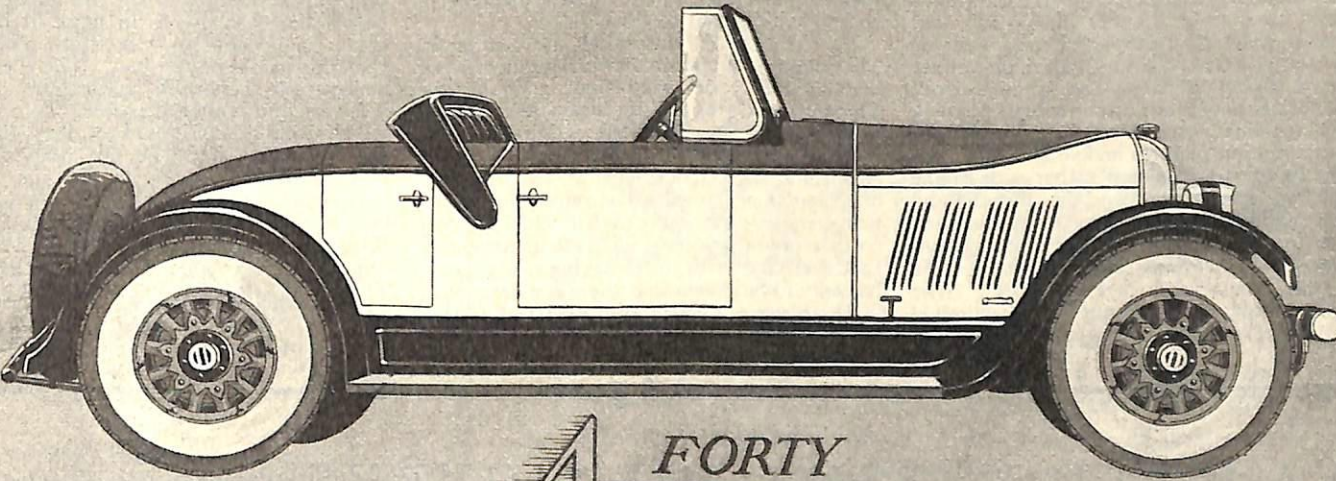
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8 EIGHTY EIGHT

6 SIXTY SIX



4 FORTY FOUR

AUBURN

MR. POLLOCK ACCUSES *[Continued from page 62]*

"high-brow" sterility, acclaimed by self-appointed authority with no better purpose than to indicate its own superior mentality. I am not interested in the kind of play urged by academic minds, listed by the Drama League, and six months forgotten when it is awarded the Pulitzer Prize. To me, dull intelligence is as bad, and as dangerous as entertaining vulgarity, and no play that does not entertain, and excite, and bring about emotional reaction in an adult audience can possibly be a good play. The desertion of the drama by a large class is to be attributed to nothing more than the clamorous insistence that in art nothing is beautiful but misery and nothing fine but unintelligibility. The renaissance of dramatic art does not rest with these people.

It rests with "the tired business man," and the club woman, and the man and woman in church and university and book-lined home, and with the children in the schools. It depends upon our ability, through club, school, church, book, newspaper and magazine, to convince this public that fine things can be as entertaining as vulgar things, that the drama is to be taken seriously, that the theater is an influential institution, and that they had better come out and vote. Once we have created the demand there will be no difficulty in creating the supply. The present theater, with its appeal to Peeping-Toms and Laughing Jackasses, may or may not continue to exist, but, if it does, it will be considered the theater no more than "Old Sleuth" is considered literature or the chromatic comicalities of "Pa's Son-in-Law" are considered art.

UNLESS I am much mistaken, demand and supply are in the making. Since 1922 I have traveled thousands of miles in America and spoken to millions of people. I find Memphis and Atlanta and Utica and Salt Lake rather tired of taking anything the speculators in New York care to send; rather weary of having to do without entertainment, or to choose between motion pictures and second-rate companies in third-rate plays; rather wide-awake to the fact that, if they can build libraries and endow orchestras, they can bring to their stages pretty much any kind of play they want. Perhaps that weariness may account for the fact that "the road is shot to pieces." Who knows? It may even account for that "limited

public for fine things." Isn't it possible that a public beyond these limits has retired to its libraries in despair of getting those things by buying expensive seats in tumble-down theaters run from New York?

Certainly, all over the country there is a new interest in a new kind of theater. I find "dramatic associations" studying and producing plays in schools and churches . . . creating demand and supply. I find teachers and preachers discussing and recommending certain things that come to the local theaters. There is that distinctly healthy and ever-growing movement of the Little Theater. Granted that, as yet, these efforts are amateur, and nebulous and a bit abortive. Granted that many more "dramatic associations" and Little Theater movements produce "Box and Cox" than produce "The Good Hope." Isn't all this a matter of time and of competent, inspired, and inspirational leadership?

Some day the moving spirits in these "dramatic associations" may discover that, if it is possible for each of a thousand Little Theaters to pay forty dollars for "Mixed Pickles," it is equally possible for all of them to pay forty thousand dollars for "The Show," that fine new play of Galsworthy's which it is unlikely that any commercial management will bring to America. Some day they may discover that if one group can pay two hundred dollars to a smally-skilled coach, the lot can pay any price to support a central office, and a traveling staff of expert dramatists, and directors, and technicians. When they do, will not their managers, authors, actors and public begin to grow on what they feed, and feed on what they grow? Will not the result be new managers, authors and actors, and a new public, educated to want and demand something beyond "Mixed Pickles," or even beyond "Cradle Snatchers" and "The Shanghai Gesture"?

Movements of this kind are epidemic. They compel emulation even where there is not understanding or aspiration. While the Theater Guild was still an idealistic group, its chief benefit was not that it produced intelligent plays for as many people as could crowd into the Garrick Theater, but the effect of seeing them crowd. The most commercial management that ever traded with a ticket speculator and the most illiterate management that ever boasted of never having read a book, has only to be shown that there is more money in Hauptmann than in Hopwood to feel that

"Hannele" may be almost as worth while as "The Demi-Virgin." The excuse of these men is that "We give the public what it wants." An excuse, also, for the sale of drugs and women that may become a boast of traffic in paintings and first editions. Personally, I have little hope of these vendors, but, with the coming of the new crowd, they will cease to matter.

Finally, production of the new kind may bring down "over-head" and other costs to a point at which the theater may be supported by a "limited public," and again may be possible for people without expense accounts or an expansive trade in cloaks and suits. Managers who do not attempt to lure the traveling salesman "on the loose" may not find it necessary to locate luminous theaters on that new Bowery that is Forty-second Street at Broadway. There is still reason to hope for a theater whose tickets will be sold to the public at the price at which seats for drama are now sold to cut-rate dealers, instead of at the price at which seats for intimate revelations of the brothel are now sold to speculators.

ALL this may happen . . . and it may not. If it doesn't, I repeat that the theater, as a home of art and dramatic literature, is dead. In another five years, half our theaters will be devoted to motion pictures, and the other half to the type of plays distinguished from cinema entertainment only by the advertisement, "Not a Motion Picture." I shall have retired from the stage, which may not be an unmitigated misfortune; bigger men will have retired with me, and new young men, of unquenchable spirit and ambition, will bob up occasionally in rebuilt stables—jeered at by the critics, sneered at by the managers, and ignored alike by the public that has given up drama and by the public that has given up hope of drama. I think it is not an over-statement to say that this would be too bad. The theater is an ancient and honorable institution, of infinite influence and potential power. Its engulfment in the rising tide of ignorance, lazy-mindedness and vulgarity would be the abandonment of still another out-post of civilization.

It is an abandonment I do not expect. I believe the art of the drama to be immortal. With all the other subjects, in all the other centuries, I lift my voice to cry: "The Theater is Dead! LONG LIVE THE THEATER!"

A FIELD MARSHAL OF FIGURES *[Continued from page 35]*

with bicycles and later with automobiles. As a member of a tandem team, paced by a motorcycle, he once established a track bicycle record that, I believe, still stands. He was a driver of racing automobiles in the days, when so few people knew anything about the mechanism of cars, that his presence in a city caused him to be surrounded by owners of costly foreign motors, anxious to know if he could persuade such cars to start.

TO THIS day, Ayres still enjoys rapid locomotion. One day last fall he set out to drive from Cleveland to Washington, 450 miles away, to keep an appointment there the following morning. He invited several friends, one after another, to accompany him, but none seemed to yearn for crossing the Alleghenies at the rate of speed he hoped to maintain. So he filled his pockets with cigars of excellent quality and made the journey alone, arriving ahead of schedule in good spirits. He is a keen judge, too, of the mechanical qualities of current motor cars. An important customer

of his bank dropped into Ayres' office recently and said:

"I want to consult you, but not about banking business. What car shall I buy?"

He is asked that question every day. His advice on cars is worth seeking.

After he gave up bicycling and automobiles as a business, Ayres went down to Porto Rico on a little pleasure trip. Liking the climate, he wished to stay there a while and so took a job as school-teacher. Two years later he was the general superintendent of all schools in Porto Rico!

Ayres next went to the educational division of the Russell Sage Foundation. His investigations while there promptly revolutionized certain phases of education. He chanced to drop into a school-room during a spelling lesson and it occurred to him that pupils have always been taught difficult words rather than words they are most likely to need. By tabulating thousands of letters, he compiled a list of the 2,000 words in commonest use in their order of frequency. Every spelling book published since

that time has recognized the wisdom of preparing word lists according to probability of their being needed in after years.

WHEN the United States entered the World War, Ayres felt that he should personally participate in the big fuss. Inasmuch as the thing he knew best was handling figures, he assumed that he would be most useful to his country as a statistician. But when he arrived in Washington, bright young college boys in natty new uniforms, and others to whom he applied for an opportunity to be useful, frankly told him that they didn't need him. They yawned and said that a statistician was the very thing they needed "everything else but."

Nevertheless, Ayres was unconvinced. He simply couldn't imagine having a good war without statistics. In one of the main buildings, used by the Council of National Defense, he saw able-bodied men moving a lot of furniture, evidently for a re-arrangement of the offices. Promptly he threw off his coat and be-

gan to assist these brave fellows. When he moved a certain nice little desk, he took it to a sheltered corner of the main hallway, put his coat back on and sat down at the desk. On a piece of cardboard which he tacked to the corner of the desk, he neatly printed the words: "Dr. Ayres, Division of Statistics."

THOUGH he had been a Doctor of Philosophy for some years, it was the first time that he had ever used the *Doctor* as an approach to his name. Here, he felt, with so many countries at war, was a situation when such entitlements might be justified.

The next day he hustled about and picked up what he could about the progress of our war preparations. Then he discovered an important fact, namely, that information is like money. If you have a little you can easily get more. Once having learned how many shirts were available for enlisted men, it was no trouble to exchange this for facts about supplies of army shoes. Then with two such items he could go to a third party and trade them for still more statistics.

Laboriously he ground out his records of such facts on a typewriter and made carbon copies, which he sent to the head of the Council of National Defense, the Secretary of War, Chief of Staff of the Army, and one or two others. As he didn't appear to be doing any serious harm, nobody molested Ayres and he continued to occupy his little pilfered desk for two or three weeks. Then one of his reports somehow reached General Pershing over in France. Pershing cabled that this man ought to be in uniform, also that he ought to be in France.

AYRES went to France where he was attached to General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces and came out of the war as a Lieutenant Colonel. After everybody had told him he wasn't needed!

At the close of the war Ayres returned to the Sage Foundation; but the late F. H. Goff, himself a genius, then head of the Cleveland Trust Company, had heard about him. He closed a deal with Ayres which brought him into the realm of finance at probably the highest salary ever paid to a statistician.

How did Ayres so quickly become an authority on business trends? By studying, just as he had done all his life, the relation between Cause and Effect. He tried to learn what conditions had uniformly been present heretofore when security prices were advancing or declining, and to run little dotted lines, so to speak, from the past through the present and extending out into the future.

AFTER he had been in the bank less than a year, he was able to foretell six months in advance—right to the day—the top prices of bonds for that business cycle. A little later he came almost equally close to putting his finger, many months ahead, on the low points for bond prices. Naturally the bank found such information highly profitable. They began to look upon Ayres as a handy fellow to have about.

I'm wondering now if Ayres will continue to cope with problems of finance or if he will dart out suddenly some day into something as totally unlike anything he has done before as finance is unlike education or bicycle racing.

HE IS a bachelor and always lives in a furnished apartment free from chattels of his own which might bind him to any one spot. Aside from his automobile, which he bought second-hand, I don't believe Ayres owns anything that couldn't be crowded into a small trunk. I mention this to show that he's a true philosopher. Like the Greeks of old, he would keep his life free from needless possessions or other complications.



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THE AMATEUR MYTH *[Continued from page 41]*

all of our greatest and well known amateurs.

Inspired by the prospective visit of practically all of the best amateur and professional golfers of the United States challenges and offers of matches have been winging their way to these shores from England with unprecedented profusiveness.

Perhaps the most interesting development along this line to date is the challenge of Abe Mitchell, the great English professional, to meet any American professional for a stake of five hundred pounds, the match to be seventy-two holes, and played, of course, in England.

Considering the horde of American mercenaries who will be in England in the early summer, Mitchell will find little difficulty in being accommodated.

But there are many who feel that in reality Mitchell's challenge is directed at Walter Hagen whose defeat of the Englishman at Westchester-Biltmore three years ago still rankles in his mind.

NO ONE who saw that match will ever forget it. Starting upon the last nine holes of the thirty-six hole match, Hagen was four down and there seemed no chance whatever that he could overtake his English rival. But he did just that; playing unforgettable golf, golf that was great in its manual brilliance and no less great in the mental qualities of courage, and determination that lay beneath it, he came up abreast of Mitchell and then left him behind.

Mitchell might beat Hagen if the two come together in a match in England; for Abe recently has been playing the best golf of his career, having recovered from ill health that seriously affected his game in 1925. Then again, he might not overturn the American; the betting odds unquestionably will favor the latter prospect.

The cause of feminism has received many signal impulses since the original impulse of enfranchisement here and in England. Women have been elected to gubernatorial chairs, to congress, to public offices of various sorts and degrees of importance; they have had much to say and a great deal to do.

But since the isolation of something dramatically concrete is more striking in its effect upon the human mind than a broadly general condition there are not many probably who missed the impression of the initial tennis duel at Cannes between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen of France and Miss Helen Wills of California.

Here were two young women, so proficient in the strenuous game of tennis that not a hundred men players throughout the world—probably much less than that—could beat them, engaged in an international episode which held the attention of the world.

What are we coming to? Marking the proficiency of these two girls, considering the swift advance of women golfers, noting the extraordinary improvement year by year of girl track specialists and swimming stars, it might be more appropriate to cast the question into the present tense.

As for the Lenglen-Wills match, it was beautifully played, in fact it was of the most dramatic and colorful events in the annals of sport. Yet the crass commercialism which dominated every phase of the contest, except, of course, the actual play of the two stars, makes it seem fitting that the United States Lawn Tennis Association should use influence to prevent American tennis stars from indulging in further play on the French Riviera.

There is not, it is said, a single court there that is not run for profit, and frankly so. Naturally, therefore, when Miss Wills arrived on the Cote D'Azur she was exploited for all that the traffic would bear.

It would seem impossible to have clean amateur tennis unless it is amateur from start to finish in all its phases. In the United States the growth of public interest and consequent large increase in the size of receipts and in the number, and proficiency of stars, have created conditions that are perplexing.

But so long as the receipts are employed, as they now are, in developing and promoting the sport there is nothing that legitimately can be said in the way of criticism. On the other hand, the well-behaved tennis galleries which used to mark the important matches, have, in the last few years, shown a marked change in character. Hootings and booings of displeasure when officials or stars offend are beginning to be common in the big national events and the temptation for easy money which beset tennis stars are not always resisted.

Whatever happens in the upper strata of lawn tennis, the fact remains that the backbone and sinews of the sport are the courts of private residences, or clubs where hundreds of thousands of men and women who have no aim other than the sheer love of the game are playing season in and out.

One sometimes wonders if such as these, after all, are not the only true amateurs and wonders, too, if the time has not arrived when those of exceptional skill who devote all, or nearly all, of their days to tennis, or to golf, should fitly be placed in some other category?

For in the strict sense of the term they are not amateurs, or at least, not the sort of amateurs that most of those who play tennis or golf for health, recreation or pleasure are. When this is recognized and some readjustment in the matter of terminology to fit existing conditions is made, the easier it will be for those who are concerned in the project of maintaining the integrity of amateurism under conditions that are not befogged by casuistry and distorted by misnomer.

of the desert about him, the mountains, the car standing in the road. He was squatted on the sand, shaking, sweating; a sick, weak wreck of a man, alone and raving. The whole thing had been a madness, a delirium. But no! The voice of the announcer was still describing the details of the demonstration. Jenkins walked to the car and laid his hand on the radio. That was real. Solid. Old Lafe had won his game. There had been no mockery about that. Old Lafe had won, God bless him!

He shut off the radio, shifted it to the back seat, climbed in behind the wheel and started the engine. For a long time he let it idle with the gears in neutral while he sat staring out at the desert mountains, thinking. At last he spoke.

"My God!" he said prayerfully.

He put his gears in reverse then, backed the stolen car around and drove away in the direction from which he had come.

"MR. WARHOP is busy," the office boy said.

"Tell him I've got his car," Buck Jenkins instructed.

After a moment the boy returned.

"This way," he said.

Buck shambled into Warhop's office.

"I stole your car," he said abruptly. "I've brought it back."

Warhop was a youngish man who had made much money in Hollywood real estate.

"Stole it and brought it back!" he exclaimed.

"What's the idea?"

"Aw, what's the use?" Buck said wearily. "It's a long story. I stole it. Call the cops. I'll do my jolt."

"Are you the Buck Jenkins who used to catch for The Bears?" young Warhop asked.

Buck nodded. Warhop indicated a chair.

"Sit down," he said. "Many's the time I've watched you play when I was a kid. Let's have that story."

THE FOLLOWING spring Lafe Karger was touring Southern California. He stopped at a filling station on a highway near Hollywood.

"Ten o' gas," he said briefly to the man in overalls who approached to serve him.

"Hello, Lafe," the man said timidly.

Lafe looked and recognized Buck Jenkins. For a moment only the memory of their last meeting held him back. Then he leaped from the car and grabbed his old friend in a bear hug.

"You're lookin' fine, Buck," he declared happily when the first incoherencies of greeting were over.

"Feelin' that way," Buck assured him. He raised his voice. "Hey, Rose! Here a minute."

A plump middle-aged woman came from around the corner of the little bungalow near the filling station and gave a glad cry at sight of Lafe. She was the woman who had been Rose O'Malley, the vaudeville actress. That night the two old friends sat late on the vine screened porch of the Jenkins bungalow and Buck told a little of his story.

"I got kind o' straightened around last fall," he explained. "Cut out boozin' an' hellin' around. A fella named Warhop set me up with this little place. Some fruit on it an' the house an' fillin' station an' garage. I got track o' Rose an' she was—was willin' to try makin' a go of it. She fusses around the place an' once in a while does a character bit in a picture to help out. We're—we're doin' pretty well, Lafe."

"I'll say!" said Lafe earnestly. "You just had a wild streak in you, Buck, an' it took just so long to work it out. When it come time for you to straighten up, you done it all by yourself. Funny! I always had the hunch that somehow I could take the kinks out o' you, Buck, but by glory! When the time came for you to do it you did it all—What's the matter? What are you laughin' at?"

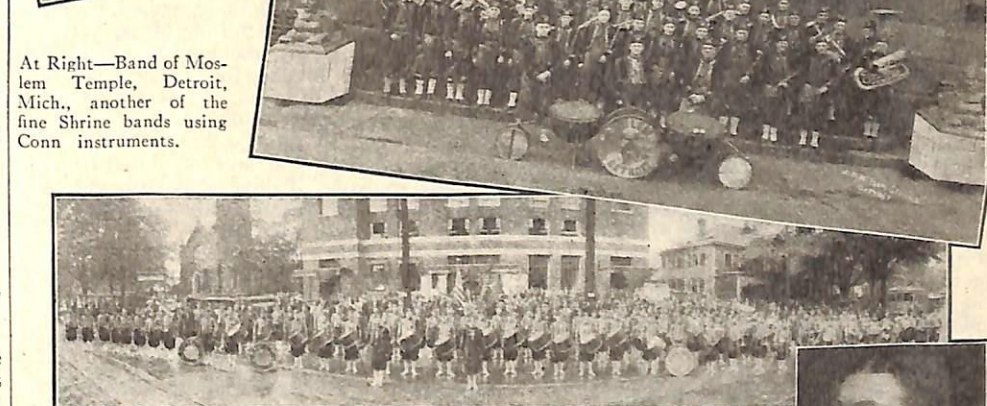
But Buck never told him.



Above—Band of Aleppo Temple, Boston, Mass., a live organization equipped with Conn instruments.



At Left—Band of Aahmes Temple, Oakland, Calif., Herman Trutner, Jr., Bandmaster, also uses Conn instruments.



Band and Drum Corps of Hejaz Temple, Greenville, S. C., with portrait of Director A. J. Garing—enthusiastic in their endorsement of Conn instruments.

THE DESERT DECISION *[Continued from page 27]*

batters he began to nurse old Lafe along, carry him through this final crisis as he had helped him through many a previous one.

Actually he squatted alone on the desert sand shouting and pantomiming action as the voice of the announcer gave him his cue. Lizards scurried about, disturbed by his voice and a sidewinder in the shade of a nearby cactus rattled angry warning. But of all this actuality he was as unaware as though he were in fact and flesh three thousand miles away behind the plate at the final game of the World Series. He saw old Lafe there in front of him, tired, reaching down into the depths of his being to draw therefrom enough of the old power to last him through. Just this once! Just three more men to pitch to and then he was done. A mere flash of the old speed. That was all he needed. Two, three, five minutes of the youth that was gone and he could step down from the throne gracefully, with a clean memory of final triumph to treasure through the quiet years to come. Buck Jenkins knew what the old boy was thinking. How well he knew!

"Caldwell hit a sharp grounder to Frazier," the announcer said. "Frazier booted it. Caldwell safe at first. Slagel at second. Two on. None out. Mason at bat."

The New York pitcher at bat. And then the head of the list. It was a tight spot! And Lafe walked Mason. Walked the pitcher who couldn't hit the size of his hat! Three on, none out, and the stands roaring.

"Captain Banning came in and talked to Karger," the announcer went on. "It looks

as though he was going to take the old fellow out. No. He's leaving him in. Bender at the bat. Three on, none out and the head of the list up. It looks black for The Bears."

Banning! Buck cursed him for a fresh-faced young upstart. A good enough kid, but what could he know about nursing along an old prince like Karger? He walked out and spoke to Karger himself while the roar of the stands beat on his ears, walked out onto the diamond and laid his arm about old Lafe's shoulders and talked to him as a jockey talks to his horse through a driving finish down the stretch. He talked on, crooningly, until old Lafe lifted his head and looked into his eyes and smiled and nodded and then Buck Jenkins went back to his place behind the plate with his heart a thrill. Old Lafe had a grip on himself again. He knew. He squatted in his place, yelped an insult at Bender and waited for the ball.

"STRIKE ONE, called," the voice of the announcer spoke.

"Hi-yi-yip!" Buck Jenkins shrilled, dancing for a moment on the desert and making a flipping motion with his right hand. Then he squatted again.

"Strike two, called," the voice spoke.

"Atta baby!" Buck screeched. "They can't hit what they can't see, old-timer. 'At's burnin' 'em through!"

"Strike three," the voice in the desert intoned. "Karger seems to have recovered both his speed and control. Those three strikes came over with as much smoke as Karger ever

put on the ball in his prime. One out. Three on. Case at bat."

A moment of waiting and then: "Strike one. Case missed it a foot. Strike two, called. Strike three. Called. The stands are in a delirium. No such demonstration has ever been seen on a ball field. Even the New York fans are rooting for the grand old man of the game to pull out and win his final battle. Three on, two out, Bowers at bat."

"One more to grab, old-timer," Buck called cheerily. "Come on, now. Let's fry this young rooster an' wash up for the day."

He saw old Lafe wind up, saw him as clearly as he ever had through the years of their service together on the diamond, saw him lunge forward and saw his big right arm flash out and down in delivery. He saw all this and waited for the ball. A sick shock went through him. Something was wrong. The ball had not spanked into his mitt. A fog was in front of his eyes. He could see nothing but a dark grayness. Panic seized him. Had he fainted? Been hit and knocked out? What was wrong?

The voice of the announcer spoke again.

"The Bears win the World Series." It was a triumphant shout. "Bowers hit the first ball pitched, a line fly deep to left field. It looked like a homer into the stands, but Franklin leaped into the air after a desperate run and made a circus catch. The crowd is pouring onto the field. They have caught old Lafe Karger and lifted him onto their shoulders. They are—"

The gray blankness faded from in front of Buck Jenkins' eyes. He became again aware

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he needs, as a rule, to think out things for himself."

"Sorry to hear your heart is bad . . ."
"Oh, I haven't any right to complain. It has given me fair service for almost as long as the Bible says man that is born of woman may hope to live; and I expect, if I take care of myself, it will hold out a good while yet. But perhaps you would like to step into the next room, sir; that's where I really live."

The wide arch at the back of the drawing-room had sliding doors, barely far enough apart just then to let one man pass. Machen thrust both back into their sockets before turning with a courteous gesture, which his guest would have thought more reminiscent of a head waiter if a hint of satiric humour hadn't lurked in the shade of the ragged mustache; although the unblinking eyes were wholly mirthless that studied the young man as he stood for a thought at gaze. This time, however, he was prepared, his resolution set not to give himself away. Nothing of what he felt painted his expression, he merely nodded as he passed under the arch and in a tone sufficiently casual remarked: "You're dug in here pretty deep, though . . ."

"I have made myself at home," Machen at his elbow assented. "Everyone to his taste, of course; it seems to be mine to do most of my living in a single room."

This time Palmer was satisfied his hearing hadn't been deceiving him; the old boy's every step went to the tune, muted but true, of gold coin carried loose in a pocket. And now when he halted again, to survey his lair with some complacency, as though his company had lent him new eyes to see its comforts with and find them good—now again that mellow chiming was stilled.

Odd, that! There had been so little in circulation since the War, most people, even those formerly most used to it, had got out of the way of carrying gold. And the last place you'd expect to hear its music was in association with an ancient like this, who was surely not in the easiest of circumstances. But ears that weary years had trained at a bank teller's counter couldn't be mistaken; no other coin metal rings so richly and sweetly . . .

"This used to be the library, Mr. Palmer; and in a way, as you see, still is. But I have made it as my bed-sitting-room, too, and even taken to eating my meals at this desk. Mrs. Fay provides them; and I find it convenient to have the trays fetched in here, instead of moving my books into the front room. A man who is obliged to eat alone, you know, doesn't mind it so much if he calls in a good book for company."

"I suppose not," Palmer absently agreed.

HE WAS thinking now he had seldom seen a room that looked to be at once so thoroughly inhabited and so sacred to solitary habits. For the prim, all but bleak orderliness of the drawing-room was missing here, and nothing was like it used to be. Though the great center table of carved wood stood where it always had and lofty dark bookcases still were ranked round its walls, an old four-poster with canopy and curtains had been imported and set up in one corner, a huge wardrobe of black walnut blocked the door to the hall, and heavy portières of dusty brown velvet had been hung at all doors and windows as if in determination to shut out every ray of light, every seep of sound, every breath of air. The brown velvet carpet, it was safe to say, hadn't been up in a score of years; and Palmer found reason to wonder if it had been swept as many times. Nothing seemed more certain than that the agency, whatever it was, which kept the front room so sweet and tidy, was seldom if ever suffered to function here. A suit of clothing, draped over the back of an armless chair, had fallen into deep folds as though it had been undisturbed for weeks; a pair of shoes beneath it

were filmed with dust not of the street. The cushions of a great wing-chair held his form who lounged in it daily, so deeply stamped that there could be no doubt they were never turned—an open book straddled one of the arms. The bookshelves, like jaws bereft of occasional teeth, showed dark gaps; the volumes that should have filled them in orderly array were carelessly stacked up about their feet. The oak table was heaped high with books save at one end, where a tray waited with plates of broken food, and the middle of one side, on which writing pad and inkstand rested amid a raffle of papers. A fine old lustre gasolier above it dropped a length of green tubing to a portable gas-lamp with a green shade.

Mr. Machen swept a bed of dead newspapers from the seat of an easy chair to make place for his guest. "Sit down, Mr. Palmer, make yourself at ease," he genially insisted. "I am sorry I cannot offer you anything to smoke or drink; but, as I have said, few friends ever come to see me—and my own tastes are abstemious."

"I'm quite content," Palmer replied, fishing a wooden pipe and a pouch from his pockets—"if you don't mind my smoking this—"

"No, indeed." Machen took the armchair at the table, slewing it round. "Literary men, I believe, are especially addicted to the weed. Its use is said to promote concentration of thought. I daresay you have found that true."

"I like smoking," Palmer confessed, stoking up, and not at all sorry to be able to give a new flavour to the close stale air.

"But tell me—if I'm not too inquisitive—about your writing. What line are you taking, for example?"

"Oh, fiction, mostly—potty short stories, that sort of thing. I've sold a few for little or nothing to magazines over here; so I thought it might be a nourishing scheme to camp under their noses for a while and see if I couldn't wrangle a better living out of them."

"I have no doubt you will, sir"—the seamed old face was touched by a wintry gleam which Palmer was free to read as the light of altruistic interest—"no doubt whatever. I set up to be a student of character in my small way, sir; and I venture to predict you will not fail to find your heart's desire."

"You're very good; and the Lord knows, if I do, it won't be for want of asking for it!"

"Of course," Machen deliberated, lounging and resting his rusty chin on joined, judgmental finger tips—"you won't find it all plain sailing at first, no matter what merits your tales may have. That's to be expected."

"Think so?"
"Why, to begin with, there's the handicap of your alien extraction. I mean to say, I should imagine our editors would prove more hospitable to authors who hadn't to learn the American idiom."

"But you're mistaken; I'm American-born, all right."

"Really?" The shaggy brows climbed. "I must have misunderstood something Mrs. Fay said—"

"She probably misunderstood my saying I'd spent most of my life out of this country."

"I see. In England, of course."

Symptoms of a distressing throat affection which Palmer's pipe developed made a thoughtful moment audible. At length, "Why do you say that?"

"Merely by making a natural deduction from your mode of speech. You have what we call over here 'an English accent'—the speech of a British university man."

"Have I?" Palmer seemed to be mildly astonished. "That's funny! nobody in England ever mistook me for anything better than 'a bluggy Colonial.'"

"I was right, then!" a senile crow insisted.

"Oh, but I've lived all over the Continent, too; and since the war I've been knocking about the East a bit with a pal of mine—chap I soldiered under in Mesopotamia. He had banking interests in

China, and when he offered to find me a billet in one of his branches—well, the chance seemed worth a try. But I couldn't stick it."

"With your literary temperament," Machen sympathized, "that is quite understandable."

"I suppose that must have been it. But simply couldn't seem to get round the notion that I wasn't cut out to spend a lifetime polishing my tail on a high stool. For another thing, the climate and I didn't hit it off very well. So as soon as I began to get a little encouragement from your magazines, I chucked the banking business and took the first steamer home."

"You call New York home?"

"I mean to."

"Ah, yes!" A slight, vague sigh; as who should say, that was that. Mr. Machen proved nevertheless a persevering beggar. "Come to think of it, what Mrs. Fay did say was that you were a stranger to the city."

"I imagine it will take some time to make me feel anything else."

"You find New York greatly changed?"

"Can't say that. Not enough data. But more of a handful than people had led me to expect."

THE PIPE gurgled without interruption for another minute, with Mr. Machen fallen thoughtful. As for Mr. Palmer, he wasn't volunteering anything, though he continued to betray no impatience with the way he was being catechised, rather seemed in moderation, amused.

"A pity," Machen roused to observe, obscurely enough—"a great pity!"

"What is?—if you don't mind saying."

"I was merely thinking"—a wry face must have been meant to pass for a smile—"it's a pity you are not better acquainted with the history of our city; I mean, of the last few decades—all of which I saw, part of which I was."

The vast changes these old eyes have witnessed! I have often thought, what a chance for a novelist! and wondered why none of the present generation seems alive to it." Machen mused on his memories, nodding.

"All the material for a new *Comédie Humaine* in the life of a single street, any street—say, this street. I fancy it will surprise you to learn that this used to be quite the best part of Town; any address hereabouts almost, was as good a social and financial reference as a gentleman could give."

"Really?"

"I knew the street well in that time," Machen declared, "and I have known it ever since; watched it day by day, year in, year out, losing the fight against the encroachments of trade, till it became—what it is, a cut above a slums, hardly better. And tomorrow?—I wonder!"

"Story in that, right enough," the young author affirmed through teeth clamped on his pipe.

"Story?" That style was too feeble for what Machen had in mind. "An epic, sir, an epic!"

"Right. Take a bit of doing, though. Chap wouldn't get far who tackled the job without some intimate, special knowledge of the neighborhood, such as yours."

"Mine is all at your service, sir."

Palmer intently frowned. "Afraid I don't quite follow . . ."

"I mean this," Machen explained with symptoms of waxing enthusiasm; "I should like to see the story of this street in print. The idea is a sort of hobby of mine. As I said a while back, character study is another and—if I may be permitted the liberty—I have formed a good opinion of your capacity."

"Good Lord!" Palmer chuckled—"whatever on?"

"When a man gets to my time of life, he knows intellectual ability when he meets it, sir—or he has lived for nothing."

"I hope you're right, I'm sure."

"So I should like to see you undertake the story of a New York street—"

"Not a bad title, that—'The Story of a New York Street.'"

"If you will," Machen persisted, bending forward to fix his guest with those queer, winkleless eyes—"I shall be very happy to put my memories at your command, asking nothing in return but the pleasure of knowing I have had a hand in the work—and, perhaps, if you feel like it, of course, a modest dedication."

"You're very kind, I'm sure." Through the smoke screen which he had manufactured in sheer self-defense, Palmer delivered, after a moment, his conclusion. "But I'm afraid—even were I enough of a trained writer to put it over—I couldn't afford it. Too much of a gamble. I've got a certain amount of money to make per annum; and a fellow can only be half-way sure of doing that by sticking to his last—doing, that is, work he knows will pay. That's fiction, stuff that's got a plot like a backbone and tells itself out more in action than in character and atmosphere; you know—adventure and mystery stories. There's always a market for that sort of thing if it's any way well done; the pay isn't too bad, either."

"I see . . ." What Mr. Machen saw he seemed to reckon a shade disappointing. He bowed to brood over laced hands; but looked up presently to argue with a more cheerful countenance. "And why not? After all, the story of the street would be the story of some one house in it—wouldn't it? And if you cared to take this house we live in, for example, and make it the pivot of your tale—why! there's enough mystery and romance in what's happened under this roof, in this room, for that matter, to make a splendid novel of the type you describe."

"You don't tell me!" No inordinate wonder was revealed by the thinning drifts of smoke.

"This room, you said?"

"This very room," Machen impressively affirmed. "I only know what all New York knew, naturally; but going on all reports these four walls have seen a man who had everything to live for, a lovely young wife, a child he idolized, friends without number, wealth and social position undisputed—these walls, I say, have seen that man kill himself in the prime of life and leave the town a mystery that has baffled its best wits for nearly a quarter of a century."

"Sounds promising," Palmer commented, once again through teeth that tightly gripped his pipe. "Mind telling me?"

"I mean to," Machen declared with a croak of dry mirth—"unless you stop me."

"No fear. I'll never turn a deaf ear to any philanthropist who insists on giving me a good plot free—gratis—for nothing."

THE BEGINNING author snuggled down comfortably to give all his attention; and his host hitched his chair nearer till the eyes in their deep orbits seemed to burn like two points of black fire against whose bore any smoke screen were worthless. And Palmer sat up to look reproachfully at his pipe, which had gone out. Then he rose, went to the cold fireplace to tap out the dottle, and when he came back adopted a new, inelegant slouch, with one leg draped over the arm of his chair and his face partially averted.

"All set," he announced, turning back briefly to give an engaging smile of apology. "But please don't think I'm missing anything if I seem to be dreaming—I'll just be letting the thing soak in."

With this he let a gaze half-veiled by lowered lashes seek the farthest corner of the ceiling.

"The name of the family was Franklin," Machen began with a grimace, which, if Palmer hadn't missed it, might have been read as indicating some annoyance. "You are familiar with it by repute, no doubt."

"Philadelphia people?" Palmer blandly responded without looking around. "Everybody's heard of old Ben, I suppose."

"No"—just a trace [Continued on page 72]

Sail Today with the Pirate Crew!

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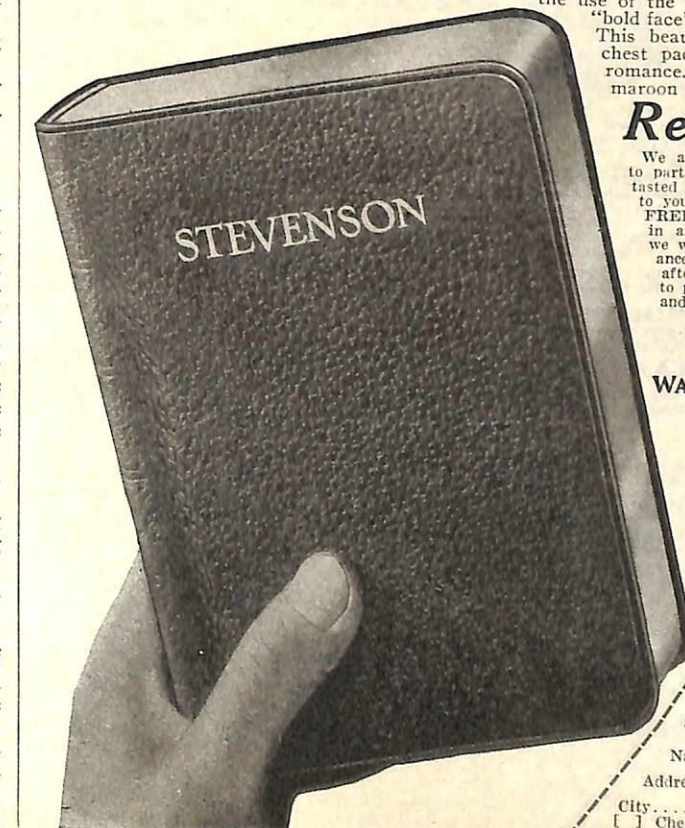
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THE CONVENTION (Continued from page 46)

to get a glimpse of the famous Cramp's shipyards. At eight o'clock that night there will be free vaudeville at Keith's for visiting Nobles and their wives—which will make it up to the ladies for their inability to be present an hour earlier at Lu Lu Mosque, in the Metropolitan Opera House where the Convention Class of 1900 will be initiated by Lu Lu Temple at a ceremonial session—only Shriners, naturally, being admitted. That evening, too, there will be dancing in the principal hotels.

On Tuesday evening, the first official day of the Imperial Council session, the great Shrine Ball and reception to the Imperial Potentate and the Imperial Officers and Representatives, will take place in the huge Sesqui-centennial Auditorium, at League Island Park. For those who do not attend this there will be a vaudeville entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House, which will be repeated, though with a different programme, the next two nights. On Thursday the famous Schuylkill Navy regatta, one of the great annual events of the rowing years, will take place on the Schuylkill River at Fairmount Park, beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon, with another great vaudeville entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening—conflicting with an electrical pageant and fireworks display in the stadium.

The programme of the actual session of the Imperial Council has also been fully worked out. On Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, all the uniformed bodies will assemble at the Fountain, 10th street and Parkway, to escort the Imperial Potentate to the opening of the fifty-second session of the Imperial Council. The parade will be reviewed at the City Hall by James C. Burger, the Imperial Potentate, and Mayor Kendrick. Thence it will move south on Broad street to the Academy of Music, at Broad and Locust streets, and will dismiss at Broad and Pine streets. The welcoming speeches at the opening session will be by Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, and Mayor Kendrick.

The great parade of the session will be on Wednesday evening, forming, at eight o'clock, at Broad and Oregon avenue, and moving south on Broad street, to and around the stadium. This will be the climax of purely Shrine display of the whole session, and should be one of the most brilliant and colorful parades ever seen.

Finally, the session will be officially closed on Friday afternoon. The visiting caravans will begin to head for home and Albert H. Ladner, Jr., will draw a long breath, spend the week-end closing his accounts and then pack his trunk for a well earned vacation.

SHRINE DIRECTORS' ASSOCIATION

The 1927 meeting of the Shrine Directors' Association will be held in Shreveport, La., during the month of February 1927. The days will be announced later.

Representatives from all but eight Temples were present at the Lexington Ky. meeting held February 18-19-20 last, making it the largest ever held in the history of the Association. Between seven hundred and fifty and one thousand Nobles were in attendance. No small part of the success of the meeting was due to the genuine hospitality extended by the Nobility of Aleika Temple, the hosts.

The purpose of this energetic organization is to perfect the work of the Second Section of the Ceremonials, to insure proper dignity and enjoyment. These annual conferences are of the greatest value to the Temples participating, in that they develop new, practicable and economical ideas.

The Association was organized in 1919 with Al Smith, Moslem Temple, as its first president. Other presiding officers have been James E. Forrest, Hella Temple; Frank H. Cromwell, Ararat Temple; Harvey W. Cole, Saladin Temple; W. D. MacGregor, Mocha

Temple; Forrest L. Fischer, Osman Temple and Kenneth H. Gillette, Al Malaikah Temple. Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy, Medinah Temple, is Honorary Past President. The new officers are: Robert A. Sindall, president, Boumi Temple; P. E. Hoak, 1st vice-president, Za-Ga-Zig Temple; Theo. C. Treadway, 2nd vice-president, Al Amin Temple and Louis C. Fischer, secretary-treasurer, Omar Temple.

AL MALAIKAH TEMPLE DEDICATION LOS ANGELES

Al Malaikah Temple in the Oasis of Los Angeles recently dedicated and opened to the public its new \$2,500,000 Civic Auditorium and Ball Room. Imperial Potentate James C. Burger was the guest of honor at the formal ceremonial of dedication.

"The new auditorium and ball room is so beautiful it takes my breath away," the Imperial Potentate told Shrine officials.

In the auditorium Los Angeles now has a meeting place, which in size and facilities ranks with the great auditoriums of the world. It will seat 6442 persons and its stage will accommodate 1,200 more. The proscenium arch of the stage is 100 feet wide and 50 feet high. It is equipped with all the electrical accessories to be found in any theater. Loud speakers have been installed and a huge pipe organ is now being placed.

Under the same roof is the ball room and banquet hall, where on the main and mezzanine floor, 8200 persons may be seated at tables. These floors are adequately equipped with kitchens. In the basement is 40,000 feet of floor space available for exhibits or other similar uses.

The building is of reinforced concrete and is of Moorish architecture with Arabesque detail. All the decorations are in keeping with the lavish scale upon which the structure has been planned.

The size of the building was determined rather by the needs of Los Angeles than by the immediate demands of the Shrine Nobles. It is located at West Jefferson and Royal Streets, on the site of the auditorium which was built in 1906 and destroyed by fire in 1920. Since it was destroyed the city has lacked such an amphitheater.

MEDINAH ATHLETIC CLUB ASSURED

The Medinah, Chicago, Athletic Club is now assured of its success in its plans for building. The cost of the site at Boulevard and Illinois Streets was \$1,000,000 and the 34 story building planned will cost, completed, about \$6,000,000.

The first two floors will be used for commercial purposes. The rest of the building will be devoted to club features with 600 rooms for residents and guests. Membership is by invitation card only.

Officers of the club are Thomas J. Houston, president; Paul C. Loeb, vice president; Edward H. Taylor, vice president; Henry R. Kent, treasurer and Thomas E. Kennedy, secretary. Potentate Arthur H. Vincent of Medinah holds card No. 1.

RICHMOND'S NEW TEMPLE

Ground was broken on the afternoon of January 27th, for the new Temple to be erected by Acca of Richmond. The first potentate of the Temple, Emeritus Member Preston Belvin, had charge of the shovel. He was assisted by Harriet Maclin Williams, daughter of the potentate, Recorder J. H. Price and many nobles of the Temple.

The cornerstone will be laid early in June, when the Imperial Potentate and the Grand Master of the State will officiate. The new building will have an auditorium seating

(Continued on page 86)



Drawing by Edward A. Wilson

FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

In order to make investments, it is first necessary to make money. With commerce and industry on a sound footing, prospective investors have money. Consequently the first premise of an active investment market is now established.

Reports for the last year, released in recent weeks, give ample evidence that investors, concerns in which they have invested and employees of those concerns have profited. In many ways 1925 was the most prosperous period ever experienced in the United States.

The basic industries of the country, with few exceptions, have bettered their conditions. Buying power has been unchecked, employment at high wages has been almost universal, wages have shown no appreciable decline, and, best of all, there has been no wild spurge of profligate spending and no inflation to discount continued prosperity.

Trend Toward Mergers

The second premise of the investment proposition is that security buyers shall make money through their purchases. In that connection, the present trend toward mergers, amalgamations and consolidations is especially significant. These mergers have not been effected primarily to establish monopolies which would allow the advance of prices. Despite the distrust which the very word "consolidation" arouses in some quarters, the real motive has been to cut costs and to do so without cutting profits.

The avowed intention of the new consolidations, railroad as well as industrial, is to hold prices as low as is consistent with profits, thereby encouraging buying, to cut costs to the bone by means of quantity production, economic distribution and efficient methods, and to counterbalance narrow margins of profit by sales volume. A large amount of new financing will be necessary to accomplish these ends and it is to the investors of the country, particularly the small investors, that they will turn for the necessary funds.

Utilities Are Raising Money

The public utility field will be as prolific as any. The utility companies of the country will spend approximately \$1,260,000,000 in the next year in expansions, improvements and betterments. They prefer to raise this money from their own customers and employees, who are conversant with the situation in each locality and its difficulties and advantages. This policy has gone far toward establishing a better understanding between companies and customers and has opened the road to wider exploitation.

The use of electric current and gas has increased so rapidly in the last year that additions and betterments are imperative, while the demand for lower rates is equally pressing. The necessity for understanding and for

efficiency is obvious. The 1926 financing of electric current and gas producers will involve approximately a billion dollars. It is expected that electric current requirements will exceed 70,000,000,000 kilowatt hours, while gas consumption probably will total 450,000,000,000 cubic feet.

Six Billions for Buildings

Another \$6,000,000,000 building year is forecast by the Architects' Forum and other authorities. A large part of this huge program will be made possible by the purchase of building bonds by American investors. Many of these securities will be of the smaller denomination. The utmost care is being taken by legitimate investment houses to insure the safety of building bond investors. Housing needs in various communities are being carefully gauged but there are still building shortages in many sections.

This is especially true of the suburban sections which have been built up by the aid of bus services and improved methods of commuter transportation. Financing of industrial and commercial structures has also been put on a more stable basis.

State, county and municipal obligations will attract thousands of investors and the volume of these securities placed on the market shows no sign of diminution. Road-building and paving will absorb the proceeds of hundreds of bond issues. Good roads have proved that they are profitable and new highways to accommodate the number of automobiles, which will be made in 1926, will require hundreds of millions of dollars.

Investors Safeguarded

The United States Treasury Department is keeping a watchful eye on all prospective loans which hold possibilities of reacting to the detriment of this country, its industries or its investors.

Additional safeguards, in fact, have been thrown around all investment securities in the last year. The various industries have purged their ranks of impostors so far as possible. The Post-Office Department has cut the amount lost through fraudulent schemes by hundreds of millions of dollars.

The element of chance necessarily must exist but financiers are a unit in declaring that the best way to obviate it is to select a reputable investment banker and allow him to point out the differences between investment and speculation.

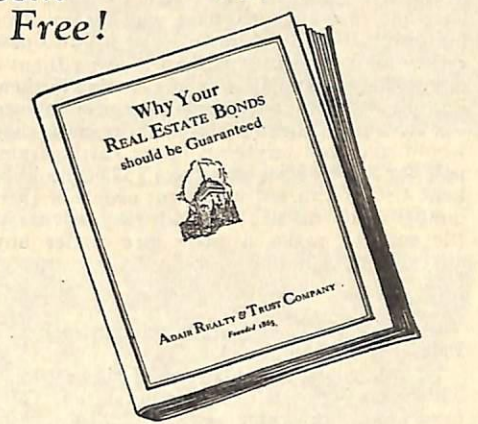
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QUEER STREET (Continued from page 69)

of testiness stressed the negative—"I believe this was another line of Franklins entirely; numbered among the first families of New York since its earliest days. I knew them well, the father, mother and son, by reputation and by sight, too; though our social circles didn't exactly intersect. I was at that time a man of considerable means; which I soon ran through, all but enough to leave me this bare living; and had rooms in a bachelor apartment house over on the corner of Fifth Avenue—I don't like to think how long ago that went to make way for an office building. The Franklin turn-out used to pass right under my windows, half a dozen times a day. The automobile was just coming in then, if you remember; but people of position looked on it as a plaything and were not dreaming they would ever use anything but a carriage and pair for their social occasions. The Franklins kept two, if I'm not mistaken; people of their quality did, as a rule, and they were not the sort to make a poor face under any circumstances."

"MEANING they hadn't much money?" Palmer idly put in.

"That, young man, is part of the mystery. They were supposed to have quite a lot. The family had been rated in the millionaire class in the days when millionaires weren't as plentiful as they are now; but they had lost heavily in the crash of the old Pacific and Oriental Bank—which was before your time, sir—and nobody knows how much they had left. The only difference it seemed to make in their mode of living was the way the head of the family sobered down, so to speak, after that, and stopped throwing his money to the winds. I don't mean to suggest that he had been dissipated; at least, not conspicuously so—no more than the run of young bloods of his class. But up to that time he hadn't ever had to think of money as anything but counters, so to speak; and going on the tales they told about him, always refused to use chips when he dropped into Canfield's or Honest John Kelly's for a little whirl at the wheel. Then, they say, he used to make all his wagers in gold coin and insist on being paid in kind when he won. That's how he got his nickname: Double Eagle Eddie they used to call him. But that, as I say, was before the Pacific and Oriental failure. Following that he took in a reef or two and steadied down into as conservative a citizen as you would care to see, a model husband and father."

"That is to say, I suppose, he went to work?" "Indeed, no." The quiet scorn which rejected this suggestion would have come more becomingly from one whose interest in the Franklins had been personal. "The Franklins had never been workers, but capitalists; they let their money work for them while they went on having a good time. All I mean is, Double Eagle Eddie stayed away from the gambling houses and stopped spending his money like a drunken sailor. His family never wanted for anything and he and his wife had as much fun as anybody; they went everywhere, you couldn't read the social columns without running across their names a dozen times a day. That's what made it all seem so sad when the end came. One winter morning, in the height of the Season, they found Double Eagle Eddie dead on the floor of the library, this very room."

IN A dramatic pause, the narrator signed with a dramatic hand to the floor at his feet; but saw his effect fail, his audience unappreciative. Palmer paid no more heed than if he hadn't heard; was so unresponsive, in fact, that Machen with some excuse may have suspected his gossip had fallen on unhearing ears.

He couldn't know, of course, that his guest wasn't there, that what he took to be Mr. John

Palmer was merely a husk from which the spirit temporarily had departed, a shell of breathing flesh posed there in the chair but for the time being no more a conscious entity than the chair itself.

The real John Palmer of that moment was a child of ten, a schoolboy with a bright morning face and lips still warm with his mother's kiss, rattling down the stairway in the hall of twenty years ago with no care on his mind more urgent than the thought that, if he didn't hurry, he might be late for his classes. There was, however, little real need to fear that; for he knew the carriage was waiting to speed him uptown at the best pace of a spanking pair, and the ride to Fifth Street wasn't a long one.

He had arrived at the foot of the stairs before that happened which darkened his mood with premonition like a chilly shadow. It was then that he noticed the drawing room doors, which were closed, contrary to custom—otherwise he wouldn't have noticed them—and, pausing to wonder what it meant, saw the knob of one slowly turning, as if the hand that moved it from the other side were frightened or infirm. As slowly the door opened far enough to let a man roll out into the hall, at once the familiar figure of the butler Wedge and an altogether unfamiliar Wedge—Wedge wearing a face all drawn and bleached by horror, Wedge in a panic that made him give a violent start and shudder at sight of the schoolboy.

"Wedge! what on earth's the matter?"

A GESTURE like a sign of exorcism was all his answer; with that the butler plunged madly past him and up the stairs. And the boy felt himself drawn by a dreadful and irresistible fascination toward that door which the butler had left ajar. From its threshold he peered through a darkened drawing room to the library, and saw there, in the pool of light shed by a student lamp, the figure of his father, positively identified by the figured dressing-gown he wore, lying at length and prone by the desk, and quite still, too still. The child heard a cry tear itself from his heart then, a mad cry like a scream of pain, and knew nothing more that had any true coherence before his mother's arms took him from the body of his dead . . .

"Right here, between our two chairs," the cracked old voice was insisting with ghoully relish—"right here at our very feet!" And John Palmer was his grown self again, a sensitive dreamer breaking from the bondage of his dream, but even then, while its anguish and its terror were still a cloud upon his wits, with his first conscious thought reminding himself that what he knew and felt were after all his own affair, he must not by any slip of self-control betray the relation in which he the man stood to that broken-hearted boy of so long ago.

HIS teeth tightened till he heard the vulcanite mouthpiece crack; and thankful to find that his tobacco was still burning—so brief the interlude which that tragic dream had ruled!—he obliged himself to turn an unconcerned countenance round for inspection.

"Dead, you say? Poor fellow." A corresponding tone of sympathy shaded the fugitive glance that recognized the space of worn brown carpet to which Machen was still pointing. "How did it happen?"

"Suicide, of course." The old man paused almost imperceptibly to lick his lips. "They found the pistol within a few inches of his right hand, just as it had dropped. Franklin had evidently been so worried about his circumstances that he had been unable to sleep, and had got up after going to bed to come down to this room and, presumably, consult some papers. And then, realizing he was hopelessly bankrupt, he had taken the one way out."

"Then he hadn't saved a great deal from that bank failure, after all?"

"Seemingly not. When the estate was pro-

bated, it was found that he had only a few hundred dollars left to his credit on his checking account—no other money on deposit anywhere. He had left a mountain of debts, bills everywhere; and inasmuch as his widow insisted on paying them all out of his insurance money, she had nothing left but this house—no means to keep it up with. So it had to be sold, furnished, as it stood, at auction."

"And what became of Mrs. Franklin and the boy, do you happen to know?"

"They went to live in England with a widowed sister of Mrs. Franklin's, who had married an Englishman—a person of no particular fortune, as memory serves."

"And they never came back?"

"So far as I know . . ."

"Well!" Palmer reasonably expostulated—"I must say I don't just see where your mystery comes in. A poor devil gets into tight papers, loses heart, and kills himself; that sort of thing is all the time happening, all the world over. How do you make a mystery out of such commonplace materials?"

"The mystery," Machen slowly replied, as though surrendering the information with reluctance—"is the missing answer to the question: Where did the money come from that the Franklins had been living on so long? It came out that he had never kept a bank balance of more than a thousand or so after the Pacific and Oriental wreck, but had replenished his account from time to time, when he sent out cheques to meet current bills, by making heavy deposit in specie—just enough to cover his drafts. He was Double Eagle Eddie to the last, you see. He would seem to have had access for some ten years or so to a supply of currency which he considered inexhaustible; for up to the day of his death he spent as freely as any man of his standing in Town. What was the source of that wealth? And why did it so suddenly dry up? Who was the friend who had furnished him with means to live like a prince for so many years? and why did he turn against Franklin all at once? Oh, I think you will have to admit, Mr. Palmer, there was mystery behind his despair and suicide."

"Yes," Palmer thoughtfully agreed, his eyes again studying that far corner of the ceiling; but after a moment qualified the concession with two words: "If any."

"If any!" Machen echoed in a startled cackle. "If any what, sir?"

"If any suicide."

THE YOUNG man continued to drag at his pipe for a while during which its gutturals found a rival in the quickened, harsh breathing of his host. Then he deliberately unslung his leg from the arm of the chair and swung round as if purposing to expound his mind, but abandoned that presumable design when he saw the other slumped back in his chair with a hand pressed to his left breast and a face more than ever ghastly.

"Why, my dear sir!" Palmer began in alarm, jumping up—"what—"

Machen's unemployed hand made a reassuring sign. "It is nothing," a dry rattle from his throat insisted—"my heart—it will pass." And pass the seizure did, directly. A stronger and steadier voice prompted. "You were saying, Mr. Palmer?—challenging the theory of suicide, I believe—"

"Not exactly," Palmer replied; "merely suggesting it might have been, what it must be for my purposes, murder; that's if I'm to use to any purpose this material which you are kind enough to offer me, sir. Suicide is something that belongs to the realists, you know; and realism's not my shop. I'm a romantic; and a good, rousing, red-blooded murder is the making of many a romantic novel. So that's the slant I'll have to take toward this interesting story, if I should ever decide to do anything at all with it."

"You—you haven't decided, then?"

"Can't say I have." Palmer consciously laughed. "I'm too green at this game to be sure what I can do with any given material. I'll have to think it over a while and try to make myself believe I can get away with the job. If I can . . . Well: I'd like too, it would be damn' interesting."

"You will let me know," the man in the chair stipulated—but it was more as though he begged—"if you decide to attempt it—won't you, Mr. Palmer?"

"Of course I will. Chances are I'll make a perfect nuisance of myself, pestering you for details, atmosphere of the period, that sort of thing. But I can see now you'll be glad to be rid of me; I've tired you out."

Machen took but feeble exception to this and seemed grateful when Palmer, promising to call in again before long, declined to be escorted to the drawing room door. "No, please don't disturb yourself, sir. You just rest there till you feel all right again; and I hope that will be soon. Good night, Mr. Machen."

But in the hallway, which he found deserted, the young man put another face on his reaction to the business as a whole, a puzzled face, mistrustful. With a hand on the newelpost he delayed to bend a dark look back at the doors which he had just quitted. "Now what the devil!" he reflected, half aloud. "Why do you suppose that old goblin dragged me in to tell me that? Oh! I suppose it was mere coincidence, all right; all the same . . . it's rum, uncommon rum!"

The street was resting in one of its quietest hours, the old house in the hold of a strange hush, as still as death. As Palmer went slowly up the stairs, their treads answered the pressure of his feet with anxious voices, as though they had something to tell him, if only he had ears to hear . . .

NEXT MONTH The Stair Treads SQUEAK A MESSAGE OF WARNING

HOSPITAL NEWS

(Continued from page 48)

The St. Louis unit discharged 36 children in January, making a record for that hospital. Ismailia, Buffalo, received gifts of \$2355 for the Hospital fund upon the announcement that the Temple would put on a show to raise money.

A fountain, surrounded by a pool of water stocked with gold fish, was given to the Portland unit by Noble J. R. Bowles of Al Kader, Portland. The gold fish are a never-failing source of delight to the children, who wheel their chairs close to watch them.

In connection with the Twin Cities unit, a Convalescent Home Corporation has been formed. Past Potentate George K. Belden, Zuhrah, Minneapolis is president; Mrs. W. F. Aull, secretary and Mrs. C. A. Ross, treasurer. The fund is started now with about \$22,000 on hand or reported. All members of the Twin Cities Board of Governors are directors of the Convalescent Home Corporation. Other directors are: Mrs. Hugh Harter of Des Moines, Mrs. George Curtiss of Minneapolis, Mrs. George Sherwood of Duluth, Mrs. Fred Dörner of Milwaukee and Mrs. C. N. Harris of Aberdeen.

Mrs. James S. Blake of Boston sent 175 candy toys, made of barley sugar, to Twin Cities.

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EVERY MOTHER'S SON

[Continued from page 34]

of a train whistling in the distance caused her heart to positively ache with longing. And yet these children made her feel that women of thirty-four are not entitled to emotions and longings. Oliver, she knew, wanted her to feel so, even though he loved her.

At recess, she went toward him. She had prepared a lunch-box for them both: sandwiches wrapped in oiled paper, fruit and sliced chicken. He was standing by the archway, whistling, and he went right on whistling as she approached.

"I've got our lunch, Ollie," she said.

"That's awfully good of you, mother, but I'm having mine at the 'Caf' with Ailene."

The "Caf" was a lunch-counter across the road, a place patronized by high school students.

"Ailene?" Helen asked.

"Oh, a new girl," Oliver explained lightly, "from out Stanton way. She's awfully pretty. I don't want her to think I'm a baby. She wouldn't understand, that's all."

Helen had the sandwiches to herself. She found a sheltered place and ate alone, in a silence that was clamorous with young, excited voices. No one thought to smile at her, although she kept that fixed brightness and eagerness unchanged. They were all too busy to give a thought to her. They were like swallows, skimming and darting.

Oliver came back from the cafeteria, walking slowly with a young girl in a crimson jumper. He was laughing as he no longer laughed with her, his mother. The girl was dark, and her hair was cut short, brushed away from her ears. She was as slim and as flexible as a willow branch. Her beautifully shaped legs were made still more slender by transparent silk stockings, and she wore high-heeled slippers with cut-steel buckles that flashed in the sun.

Helen Burrill watched her, wishing that she could love her as she loved Oliver. If only she could, all the old bliss and security would come back again, and she would be happy without having to question anything. But to save herself, she couldn't help feeling a little shiver of dislike and fear, as if a cold wind of presentiment had blown right across her heart.

AILENE became Oliver's reason for never being at home. He was Captain of the Team, now, and a hero. Helen found that she moved in reflected glory, the mother of the prodigy, she who had suckled the conqueror. He had grown suddenly very tall and broad. He was "in training," might not eat this or that; might not smoke or sit up late. And Ailene, Ailene the dark, the flashing, was his "girl."

"Well," Helen thought, "I'll have to catch up with him. I'll have to run at his side, all the way." She did not know what she meant, exactly. She only wanted Oliver to be himself again, and to be hers.

She went blindly on. Her mind, so quick in its imaginative flights, so eager after beauty, was a laggard when it came to facts. She rose at dawn and cleaned the house, cooked breakfast, dressed, stacked the dishes hurriedly and was ready to leave with Oliver. Out into the unfamiliar early morning, beneath gray skies that thickened as winter drew over the land. Oliver carried her books for her, but at the high school door he left her.

In the afternoon, he went to the athletic field, while Helen studied. But not until the flowers on the screened porch had had a drink, and the cat had had fish and the dog boiled meat and potatoes. The two animals could not understand why she had deserted them. They ate resentfully and then scratched on the door for liberty. While they sniffed and pounced and prowled in the yard, Helen struggled with history, botany, mathematics, Greek, figures, words, letters, with here and there a flash of something she cared about and could understand, as if the heavy door

of knowledge had opened an inch or two upon a gleaming vision. Then, supper. Running from the stove to the ice-box and from the table to the cupboard.

One night he came in supported by two boys, his face oddly white beneath the dirt, his left leg dangling limply in the heavy shoe.

"I've been hurt, Mother. Nothing serious. Get a chair, will you?"

The boys lowered him carefully, but in spite of them he let out a funny sort of grunt and beads of sweat sprang around his lips. Helen went down on her knees and unlaced the shoe.

"What happened?"

"Oh, a mix-up. Fellow crashed into me."

They carried him up to his room, and the doctor came. Helen stood by, dry-eyed, quivering, while the leg was set and put in a cast. It was part of Oliver's new code not to whimper under the lash of pain. He smiled at her and taking her hand in his big clasp, squeezed it until her nails bit into the flesh of her palm. Afterwards, alone with him, she dared to touch his hair, to smooth it back from his hot forehead, to feel again the rough, vibrant texture of that shining mop. He leaned his head against her, turned his face into her breast.

"I'm glad," she thought, "glad to have him for a minute." She knew, then, how lonely she had been.

"This puts me off the team," he said.

"I'm sorry, Ollie."

"I don't care so much for myself, but Ailene's going to think I bungled. I didn't, but she won't believe that. She'll think Roth's the better man."

"I'll talk to her myself," Helen whispered, secure in her possession.

"I'd never forgive you," he cried, jerking his head away, "if you did that!"

"Ollie," Helen asked, "are you in love with Ailene?"

"I guess I am. She's awfully pretty."

"But is she worth loving? Is she kind, and generous, and brave?"

"I don't know. I guess so. All the fellows are crazy about her."

"Are you crazy about her just because she's pretty?"

"I guess I am."

Helen supposed that she had loved Oliver's father just because he was tall and handsome and because he had a way of picking her up and laughing at her as he held her high off the ground. People love for silly reasons, or for no reason at all. She wanted to save Oliver from doing what everyone else does.

"It hurts," he said suddenly.

"I know. Oh, my dear, my darling. I'll get supper for you, and then you try to sleep."

She sat all night by the bed. The light was covered by a piece of newspaper. The room was quiet and orderly. Outside, in the deserted street, rain fell, cold and sharp, like needles. It struck against the windows with a little stinging sound. The dog lay under the bed. The cat dozed on the table, watchful, only half asleep. But Oliver slept heavily, like one dead. The injured leg was propped up on the folded afghan. His head seemed to be deep, deep in the pillows. Helen stayed awake, trying to hold the hours close. She knew that she might never again have him for herself. And she smiled at the little marks in the palms of her hands, where her nails had bitten in.

THE NEXT day she sent for Ailene.

The pretty girl came at once, wearing a short, rough coat with a fur collar and carrying a box of candy.

"These are for Oliver," she said at the door. Her look was direct and clear and she smiled at Helen.

"Come upstairs," Helen said. "Oliver will be glad to see you."

She was cowardly about that meeting; she told herself that it had come too soon; Oliver

was not old enough to take girls seriously.

Ailene went to Oliver's side and clasped his hand with the free, frank gesture of a comrade. Her eyes were bright but there was a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"I'm sorry," she said, "and I don't suppose there's a darn thing I can do."

Helen turned away. She went downstairs again and sat in the kitchen, away from the sound of those young, eager voices. She was ashamed of what was in her heart.

"I put all my eggs in one basket. Broken. Broken! But is it too late? Isn't there something for me?"

She heard Oliver calling. She went upstairs, slowly, trying to force herself to smile. She found Ailene kneeling by the bed, holding Oliver's hand.

"Mother, Ailene loves me. She's going to wait for me. We're going to the university together, and when we graduate, we're going to get married. I thought you ought to know."

"But you're so young, both of you!"

"We're eighteen," Ailene said. "And anyway, I love Oliver, Mrs. Burrill."

With a curious little twist of her pale lips Helen answered: "I know you do. So do I. Only I've loved him for eighteen years, and I think I know what is best for him."

"You can't keep us from loving each other," the girl cried. "You're only his mother, but I'm going to be his wife."

Oliver interrupted.

"I want you to be friends. Won't you tell Ailene you're glad, Mother?"

"Of course."

Helen closed her eyes. She bent and kissed the suddenly upturned face, so smooth, so warm, so young. She felt Oliver's fingers groping for her hand. But she drew away with a little gasp of defiance.

"I'm going to college, too," she said.

"I know. It's wonderful. Oliver must be awfully proud of you."

"Are you, Ollie?"

Oliver grinned. "You bet I am, Mother."

"You never said so before."

"Well, Ailene makes me understand things. I guess that's why I love her. She's so level-headed. And pretty! Isn't she pretty, Mother?" Helen nodded.

When Ailene had gone, Oliver's mother did not go back to his room. She went to her own, and, for the first time in many years, looked at herself. She had never been aware of her reflection, she had learned to look without seeing. Now, driven by some obscure and thwarted instinct, she regarded herself earnestly, passionately. She touched her cheeks lightly with the tips of fingers. She took down her hair, spreading it over her shoulders, fluffing and shaking the thick, brown strands. She turned back the collar of her dress to expose the warm, white skin of her throat, and she was shaken both by fear and ecstasy because she found that she, too, was pretty.

She took the scissors and began to cut off her hair. Snip, snip! The heavy, bright masses fell on the bureau, on the floor. Like petals, little bits lay on her shoulders. She cut and cut and cut. And her round, boyish head emerged, brave, charming. Her eyes looked frightened. This couldn't be herself. She could not go on being herself with hair like this!

"Mother! Oh, Mother!"

Laughing, crying, she ran in to him. "What do you think of me? Oh, Ollie, look what I've done!"

Oliver propped himself up on his elbows and stared at her. She saw that she had startled him, but she had not expected him to be angry. His anger, like her need to find herself, was primitive, it came from behind him, from obscure and unreasoning sources. Before he had said a word, Helen turned and ran. She ran out of the house to the old maple tree in the yard. She leaned against the hard old trunk. She wanted to cry, to swear, to scream.

"You understand," she said to the tree. "I must have something of my own. Oliver is leaving me."

The tree murmured high up in its leafless, black branches. But she could not tell whether it heard or understood: like everything in nature, it withheld its secret, its knowledge, its mysterious reason, its approval, even its love.

OLIVER stayed at home most of the winter. He limped and was fretful and impatient. Helen went to school, as she expressed it, for both of them. Together, studying side by side at the kitchen table, they passed the mid-year examinations.

And then, suddenly, it was spring. The old maple tree putting out bright, polished leaves. The cat nibbling at new grass. Little gusts of rain, and puddles blown the wrong way by warm, sweet winds. People whistling. Straw hats. Patches of blue sky, washed clean, and something promising, elusive, personal in the air, as if whatever it was was going to happen at any minute. Wonderful!

Oliver went back to school, still limping, but on the mend. As the term drew near its close the class-rooms seemed to be charged with electricity. The teachers spoke in different, concise, almost warning voices. Everyone studied very hard. All the bright young heads leaned down over the desks or lifted suddenly to listen. There was a certain hurry and stress; an exchange of plans and ambitions; here and there, discouragement or fear. Young life on tiptoe, and the door of the future opening.

Helen knew that she was going to fail. She sat, dull, uncomprehending, over her books. The examinations loomed straight ahead and she was not prepared. There were empty places in her mind where there should have been clear pictures and neat patterns. She tried, she was afraid, and she failed. Her papers came back, marked irrevocably in red ink. The teachers had been charitable, but they had had to tell her the truth: she had failed.

Oliver read the answer in her face. He put his arm awkwardly across her shoulders and held her close.

"I'm sorry, Mother. It's a darn shame. I know you wanted to go to the university. You've been mighty brave. But honestly, you're better off here. You'll be happier."

"Oh, no, no," she said. "Not happier! I'll be all alone."

He patted her back.

"Why don't you make some friends around here? Ailene's mother or the French prof's wife? You'd like them and they'd like you."

She shook her head, fighting back the hot tears of humiliation.

"I guess I'm different, Oliver."

Stooping quickly, he kissed her.

"When Ailene marries me, you'll come and live with us."

She shook her head again, smiling at him.

OLIVER graduated, one bright day in June. A double file of young men and women mounted the auditorium stage, crossed from left to right and received from the principal a roll of parchment tied with purple ribbon and fastened with gold seals. Helen sat in the audience, among the mothers and fathers. Her cropped hair was concealed by a black hat. She felt that people were staring at her, whispering about her. She was the mother who had tried and had failed. You can't teach an old dog new tricks! Well, here she was, down where she belonged!

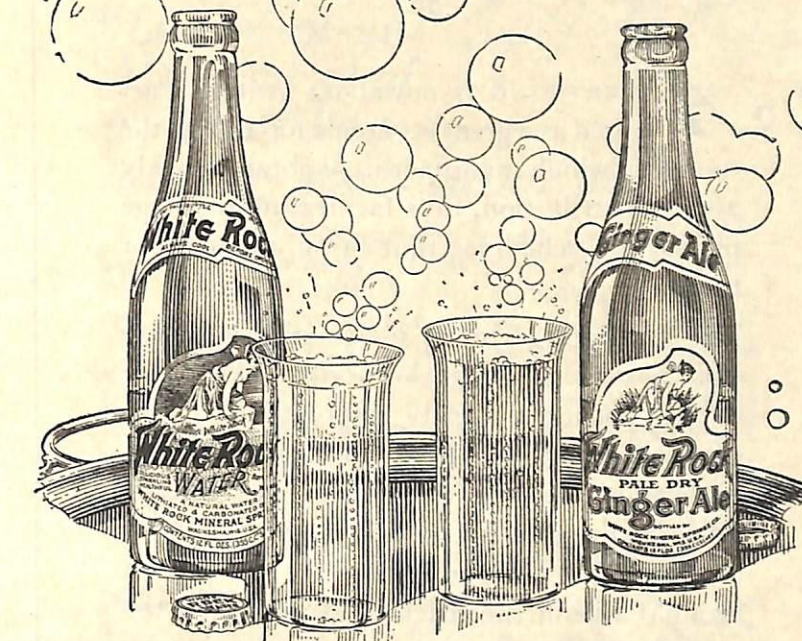
Oliver delivered the valedictory. His brave young voice without faltering thundered out a challenge to life. Behind him, the students looked like an army with drawn swords, an army with banners. In her heart, Helen waved to them. But as far as anyone could see, she was just a proud mother, smiling.

A month later, she sold the house.

"I can't stand to be alone, Ollie. I'm going to farm."

[Continued on page 76]

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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE*

EVERY MOTHER'S SON

(Continued from page 75)

She heard of a farm that had been offered in exchange for a town house and property. The farm belonged to a man whose wife had died. He was lonely and dispirited and had allowed the farm to go to pieces.

The place was in Brown's Valley, twenty miles away. Helen drove out there with Oliver in a car borrowed from Ailene's father.

"I think you're crazy, Mother," Oliver said. "A woman can't farm, alone."

"I want to do something hard," Helen explained. "I'm not a bit afraid. I was born on a farm. I like it."

"We haven't got much money, as it is," he complained. "You ought to think of your future."

"I'm thinking of yours," Helen said.

"I've brought you up. You're a man, now. You don't want to have an old mother on your hands. I'd go crazy, back there, alone."

"But why, why?"

He couldn't understand why a house in town was any lonelier than a broken-down farm twenty miles from anywhere.

"I might make a success of it, you know," she said brightly.

He shrugged his shoulders. He was really worried and unhappy.

"Oliver," Helen asked suddenly, "do you know how old I am?"

"No," he said.

"I'm thirty-five. That's not old. Haven't I a right to myself? You're going to college. Afterwards, you are going to marry Ailene, and earn your living, and travel, and see things. You are going to do what you want to do from now on. You hope that I will be safe and comfortable, but do you ever think how much I'll miss you?"

"I'm not a kid any more, Mother," Oliver said uncomfortably. "You can't expect things to last forever."

"That's why I want to farm. I'm going to close the door of the past. I hope I'll never have to see our house again."

"You're wrong!" he cried bitterly.

They had come to the farm. A little dirt road jogged aside from the main highway and climbed a steep hill between fields where very old apple trees stood knee-deep in grass. The little road had been planned for horses, it spread out, every now and then, into comfortable thank-you-m'arms. At the top of the hill, there was a gate. Oliver jumped down to open it, and then jumped back in again.

"I'll have to learn to drive a car," Helen said.

"YOU!" Oliver cried, as if this were the crowning audacity.

The farm buildings were way at the top of the hill, and another wooded hill rose behind them, as a shelter, a protecting wall. There was a big, gray barn with a cupola, a house, two or three lean-to sheds and a blacksmith shop. Everything was unpainted, in disrepair. A shaggy dog with burrs in his fur started up from the yard and began to bark.

"Let's drive back, Mother," Oliver said.

"No. I like it. I was born in a place like this. Wait."

A man came out of the barn and approached them slowly. He was tall and thin and stooped. Even at a distance you were conscious of his eyes, how blue they were and how kind. He had red-brown skin and a blond mustache.

"Morning," he said.

"I'm Mrs. Burrill. I saw your advertisement. I'm willing to take this farm in exchange for my house."

The big man came all the way to the fence, the dog stalking at his heels. Oliver left the car and joined his mother.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he said furiously. "The place is all run down, Mother. Our house is worth ten times what you could get for this farm."

"It's my house, Ollie," she interrupted.

The big man touched the brim of his hat. "I'd be glad to show you around," he said. "It ain't in bad condition the other side of the hill. This side's old, and gone to seed." He added, with a note of apology: "I live here alone, now."

He led them through the yard into the orchard, and then down to the pasturage where four or five cows were grazing. A brook, having its source in the hill, dropped from level to level through the fields, flowing clear and swift across flat, gray stones. There were young elders along the banks, berry bushes, ferns and tall stalks of Queen Anne's lace, just coming into blossom. The silence was everywhere, intense, wide, pervading, wonderful. "I should think you'd want to stay here," Helen said.

"I'm lonely. My wife died two years ago, and somehow I lost interest." He pointed to a grove of oaks on the higher slopes. "She's buried up there."

"Other people, too," Helen thought. She had actually come to believe that she was the only unhappy person in the world. But here was a man breaking his heart over a grave on the side of a hill.

"If you'll come to see my house," she said cheerfully, "perhaps we can arrange about the transfer."

Oliver scolded all the way home, but Helen had looked at the inside of the farm-house and had decided that she could live in it. She would not listen to Oliver's objections.

"I believe you're jealous," she laughed. "You want to come, too, and you have to go to the university and study all winter."

Oliver said nothing and frowned horribly.

WHEN the farmer came, the next day, Helen agreed to give her property, her furniture, everything except her dishes and her linen, in exchange for a farm that had produced nothing for fifty years. The farmer, whose name was Blaisdell, liked the house. He moved about it awkwardly, trying to walk lightly in his heavy shoes. He smelled of the barn, even though he was clean and carefully brushed. Helen felt that he would be kind to everything; he would wind the clocks and water the plants.

"Guess I can manage," he said. "I'll take a job clerking." The city bothered him, he said, but a small town like this was companionable. He had never lived among people in all of his forty years but he guessed it wasn't too late to try.

"You and your son mebbe can make something of the old place. There's a chance for anyone as understands chickens. I don't. Never did."

"But my son won't be with me," Helen answered. "I'll be alone."

He was honest enough to say that she might repent of her bargain.

"You'll need a helper."

"If I do, I'll get one," she said.

A week later, she moved. Her trunks, a few barrels and boxes, the dog and cat. It was warm in the valley. The trees seemed to be wilted. The brook ran sleepily between the elders, brushing over the smooth stones. Cattle stood in the shade, flicking their tails, ruminating.

"Oh, I'm glad! I'm glad!" Helen Burrill thought. "This is mine."

She let the cat and dog out first. They shook themselves after the long journey and sat down to scratch, then jumped up and went exploring, timidly and with frightened, curious eyes.

Blaisdell was not there.

"I'll tumble your things out," Oliver said, "and drive back for another load."

Oliver hated the place. He was angry for his mother's sake. She had a very small income, and now, with this mad bargain, she had cooked her goose. He supposed that he would have to take care of her and give Ailene up. Years and years stretched ahead! He threw the boxes down by the gate and drove the car like mad down [Continued on page 78]

Even the Kiddies Say—



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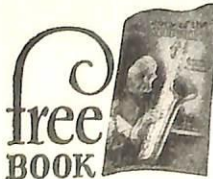
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EVERY MOTHER'S SON [Continued from page 77]

the hill again, startling the drowsy cattle and stirring up some bluejays.

Helen was left alone. The silence flowed over her. The hills seemed to tower, to lean down, to shut out the sky. She could see the trees, silent, breathless, where that grave was.

She went everywhere, looked into all the sheds, explored the barn, walked through the dusty, empty house. There was so much to do that she was beside herself with happiness. She could picture the house painted white with green blinds. The fences repaired. The barn shingled and the cupola windows bright again. She stood in the dingy, grease-stained kitchen dreaming of the day when it would be her kind of a kitchen, with jelly glasses in the cupboards, a black, black stove, pans shining, plants on the window-sill. She climbed the narrow stairs to the bedrooms. This one must have been hers—Blaisdell's wife. How odd. He had loved her, and she had gone.

Love. Suddenly Helen sat down on the bed and covered her face with her hands. What was love, that you could not have it until you let it go? While she had looked to Oliver to fill her heart he had pulled away from her, but now that she was almost ready to give him up, he did not want to go. She could only keep him by seeming not to want to! She wondered whether Blaisdell had loved his wife when he had her, or whether, daring death, she had won him at last.

She heard steps on the stairs and Blaisdell came up, slowly. He paused in the doorway, abashed by her tears.

"You ain't sorry, ma'am?"

She shook her head.

"No."

"It's strange like. I came in to see if I could help. I ain't moving to town for a few days. Seems I've got to make the break easy. The place has rooted me. I'm staying down the road with the Dyers, neighbors."

Helen looked up at him.

"I'm glad," she said.

"First off, ma'am, we'd better be getting in the cows. It's five o'clock." He went down again, slowly, and Helen followed him.

SHE FOLLOWED him to the pasture, and stood close to him while he called the cows. He had a curious, gentle way of saying: "Sho', boss," almost under his breath, and yet the cows heard. They came single-file through the deep grass, their heads nodding, their tails switching.

Blaisdell opened the gate and led them up to the barn. He showed Helen the stalls, the pails, the three-legged stools.

"I'll milk," she said.

She had not milked a cow for twenty years, but she had never forgotten how. It seemed to her, as she sat there with the warm dugs between her fingers, that those twenty years had been wasted. Blaisdell carried the milk up to the house.

"I sell some of it," he said, "down the valley. The rest goes to the pigs."

He did things slowly, with the measured, accurate grace of a man accustomed to working with his hands. Helen felt the urgent need to confide in him:

"Do you know," she said hurriedly, "I could make my son stay here with me? I only have to seem to want him to go away, and he'll stay."

Blaisdell lifted one of the pails and began to pour the milk out into great, flat tin pans. His hands were perfectly steady. The milk poured out with a rush, and stopped just at the rim of the pan.

"I wouldn't, if I was you," Blaisdell said. "I'd let him go."

"You understand, don't you? I want him! He's all I've got."

"Sooner or later—"

Helen covered her ears. "I know what

you're going to say! You're like everyone else."

She jumped up, and tossed her hat across the room. "You're right! I'm a terrible fool. I'll clean the kitchen. Haven't you got any old rags? Or any soap?"

Blaisdell thought not. He went right on pouring the milk into the flat pans, but now and then he glanced at Helen as if something about her puzzled and delighted him. He watched her open her suitcase and, taking out an apron, tie it firmly and quickly around her waist.

"You've got short hair," he said.

Helen put up her hands.

"I like it. It looks nice."

"You see," Helen thought, "someone likes my hair!" And she smiled to think that this slow, gentle farmer had paid her a compliment.

"I'll need a shelf here, Mr. Blaisdell."

"Guess I can fix you up one."

He went out and returned carrying a piece of wood and some tools. In less than a minute the shelf was in place.

"It's right handy, there," he said. "Funny. I never thought of it before. Never noticed much of anything about this place, I guess. I was born here."

"Didn't you ever want to change it? To make it better?"

"Twan't much use. We allus made enough to live on. Fixing it up wouldn't have got us anywheres in particular."

Helen set to work at cleaning off the kitchen shelves. Old bottles, old tins, corks, broken dishes, beeswax, paper, nails. . . . She made a clean sweep. Blaisdell sat on the milk-bench, watching her, with a small spark of amusement in his very blue eyes. She was conscious of his glance. She knew that she must look pretty, standing on the chair and lifting her arms. . . . The cat and the dog came in, sniffing, and sat down under the table.

"You see, we're at home!"

"You're right," Blaisdell glanced around.

"It looks different already. Guess you'll make a lot of changes."

"Oh, yes. Paint the house. Plant a garden. Raise vegetables. Chickens. Milk. I'm going to make it pay."

He smiled. "Got anything for supper?"

"Oh, I forgot!"

"Well, you go ahead at them shelves. I'll light the stove and then I'll fetch some eggs and some pork. I've got crocks down in the brook. Better'n ice and a dam's sight cheaper."

WHEN Oliver returned from town, bringing another load of boxes and barrels, he found supper ready and the table set for three.

"Mr. Blaisdell's staying, Ollie," Helen explained. "I don't know what I would have done without him."

"It's beyond me, how you expect to stand it, up here, all by yourself," Oliver said. "I've a good mind to stay."

Helen's eyes lighted: it was as if a fire had been kindled behind them. She turned away to hide the look she knew must be on her face.

"I want you to stay," she said.

Oliver turned to Blaisdell. "Isn't that just like a woman? Changes her mind every ten minutes! Well, now, see here, Mother, I'm not going to stay! No, siree! I've got my own life to live. I'll stay until college begins, and then I'm off!"

"Well, now," Blaisdell put his hat on the floor, sat down carefully and carefully spread the napkin over his knees. "You needn't worry about your mother. I'll come out every day or two and see that she's getting along all right."

Oliver glanced quickly at Blaisdell. But whatever it was he thought, he said nothing.

When Oliver had really gone, Helen faced the actuality of her experiment. Never dependent upon people for her happiness, save as it was embodied in her son, she was not

stricken with loneliness as some women might have been.

The clock on the mantel, the clean, white dishes, the tea-kettle were all animated and alive. She liked them with a personal, cozy affection, as if they were funny, dumb little creatures, keeping her company because they liked her. At night she slept in the bed that had been Blaisdell's wife's bed, close beneath the sloping ceiling covered with faded pink and white wall-paper. The dog slept at her feet; the cat dozed on a chair. In the night she could feel the hill towering up behind the house, friendly and dark. Summer had deepened into the warmth and richness of October. Oliver was gone. Riding away in Ailene's car, with Ailene at his side and both of them dressed in new city clothes, while she stood at the gate in an apron, waving a dish-towel at them. Now there lay before her the need to justify all the rest of her years.

Blaisdell had spent most of the summer in town, but he was now living with the Dyers again. He came every day, climbing the hill with his slow, deliberate tread, the black dog at his heels.

"Guess the town's too much for me," he explained. "I feel more comfortable out here. I rented the house."

He always went away again at sunfall. But since he worked for her, Helen offered to pay him.

"I'd feel better about it."

"All right. So long as you let me come, it's all the same to me. I'm getting real interested in the old place."

That winter, they re-plastered the house and furnished it. It emerged room by room from its gray neglect into a new brightness. As Helen had dreamed, jelly-glasses, like ardent jewels, stood on the pantry shelves. Blaisdell cut and stacked their supply of wood, and while Helen sewed or cooked, she listened gratefully to the steady ring of the axe through the birch boughs.

When spring came, Blaisdell ploughed. "We'll try the new land," he said. They planted. Helen wore an old straw hat, a torn sweater that had belonged to Oliver and a corduroy skirt. The sweetness and moist warmth of the parted earth made her think of her new-born child. She was comforted and strengthened. She followed the ploughshare, singing under her breath:

"When Oliver comes! When Oliver comes!"

BUT OLIVER did not come. He wrote that he was going to a summer camp, North, in the lake district, "to teach kids and to earn a little money." He sent his love, but he could not afford to make the trip home.

When winter came again, Helen's books showed a loss. She had had to buy a truck in order to market her vegetables and poultry. She had had to paint the house. She had lost one of the horses. Purchased a new plough, harness, shingles, wire. She was in debt.

Winter shut down; the white, quiet snow fell and banked high against the windows. Indoors, it was warm and bright. She had endless things to do. Her hair was growing gray and her skin had darkened, coarsened. Her hands were rough and dry. But she never cried any more. And there were times—whole days—when she forgot her loneliness.

Summer again, and another winter. She built a duck pond down in the lower pasture. She planted a garden behind the house. She painted the fences. The pile of letters from Oliver, which she kept in a basket on her table, grew and grew. "Dear Mother." "Dearest Mother." "My dear Mother." You could see that he was older, changing. She schemed to send him money and did without things that she needed. And always she read his letters to Blaisdell. "Listen to what Oliver says! Isn't he wonderful?"

Blaisdell would listen, tranquilly smoking his pipe and staring at her, then would smile at her, crinkling up his eyes.

The big man was like a child. She enjoyed

doing things for him, just to see his pleasure and his surprise. She mended his clothes. She liked to sit with one of his old shirts, sewing on buttons or darning a long, ugly rip. Everything about him smelled of the barn, of animals, of hay, of the soil. He was as simple as an animal, but he was kind, too, and gentle. He was impractical; she had to scold him when it came to the business side of farming. The second and third year, they made a little money.

"Next summer," Helen said, "we'll pack the eggs in pasteboard boxes stamped with the name of the farm and the date: 'Gray Hill Farm Butter and Eggs. Mrs. Burrill, August Tenth.'"

One day, when they were standing in the yard, watching the new weather-vane on the cupola flash in the sun and veer with the wind, Helen discovered that Blaisdell loved her. He said nothing. He simply stood there, squinting up at the weather-vane and shading his eyes with his hand.

But there was something between them that cried louder than words: "This is *our* weather-vane. We are building for the future. We are necessary to each other."

Her breath came faster, and her heart was in tumult. She turned and looked at him, as if, at that moment, she saw him for the first time. He turned, too, and smiled at her. But his smile broke off in the middle, and his eyes grew serious and questioning. They moved apart, stricken, abashed by this revelation. The next day, Blaisdell moved back to town.

"I'm leaving Dyer's boy in my place," he said, avoiding Helen's eyes. "You can trust him, and he's young and strong."

Helen let him go. She was afraid of this new feeling and its implication: so personal, so unavoidable. Strong currents tugged at her heart. She watched Blaisdell go down the hill, and was torn between her need of him and her fear of him. When he had gone, she went into the house and, sitting alone in the bright kitchen, cried for the first time in years. But when Dyer's boy came, he found her packing eggs in the shed, quite as if nothing had happened.

OLIVER graduated in June.

"As soon as it's over," he wrote, "I'm going to look for a job. I don't know what I'm good for. Jobs are mighty scarce. If I don't make good, I'll come home."

Helen put the letter down. She knew, now, that she had been waiting for Oliver to come back and that she had been building, not for her own life, but for his. She ached for the sound of his voice: "Hello, Mother! Any chow?" To touch that thick, bright mop of hair with caressing fingers. To "do" for him, her boy. This was why she had let John Blaisdell go. She loved him—oh, yes, she loved him—but then, if Oliver needed her more. . . .

She spent the short, drowsy summer alone, watching for Oliver's letters, waiting, patient, tense, as if dedicated to Oliver's need. He wrote that luck was against him, and, in spite of herself, she was glad. Wherever he went, he said, there were others before him. He was one of thousands, millions, everywhere seeking, seeking.

"Of course," he said, "I can always come home."

"Ah," Helen thought. "I wonder—"

Her thoughts never finished themselves. They were like the brook down in the meadow, slipping ceaselessly, aimlessly over the smooth stones, the hidden, secret stones.

Ailene, Oliver wrote, was already at work: her youth, her prettiness had opened doors closed to Oliver's serious, collegiate ambition. He floundered, but Ailene darted, swift as a bird, and caught success on the wing. She shrugged her shoulders at his failure. She would wait forever, she told him.

Oliver was suffering from the modern malady, mal-adjustment. He could not dig ditches with a Latin [Continued on page 80]

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EVERY MOTHER'S SON

[Continued from page 79]

verb or pump oil with higher mathematics. He was worthless when measured with yardstick of practical experience.

With the pleasant assurance that he might go home, half-heartedly, he offered himself in the market-place. His mother had never failed him. She never would fail him. Of this he was sure.

She heard from him again in October. Luck was against him. Conditions were against him. "I guess I just don't fit in. I'm coming home. Expect me Thursday."

Helen waited for him with the old ecstasy. Her boy! Oliver! All day she ran from duty to duty, trying to shut out a certain disappointment, a certain, nameless dread, a foreboding.

When he came, climbing the hill from the highway, where a motor bus had dropped him, she stood at the gate, her hands clasped, almost as if she were praying for strength. Oliver was carrying a suitcase. He was wearing gray clothes. How tall he was! He waved to her from down the road, and she waved back, leaning against the gate to steady herself. How natural! He looked at everything, as he came toward her, with his old, quizzical expression, as if he liked what he saw but wouldn't say so.

"Hello, Mother!"
He put the suitcase down and stooped to kiss her, this tall stranger who was her son.

"Here I am. Any chow?"
"Oh, Oliver! Four years! Are you glad to see me?"

"You bet!"
She laughed up at him.
"Have I changed, Ollie?"
"Not a bit."
"I'm gray."
"Are you? But, say, you've done wonders with the old farm!"

"Mr. Blaisdell helped me," she admitted with a curious, intimate pride, a secret happiness that startled her, she had put it aside for so long.

"Blaisdell?"
They walked toward the house, Oliver's arm across her shoulders, so that she sagged a little beneath the weight of it.

"It's a fine place, Mother. You've done wonders. I'm glad to be home." He turned to her with a disarming honesty: "You know, you didn't want me to go away at all. I guess, now, it would have been better if I had stayed. An education isn't worth much to a farmer."

"You're wrong," Helen said.
She thought: "But the farm is mine!" A little, jealous stab went through her heart.
"Mine! Mine!" she repeated.

The old dog came running.
"Good old dog!" Oliver said.
They went in, and Oliver, hanging his hat where John Blaisdell's hat had always hung, explored the house. He approved of everything, even of the white furniture in his room. "This my room? Great! Better than boarding-houses and cheap hotels."

He sniffed the warm flavour of the kitchen. Helen had put a bowl of pasturtiums on the table, and again she hovered over her son, seeing that his dinner was just so. Her hand, in passing, touched his hair. He was, after all, the same Ollie: her child.

"I've come through a lot," she confided, wanting him to know.

"So have I."
"Have you, Ollie, 'come through'?"
"I tell you, Mother, it's not easy to get a decent start in life. A college education helps some, but not much. Brains! Brains are cheap!"

"Your father had only his brains," Helen reminded him.

"Times have changed. Today, it's either muscle or money."

She caught her breath.
"Have you any plans, Ollie?"
"Plans?"

Hurriedly, she went on: "What is it, exactly, you want to do?"
"Why, stay here!"
"Just—stay here?"
"The farm's yours, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"Well, there's room enough for me, isn't there?"

She shook her head. She had won clear from Oliver. Oliver must win clear from her. She saw, in a divining flash, that she must rest her hand lightly on Oliver's destiny. She saw, and suffered, that her love had already weakened him. If she did not save him, he would fatten on her labour. To keep him at all, she must send him away again. Cruel! Cruel! But now, at last, there was need for honesty and for faith.

"No," she cried, and knew what she was risking, "no, you can't stay!"
Oliver pushed his plate aside. His face grew dark with anger and humiliation. "You don't mean that, Mother! You don't know what you're saying!"

She held her ground, gripping the back of a chair to steady herself.

"You've got to make your own way."
"I don't understand. Haven't I tried?"
She shook her head again. "Do you think you have tried, Ollie? Wasn't there always this farm—and me?"

"I thought you loved me," he said. "You asked me to come back, didn't you? Over and over again! I guess you've forgotten!" He got up, turning the chair over. In his anger,

his lips trembled. "It's that man Blaisdell! He wants you and he wants this place!"
"Yes. We love each other. He's a fine man, Oliver."
"I might have known, leaving you here alone."

"Ollie! I've worked. Hard! Hard! With my hands. Do you know why? For you! But I was wrong. You've got to build your own future. Some day, you'll understand."

Oliver picked up the chair. His eyes rested on the heaped plates, the white cloth, the bowl of flowers. A bitter smile hovered around his lips, broke into his eyes.

"Of course," he said, "I understand! You think I'm taking the easiest way. I want to take care of you," Oliver said. "If you'll leave everything to me, Mother, I'll put this place on its feet. You won't need Blaisdell!"

She held his eyes with a look in which both love and victory were mingled with a brave humility.

She saw an Oliver stricken, hurt, confused. He faced her, groping for his lost security, staring as though he had never seen her before. Less than ever could he understand what was in her heart, but she knew that for the first time he loved her as she had always wanted him to love her.

Again she shook her head and smiled into his hurt, bewildered eyes . . . her courage, her strength a challenge to his.

Suddenly Oliver's eyes cleared. He stumbled toward her. "It's all right, Mother," he said, "it's all right!"

THE STAR MAKER

[Continued from page 19]

commendable than their elaborate costumes. And all the while men were murmuring, murmuring, murmuring in her ear, of the fame in store for her—toward which they were ready to help her.

She saw Lawrence as an ever-more-distant and impassive spectator of her struggle.

Sometimes she thought in despair: "If only he'd fight to hold me—do anything to keep me from slipping away!" But Lawrence did nothing. She set that, too, down to weakness.

However, they parted friends.

When she brought up the question, after a moment of silence he agreed with her quite simply, his lean face pale, a pleasant smile on his lips. A year or two of love; what more, she gathered from his well known features, ought one to ask of the gods? So at their last interview in private, before the "divorce proceedings," he kissed her almost shyly, saying:

"Go, child, and climb so high that you can look down on them all. It's your destiny, as I saw it the first time I met you."

"But you won't ever hate me, Larry?"
"Hate you! I shall always adore you as an angel who came to rest her wings for a moment by sitting on my funny little doorstep. And to prove it, if I may, I'll kiss you once more—unless you think it would nullify all this legal sculduggery!"

She had taken away from that meeting a unique impression of his look, as if, instead of mocking himself, he was for once mocking her, but tragically instead of ironically. And so, as she walked away, she turned almost in terror, as though something horrible had happened to her as well as to Lawrence. She even went running back, to ring the bell, to pound on the door, to call, louder and louder:

"Larry! Larry! It's me, Larry! It's I!"

Her banging and rattling made a shower of petals fall from the rose-vines around the tiny porch; for the season of the roses was nearly over. But no sound answered her from the little bungalow, so thinly walled, so frail throughout, that her voice alone must have penetrated every corner of it.

She had never seen him again, or reentered that flowery byway lined with one-story dwellings, where she had learned of love.

Presently she had married her director, Mortimer Brederode, who was going to make her "the greatest star in the world." But it happened then to be the era of wild promises, inflated values, silver-gilt talents masquerading as gold.

Mortimer Brederode, a dark, curly-headed man of thirty, had a bull-dog look of the sort that seems often more successful with women than handsomeness. He possessed a fund of magnetism, half-brutal and half-caressing, which, with the rest, swept Laura off her feet. In fact, by that overpowering physical appeal, he managed to blind her to his bombastic vulgarity, which was reflected in his talk, his sets, his sensational direction, his surroundings.

But as some one has said, every woman is entitled to make two mistakes in her life.

Still, in the house to which he took her, where they kept three badly-disciplined servants and a slouchy chauffeur, Laura's beauty suddenly expanded to the full. She lived amid a garishness that would have set poor Larry's teeth on edge, to the din of cock-tail parties and late suppers, in an atmosphere of ego-mania. This excess of thought, emotion, and bad taste was like a debauch into which a person surfeited with decorum might take a desperate plunge.

It was a year before Laura Morquest became ashamed of herself.

She, to have been entrapped by a resonant bass voice, a pair of hypnotic black eyes—by a pinchbeck Romeo!

THEN ALL at once she saw her second husband as a noisy fool, who was going to be left behind in the Hollywood race of wits. Already the picture industry was changing; flamboyance was being toned down, better minds were applying themselves to the endless making of film. She compared other men to the one who had promised to escort her to the heights. In short, consciously or not, her husband had cheated her.

At the same time, there came to him an uneasy respect for her, perhaps a sense of his inferiority. And these two "artists"—one destined to greatness when she found herself, the other destined never to be great—became



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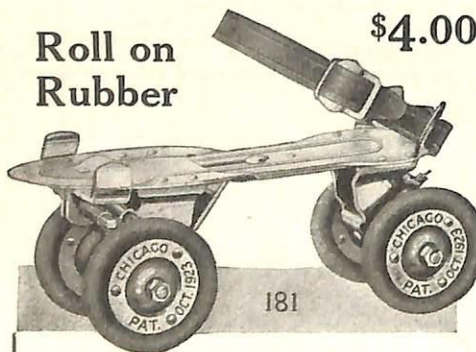
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THE STAR MAKER [Continued from page 81]

enemies amid the gaudy lamps, the blattant sofas, the gimcracks that she, with cleared eyes, would have liked to hurl through the window, if not at Mortimer Brederode himself.

Their hostility extended to the studio. He wanted her to play a scene one way; Laura insisted on playing it another. One day, her inimical stare aglitter in her whitened face, she told him icily before the whole company:

"You must have the wrong script in your hand. Fashionable young women do not act like demi-mondaines."

He stood motionless for a moment, his heavy visage congested, then hurled the continuity upon the stage, with a bellow:

"That's all for today!"
For it was still the age of tantrum-addicted directors, since it simply hadn't yet occurred to any one to put a stop to them.

They quarreled more and more. By ten o'clock in the evening, he was usually drunk. Sometimes on country roads, at late hours, people saw him furiously driving a flashy motor, a blonde girl snuggling beside him. One moonlight night, deep in the orange groves, where the blossoms had filled the air with a cloying sweetness, Mortimer Brederode, roaring along at sixty miles an hour, blew a tire, swerved to the gravel, and plunged his car into an arroyo upside-down.

In the morning he died without regaining his senses.

Laura Morquest left the house that still seemed to vibrate from bitter altercations. She was observed, very beautiful in black, taking the train for New York. She did not return to Hollywood for a year; but in New York she made two pictures that aroused a general curiosity.

She had learned to express remorse, horror, sadness.

Three years passed. Her renown and wealth grew. She gained a reputation for gentleness, fastidiousness, cultivated tastes. She seldom went out except to the quietest parties. A tradition of aristocratic origin grew up about her, to be believed, at least, outside of Hollywood.

Now and then some man impelled her to seek through him another illusion of love; but the illusion was not to be regained. She always missed something, either in the lover or in herself. She now spoke French very well, and one night she said to herself, with a hopeless smile:

"Il faut un frisson d'ame aussi que de la chair."

She wondered where she had lost her capacity for self-abandonment, in exchange for this weariness which would afflict her suddenly between two kisses.

One October night, in a formal garden where she found herself rather chilly, Jim Ericson, "the Star-maker," asked her to marry him.

He explained, with a fixed grin on his large Scandinavian face:

"It ain't like I expected you to feel one of these grand passions for me. I got an idea I'm fond enough of you for the two of us together. Anyway, there wouldn't ever be any other woman. And then I think I got more brains than them fellers handling you over there at the Superba Company. What I figger' on is to make you the greatest star in the world."

It was Mortimer Brederode's old phrase; but this time, Laura Morquest felt it might possibly be fulfilled. The big, homely man was full of genuine Power. Besides, she had a feeling of safety in his presence.

The moonlight, streaming down from a crystalline sky, lay on the formal flower-beds around them. In the house beyond the cypresses a phonograph was playing a seductive tune. With a nod Laura Morquest bade goodbye to all the natural and artificial scenery of romance—except such as Jim Ericson might erect about her in his studio.

Laying her hand on his, she said:
"Very well; I'll marry you. And I'll equal one promise of yours, by telling you that there'll not be any other man."

That was the compact which neither of them had broken in their five years together.

She loved him, nowadays, for his invariable kindness, his rationalized adoration of her, his never-failing thought for her advancement. Without him, perhaps, she would not quite have gained her present eminence. Yes, the "Star-maker" had done much to help her to shine so brightly!

That was how big a man Jim Ericson was—a woman like Laura Morquest could admit a debt of gratitude to him.

Then he built for her, in Beverly Hills, a Spanish villa in the midst of poetic groves, where the rooms were embellished with all sorts of precious objects. No noisy parties; no big dinners with unlimited champagne; no shouting incursions of uninvited guests. Every year Laura Morquest met fewer people, was less often seen in public places, chose her friends more carefully. And, after the day at the studio, her house was the most delightful haven in the world for her and Jim, its peace enclosed by foliage and roofed with stars.

So she thought of it now, swiftly borne homeward, through Hollywood, to that half-imperceptible purring of the motor.

Moreover, she reflected, it would still be there, and Jim Ericson would still love her, when she was no longer "the great Laura Morquest."

She sighed almost contentedly, then gave a start.

In the dazzle of light, toward the end of Sunset Boulevard, the sumptuous Hispano-Suiza limousine stopped short. It had nearly run down a tall, thin man crossing the street toward the glare of a public market. The pedestrian, who was lame, turned round after his escape, to lean on his cane and pleasantly remark to the chauffeur:

"Shall we try it again?"

His voice, penetrating the lowered window, made Laura Morquest lean forward. The car had glided onward a dozen feet before she could order it halted. She and the man in the roadway stared into each other's eyes.

"Larry!" she breathed.

"So it's your juggernaut," he retorted with a faint grimace, as if he had seen her yesterday for the last time, instead of ten years ago.

HER WARM voice trembled with compunction, as she uttered:

"You were jay-walking, Larry! But what makes you lame?"

"Wooden leg," he said, with a grin. "Best quality English Willow." And nodding toward the bright market, "I was trying to remember what I had to buy for dinner. Because, as you may imagine, I'd lost the list."

Behind them the boulevard, where the momentary stoppage of the limousine had caused an astonishing tail of traffic, there broke loose a tremendous din of motor-horns. Laura Morquest opened the door, seized Lawrence Byrne's arm, and pulled him by main force into the car.

"Stop at the market, Dennis," she called to the chauffeur, her voice unusually clear and high.

So presently the long Hispano-Suiza backed in beside the curb, before the market full of customers. But the man and the woman continued to sit side by side on the yielding purple cushions. Each was scrutinizing the other.

When she noted the gray at his temples, she recollected he was now thirty-eight. His thin face, with a few slight wrinkles around the eyes, seemed to her wiser and more patient than formerly. His clothes, she observed at a glance, were ready-made and indefinitely shabby; but he had always been the sort to make a coat seem better than it was. Hands folded on the crook of his battered malacca cane, he confessed at last:

"Well, you're more charming in the flesh than on the screen."

With that intuition which beautiful women possess, she knew how enchanting her delicate face must be, turned toward the blaze of light, how deep and shining the violet of her eyes, how rich the auburn hair peeping out from her little hat. The faint, unique fragrance emanating from her fur-lined cloak seemed to issue from her heart—her warm heart, that was beating faster than usual.

Yes, perhaps there was a sensation of triumph, as well as pity, in the heart of this woman enthroned and clad in elegance, surrounded by an aura of renown, smiling kindly, unremorsefully, on the man she had left far behind. For how, if she had not left him, could she have attained this greatness? At least he had possessed her when she was young and obscure. And she was glad she had given him that—poor fellow, still so obscure himself, and growing gray. He was always free to think, "Once this miraculous creature belonged to me!"

The triumphant and generous beauty wanted him to feel that exultation: she was so sorry for him.

"Where have you been all these years, Larry?"

"Any number of places."

"You were in the war?" she guessed, almost timidly.

"Saving the world for democracy? Yes, I had a hack at that, too. But I must get the chops, my dear, and clatter home, or that young wife of mine will be there before me."

"You're married, then," she murmured.

"You surely must know Nietzsche's theory of eternal recurrence!"

"Is she—an actress?"

"How well you recall my weak points. All day long—and sometimes at night—the poor child works at the Superba Studio. That's why, when I've finished my writing for the day, I do the marketing. And when I've lugged it home, if we're lucky, and she has no night work she appears in our ancient Fort coupe. And the later she is, the more potatoes I've peeled."

"Why not? While doing so I continue to think great and amusing thoughts. *C'est une vie comme une autre!* But she cooks them herself in the most succulent ways. Have you forgotten how poor a joke it is to come home from a hard day's work in the studio and have everything to do?"

"Yes," Laura Morquest confessed, after a pause, "I had forgotten. But you bring it back to me. You make me remember that you used to peel them then."

"There was never any trick in it," he retorted, with another grin. "I could train a dog to do it, if he had thumbs."

He had got out of the car, by the aid of his cane, when she detained him with the words: "Let me wait and drive you home. You surely can't handle a lot of packages—"

He slowed round to her, his gray eyes speculative, amused; and she wondered how he could remain so utterly unaffected while facing her beauty and his memories.

"You're very tired," he objected, "but Molly would be simply overwhelmed."

"Oh, I shan't intrude at this hour. It's only to give you a lift to safety. I don't care to carry away with me the picture of all this traffic rolling over your groceries and you."

So SHE waited, in the depths of the ex-orbitant limousine, while Lawrence Byrne prowled around the market-stalls. Crowds collected on the pavement to stare in at her, so seldom was she seen in public nowadays. "Laura Morquest, in person, patronizing a cut-rate market," she reflected, her lips twitching with amusement. The hard-faced chauffeur, getting down from his seat, grimly kept the spectators moving, like a policeman. It was an adventure for the dazzling star whose adventures, nowadays, all took place before a pair of cameras.

Self-astonishment and anxiety alternated in

her mind, as she saw her ex-husband reappearing, with his limp, amid piles of vegetables and showcases full of meat, every time laden with still another bundle. At last, she sent the chauffeur in to help him.

The two men heaped the packages at her feet, and Lawrence Byrne pulled himself in beside her.

Very soon the car stopped in a quiet street of foliage and small, one-story houses, before a white bungalow. Around the tiny porch clung rose-vines. The man remained motionless, watching the change that dawned on the woman's fair face. She raised one small, gloved hand in a faltering gesture of protest.

"Oh, Larry!" she seemed to beg. "Not here?"

"Why not?" he marveled. "It's mine—the only insignificant patch of earth and pile of wood that I can call my own. Sometimes I let other people use it; but should I give it away? And as for selling it, I'd just as lief sell my first-edition Don Quixote. Do come in for a moment."

"How can I?" she asked, with closed eyes.

"How can you help it?" he returned gently, with his fine, mocking smile. "Even the most finished of artists should not avoid a new thrill, whose vibrations might pass on into her work."

Slowly, as if in fear, she descended from the car.

Lawrence Byrne unlocked the door against which, one day ten years ago, she had vainly pounded so hard for readmittance. He limped past her quickly, tweaked the cords of two or three lamps, and, bending before the fireplace, with his artificial leg grotesquely extended, set the brushwood to roaring under some eucalyptus logs. "Drop them in the kitchen," he called over his shoulder cheerfully to the chauffeur, who stood in the doorway of this small living-room, bearing the packages. "Sit down, Laura—"

It was her old, red winged-chair that he had pushed forward.

The familiar chair, but how worn and faded now! She wondered at all the shapes that must have reclined in it, to bring it to this dilapidated state. She gazed round her with a swelling heart and saw how little was changed aside from the deterioration due to time. There were many new books on the shelves; but among them she distinguished, at a glance, the old ones, their very bindings like talismans to bring the past rushing back. The Bokhara rug, which even then had been shabby, was now rubbed down in spots to its foundation, and more thickly burned by fallen sparks. Two etchings—a Norman Lindsay and a Zorn—were new, and a tarnished silver box for cigarettes. She took one; for her nerves were all pulled out as taut as violin-strings. Lawrence Byrne silently struck a match for her.

The chauffeur went out, closing the door behind him in just the right way, to assure his mistress that he understood the insignificance of her charitable impulse. Still standing with lowered head, she picked up a book from the table. A thick book entitled, "The Affability of Audiences."

"Yours! You wrote this!" she exclaimed in astonishment.
"But I'm always writing," he reminded her, "that stuff which doesn't pay." There was another echo of mockery in his voice as he added, "Still you might perhaps dig out here and there an interesting bit. Let me send you a copy."

"Not this copy, you mean?" she asked, noting that the volume in her hand had been read, dog-eared, and pencil-marked like a text-book.

"No, a nice clean copy, appropriately inscribed."

She peered quickly at the fly-leaf, caught the words, in his handwriting, "To Molly—" and closed the book. Turning her almost historic face toward the fire, Laura Morquest gave a slight shiver.

"It will soon be warmer," he assured her, his eyes illegible. [Continued on page 84]

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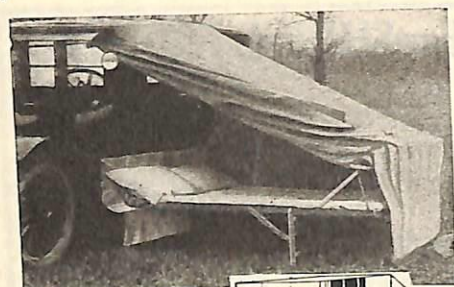
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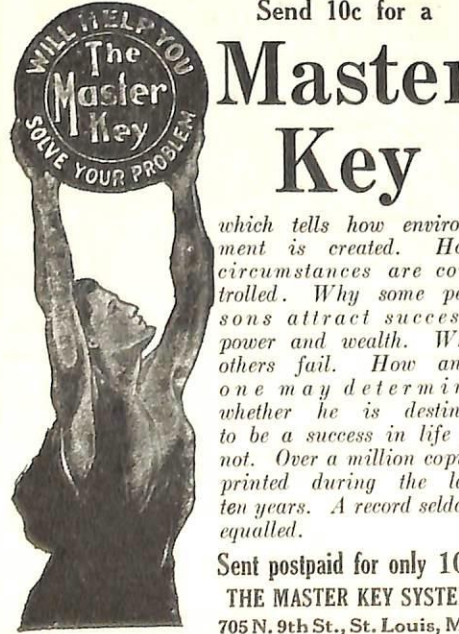
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THE STAR MAKER [Continued from page 83]

"That's not it. It's only— Well, I have never been able to live happily in places haunted by ghosts."

"But you see, my ghosts are pleasant."

"Even the ghosts of those who have injured you?"

"Tut, tut! You mean yourself," he smiled.

"But you never injured me, dear; for I always knew that some day you were going. Though maybe, if you'll forgive me, you injured yourself just a bit, by leaving me a year or so too soon."

"How so?" she rejoined, affected by his voice that was all kindness now—drawn back almost magically, in this threadbare room, toward a time when she had hung on every word of his and known it for the truth. "You're thinking of my second marriage?"

HE GAVE her an odd glance, the glance one might give a child that has spoiled something precious without any consciousness of having done so.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "what does that matter now? You've at last won everything—"

"Not everything," she denied, uneasily aware that he was sending her a side-long gleam of curiosity, of attentive expectation.

"Pooh! The great Laura Morquest!"

"But not quite the greatest of all. I meant to be the greatest, if you remember. Or had that ambition really dawned on me then, when you and I were together?"

"Of course it had, even then. And I meant—that is, I expected you to be so," said Lawrence Byrne, abruptly rummaging the mantel-shelf for his pipe. "Still it seems to me you haven't much cause for complaint. After all, who is above you? That all comes down to the question of personal taste."

"I don't say I'm complaining," she uttered in a daze, amid which was growing an incredible suspicion. She sat down in the old red chair with a feeling of weakness.

All at once, she thrust away that sickening apprehension, which had struck at the heart of her pride. "What!" she thought, with incredulity and contempt, "he thinks that, does he—this meek, shabby fellow, this plodding failure in life?" She would have liked to tell him, in a rush, of all the myriad acts of homage she had received in these years—acts of homage meant for no one else but her, unless they might be reflected, to some extent, on Jim Ericson "the Star-maker." She would have liked to humble him by those precise revelations, for the sake of her egotism, nourished on the plaudits of a world, which had shriveled a little, just now, at a mere slip of his tongue.

Or else, there was her beauty, still unimpaired by time, with which, for one moment, she would have liked to bring him to his knees. How could his love be dead, here in this room, where countless visions of passion and tenderness must be rising before his eyes? Yet, after all, that was not what she wanted. What she wanted was for Lawrence Byrne to feel that she had deserted him too soon to owe him anything.

The smile on her perfect lips was nearly hostile, as she said, in accents of compassionate surprise:

"Tell me, Larry, is it really your opinion that my success in life—"

"Need we discuss your success?" he besought her quickly. "There it is. What more's to be said?"

"That my success," she persisted, "could in any way be due—"

Standing in the middle of the rug, lean, baggy, like "a portrait of a gentleman in exile," he waved his pipe impatiently, and cut in.

"It's Molly who's due, I fancy, to judge by that Ford-like racket. Don't frighten her out of her wits, now, you fabulous apparition."

She's still a poor little beautiful thing who has so much to get used to."

"As I was when you married me?"

"No, no; Molly's hair is black."

The front-door opened, and from behind it, while it was still swinging back, a melodious young voice called gayly:

"What ho, Larry! Have you bean outside and seen the mammoth motah, with the central heating and the hot and cold running watah?"

Then the speaker appeared, slim, radiant, like a naiad with her alabaster skin and ebony hair, from which she had just pulled her coquettish hat. She stopped short, aghast, staring at Laura Morquest.

"Miss Morquest," said Lawrence Byrne, with the detachment and relish of a spectator at a play, "allow me to present my wife who considers you, whatever you may think about yourself, the greatest actress in the world."

The young girl, after her moment of consternation, came forward with a charming air of greeting. In a breathless voice, soft and cultivated, like the voice of Lawrence Byrne—and like the voice of Laura Morquest too—she exclaimed:

"Indeed I do, Miss Morquest, and I feel so tremendously honored by your coming."

It was handsomely done, considering that she could not have been more than twenty-one or two, and was suddenly confronted by so great a personage, who happened to be her husband's former wife. Laura Morquest turned to see Lawrence Byrne smiling contentedly, as an artist might smile at the progress of his work.

The woman wanted to flee, before she realized more fully all that had happened here, all that was still to happen. But the girl, with admiration and fearlessness in her extraordinary eyes, had seated herself in a chair across the hearth.

"So you began at Superba?" Laura Morquest asked easily.

"Oh, no; I began everywhere—running from this casting-window to that! I was the seventeenth from the right in the mob of five hundred extras—the wave of a fan in the background that the cutting-room snipped off—the shadow on the doorstep of a tenement-house which the star stood in front of."

"Was it then that this person met you?"

Laura Morquest inquired, with a veiled glance at the man who was standing over them, impenetrably attentive, yet benevolent.

"Almost," the young wife admitted, sending him her own veiled glance, a secret look of love.

"Show me some of your photographs," the famous star requested, after a moment of silence.

The newcomer on the battlefield of fame did not have to look far for them. Shyly now, but with a sweet naturalness in her humility, as if the visitor were a queen although she had lived in this cottage, the girl knelt down before the other, and offered the pile of portraits. Laura Morquest, her russet-covered bust emerging between folds of sable, bent forward to study these likenesses.

"This one is rather awful," Lawrence Byrne's wife explained. "It was almost the first, you see; and I knew nothing about clothes. This is one of the last, this Fragonard effect. Of course, the wardrobe dressed me—"

"They didn't dress your face," Laura Morquest returned, "or give you, together with the costume, the valuable new thoughts that came to you before this picture was taken."

"How kind you are!" murmured this flawless Molly, a flush invading the pallor of her cheeks—camellias transformed from white to pink. "It's true that I was a dreadful little noodle when I first tried to break in."

"You're something of a little noodle still," Lawrence Byrne assured her, his teasing smile obscured by a cloud of pipe-smoke.

"As if I didn't know that!"

"Well, watch out you never forget it," he admonished her lazily. "Yes, watch out, you

precious infant, that you are never satisfied with yourself. Beyond everything you do, and think, and hope to be, there is a better way, a better thing. This is the divine dissatisfaction of the artist, which ought to embrace the life as well as the art. For the art must inevitably reflect the life."

"Does it always?" Laura Morquest demanded, turning from the attentive face of the girl to the kindly face of the man.

"Well, maybe only when there's really life in the art, as in yours, *chère grande artiste*."

SHE ROSE; and, before the girl could get up all rosy and palpitating from that accolade, the great Laura Morquest contemplated, as if from the future, this new immaculate beauty, this green charm of temperament unfolding like a flower of tomorrow, this marvel coming to pass in the obscure little house whose marvels all these years she had ignored. Here, perhaps, was the eventual rival of her fame—brightness that was some day to obliterate her brightness till it ceased to linger in the fickle minds of men. Ah, well, they were all meteors flashing across the sky of the world above a multitude of upturned faces, comets of a few years' visibility, whose glamour was no more in their art than in the warmth wrung out of their hearts by this or that experience in life. But at this moment Laura Morquest felt a coldness in her heart.

"You will go far, Molly," she said, nevertheless. "I feel sure of it. And he knows it," she concluded, with a nod toward the man who was watching her, now, with affection in his eyes.

The débutante, with a dewy look, got out the words:

"You've been so generous, and I shall remember this visit so proudly, and yet I'm so greedy— If you'd let me kiss you in return—"

She was silent, abashed by the effrontery that her ready emotion, her unjealous worship had produced. Laura Morquest held out her hand, drew the girl against her fragrant fur, and felt the young lips brush her cheek.

He held open the door for her. She went out of the warmth into the foggy coldness of the night, down the well-remembered path, toward the long, purplish sheen of the Hispano-Suiza. Lawrence Byrne followed her.

Her foot on the step, she turned to whisper:

"I think you will give her even more than you gave me; for she will stay with you longer."

"What's this nonsense you're talking?"

"No, Larry, don't spare me. I needed to come back here tonight, it seems, in order not to go on being blind."

He shot a look toward the chauffeur, who sat erect in his place, his back as squarely turned to them as possible, but with his hard young visage dimly reflected in the windshield. She ignored that precautionary glance with a contemptuous gesture.

"Yes," she mused, the contempt now in her voice, "when I came out of that door, leaving you there alone, I ran away from love. All these years I've never really loved again. Ah, the gods who give us their gifts aren't to be mocked like that! All this while there's been something missing—in the art as well as in the life."

"Still," he pointed out, very low, "it would have been impossible, eventually, for you to stay."

"As it will be for her—eventually. Some day you will make her go, for her own sake, as you'll tell her—you who are prouder than Lucifer in your terrible humility."

Knocking out his pipe on the heel of his good foot, he reflected.

"She won't take away my memories of her. They always stick."

"Do mine stick, really and truly?" the great

Laura Morquest asked, in startled tones, so far had she left her pride behind her in this short while.

"Insatiable woman! With all the rest of mankind in love with you, must I be in love with you too?"

"Yes, always; softly and painlessly—but always," she exclaimed under her breath, with a ruthless, fierce fervor. "I could even wish that when you come to die you might think of me the last."

Her face, in faint rays of light reaching them from afar, was flooded with an infinite, vague loveliness, as though all the idealization of her, everywhere, had rushed in to give her for one moment an unearthly value. With her eyes swimming in tears—in such precious tears as were reserved for close-ups, to sad music, before the cameras—she apologized faintly, "All these kisses tonight!" But when she had drawn his head down between her hands, she kissed Lawrence Byrne, for the last time of all, upon the lips.

"Goodby, dear martyr to the triumph and joy of life."

"Oh, I say! Well, goodbye, beautiful ghost. Do you know you've set even my wooden leg to trembling?"

The car glided away between the rows of trees that had grown well in ten years. Looking back, she saw a tall figure limping up the path toward the bungalow. But what made her weep was the thought of him, tomorrow night, dragging his wooden leg about the cut-rate market, laden down with bundles, then stumping home to peel the potatoes before Molly should arrive.

THE Hispano-Suiza turned into the "Morquest estate" at Beverly Hills, where the trees were swimming in mist. At a curve in the drive, the Spanish villa appeared, its windows all lighted, two iron lamps illuminating the doorway. The butler announced to Laura Morquest:

"Mr. Ericson is in the library, madam."

She entered the long, raftered room, the walls of which, above the antique-looking bookcases full of handsome bindings, were covered with Spanish leather. Big logs were blazing in the monumental fireplace, and Jim Ericson was reclining, just outside the circle of heat, on the small of his back, in a very expensive chair. He looked up at his wife, who had halted a few feet away, still wrapped in her fur-lined cloak, dispelling around her, in the warm smoky room, an odor of out-of-doors. His familiar smile, at once admiring and indulgent, appeared on his boney sanguine face freshly rubbed with talcum powder.

"Well, Baby, I come home with all that stuff piled on my desk, and here it's you that's keepin' dinner waitin'. Been buyin' a little something?"

Her silence made him look at her more closely. He threw away his cigar, heaved himself out of his chair, came to her quickly.

"Why, Baby, you've been cryin'! It ain't this Schwandorf picture? If that's what's worryin' you, it's the best we've done in a year."

"Jim," she said. "I kissed a man this evening."

His ageing countenance flinched; he lowered his startled eyes, but said nothing. She explained:

"It was Lawrence Byrne."

"That fellow? I thought he was dead," her husband answered dully.

Once more her eyes brimmed with tears as she told him:

"He has a wooden leg."

Jim Ericson's face grew astonishingly soft and comprehending.

"A wooden leg! That's tough, Baby, ain't it, along with all the rest. No wonder you went and kissed the poor son-of-a-gun. I suppose he is as poor as ever?"

"No, I think he's rich. He's married to a lovely child who has great promise. She's with Superba; but I [Continued on page 86]

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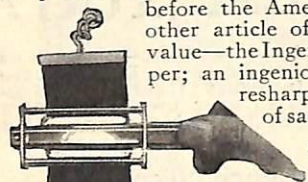
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The Ingersoll Dollar Strop is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice. The user cannot fail.

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It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit is a real boon to the man who shaves. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull-blade torment.

If you have not had the Strop demonstrated to you and cannot get it at your dealer's, mail the coupon below with \$1.00 and we will send you the complete Outfit, including patent Strop (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your \$1.00 at once.

DEALERS This clever invention is meeting with nationwide approval—in fact, it is sweeping the country. Dealers are cashing in heavily. Quick sales, quick profits. Every man a prospect. If interested in dealers' plan, check square in coupon.

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\$351⁰⁰ CLEARED IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio in August 1925. V. A. Marini of California reports \$12,775 sales in three months. Jacob Gordon of New Jersey \$4,000 profits in two months. Alexander of Pennsylvania \$3,000 profits in four months. Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August 28. Ivata, bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. Mrs. Lane of Pittsburg says "sold 8,000 packages in one day. J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says:



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Furnish secret formulas, raw material, and equipment. Little capital required; no experience needed.

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No limit to the sale of crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start now, in your own town.

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PASS CASES Extraordinary and Novelties for Masons. Send for new catalogue.

D. W. COATE
783-5th Ave. San Francisco, Calif.

THE STAR MAKER [Continued from page 85]

thought perhaps you might find a place for her. She may be the very one who's going to follow me—"

"Follow you!" Jim Ericson hooted, his face all clear again. "Who's goin' to follow you in the first place, and in the second when are you goin' to let 'em? Why, Baby, you're good for ten years yet the way I'm handlin' you." He disregarded her slowly-shaking head, her half-rueful, half-affectionate gaze. "Ten years at least and I'm not the kinda fellow that goes and kids his wife. But this little girl: if you want me to, I'll get somebody to give her stuff a look, and if she's got it, I'll make her an offer at Prima."

The butler appeared in the doorway.

"Cocktails, madam?"

"Not tonight."

"Now, Baby! Just one Bacardi!"

"You heard what the doctor told you."

"Dinner is served, madam."

Laura Morquest tossed her hat upon a sofa, slipped out of her cloak, pulled off her gloves, linked her arm with her husband's. As they walked toward the dining-room. Jim Ericson rumbled contentedly:

"Oh, well, I guess you didn't kiss him no harder than you kiss your leadin'-man. A wooden leg! But if he's got a nice little wife, and he's rich—"

"He's rich, in a way, because he's got a nice little wife," Laura Morquest proffered.

"You ain't tellin' me he's living off her?"

The dining-room, wainscotted, tapestried,

brilliant with silver, Venetian glassware, and flowers in china baskets, surrounded them with its customary grandeur. When the butler had pushed in her chair, she returned:

"No, Jim, he's not living off her. The fact is, she's living off him. The fact is, she's not the only one who's living off Lawrence."

"H-m? Poor relations, eh?"

"Who are getting a bit older every year," she asserted. "Though not yet so old that they can't live off him."

"What do you mean, so old they can't live off him? The older they get the easier they find out. I guess maybe that fellow has a pretty good heart," was the verdict of Jim Ericson, the Star-maker. "I guess maybe I hadn't ought to think any more about that little kiss you give him."

"It was a big kiss."

"All right, all right; a big kiss. What's that I smell in the pantry?"

"I should judge since this is Thursday that it's some more of your Swedish pea-soup with pork," said the great Laura Morquest. She stared about her, absent-mindedly, at the spacious and handsome room. She was thinking of two others, in a bit of a kitchen that she now remembered so well. At this moment they might be washing the dishes together, and chuckling happily over the most absurd remarks. It was so vivid again, that the noise of their laughter seemed to blend with the noise the Star-maker produced as he drank his pea-soup with pork.

THE CONVENTION [Continued from page 70]

5,000. It is expected that it will be ready for occupancy within two years and it will cost approximately \$1,000,000. The plans were drawn jointly by Marcellus E. Wright, the designer of Virginia's War Memorial and Charles M. Robinson.

DEDICATION OF MIZPAH TEMPLE

Three days of celebration featured the dedication of Mizpah's new mosque at Fort Wayne. Until the arrival of the Imperial Potentate, Past Imperial Potentate E. J. Jacoby had charge of the ceremonies.

Murat of Indianapolis sent their gun squad; Zorah of Terre Haute their band and patrol with a real ship of the desert; while the uniformed units of Mizpah were in evidence during the three days of the celebration.

Noble Edward Coxen, Medinah, Chicago, presented a handsome flag to Mizpah Temple. Potentate Walter W. Morrison of Aleppo, Boston introduced the mayor of Boston, who offered the keys of the city to the Order for an Imperial Council session at any time the Council might designate. A contribution of \$50,000 of city funds toward the entertainment budget was also offered.

Fully 3,000 nobles attended the Chicago Grand Opera's performance of Aida in the auditorium of the new Mosque. This concluded the three-day programme.

Mirza of Pittsburgh, Kas., has offered the city the free use of its auditorium in the new Mosque for the Sunday afternoon band concerts authorized by the city.

At Daytona Beach, Fla., the Shrine Club is erecting a \$50,000 club house. Ground was recently broken.

Al Amin, Little Rock, just purchased 360 acres of land about 15 miles from the city. Plans for a club house and golf course are being drawn.

Members of the Tripoli, Milwaukee band have organized a land company. They purchased a tract at Pickeral Lake, with a frontage

of over 11,000 feet. They will build a community house and individual cottages for the band members.

Tripoli is also beginning a campaign for funds for a new Mosque. Past Potentate Julius P. Heil is in charge of the campaign.

Pyramid, Bridgeport opened its new Mosque to the public on January 20th. The auditorium will seat 3,000. There was no satisfactory auditorium in the city until the Mosque was opened.

Instead of giving Potentate Albert Schur a dinner, the Mounted Guard of Salaam, Newark, sent a check for \$500 to the hospital fund.

The Springfield Board of Education has voted to furnish a school teacher to the Springfield Hospital unit. The work will cover the elementary grades.

ZA-GA-ZIG CORNERSTONE LAID DES MOINES

A steady rain did not lessen the impressiveness of the ceremony, conducted by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, which accompanied the laying of the cornerstone of the new million-and-a-half dollar Temple for Za-Ga-Zig at Des Moines. Many Masons were present as guests of the Shriners.

Thomas W. Wellington of Fort Madison, Grand Master of Iowa, presided over the ritual. He sprinkled the corn, wine and oil, symbolic of peace and plenty and he placed the candles, symbolic of light. He closed the ceremony by proclaiming, to the east, west, north and south, the laying of the stone. One, two, three and four bugle blasts followed each proclamation.

In lowering the stone, Deputy Grand Master Earl Peter of Clarinda handled the square, Harry Belt of Des Moines the level, Denver Shafer of Dex Moines the plumb. C. C. Hunt of Cedar Rapids and J. W. Cook of Des Moines placed the casket containing the daily papers, Shrine records, an American flag and lodge insignia in the cavity beneath the stone.

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In the

SHRINE MAGAZINE

For JUNE

GEORGE KELLY enters a vigorous reply to Channing Pollock's attack on the stage.

On the face of the stone is the Shrine emblem, the letters A.A.O.N.M.S., the date of the chartering of the Temple, May 23, 1900 and ritualistic symbols.

James C. Burger, Imperial Potentate, delivered a short address, telling of the founding of the Shrine, in a cottage in New York, fifty years ago. Shrine chanters and band provided music.

At the conclusion of the service, the Shriners and uniformed bodies marched to the Coliseum to complete the ceremonial of initiating a class of nearly one hundred.

Imperial Marshall Clifford Ireland of Peoria, Illinois, presented a flag to the Temple. The flag had been given by the late Henry Lansburg of Washington, D. C., former Illustrious Potentate. Potentate Percy Hoak made fitting response.

This new Za-Ga-Zig Shrine Temple will be one of the finest in the West. It is a two-story building, containing offices of the Shrine officials, club rooms and cafe. The auditorium will seat forty-five hundred persons. It is expected that the building will be completed within a year and plans call for dedication services in December, 1926.

ARARAT CORNERSTONE LAID KANSAS CITY

Approximately three thousand persons witnessed the impressive Masonic rites at the laying of the cornerstone of Ararat's new million dollar Mosque on the afternoon of March 4th.

Before the ceremonies there was a parade in which seventeen Blue lodges, four Knights Templar and all the Shrine organizations participated. The stone was laid by W. W. Martin, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Missouri. The oration was delivered by D. J. Evans, Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge, who said in part—

"This cornerstone signifies the faith we hold. Not only the faith we have in others, but the faith others have in us.

"It stands for fellowship. We have created among men a will to fellowship without snobishness.

"It stands for joy. We must not forget how to laugh, no matter how many serious things we must consider. And we have not forgotten how to laugh."

James C. Burger, Imperial Potentate, witnessed the ceremonies and later paid an official visit to Ararat Temple at a ceremonial session, and Grand Master Martin was initiated as a Shriner.

Other notables present were I. H. Hettinger, Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars, U.S.A.; Thomas H. Reynolds, Grand Commander Knights Templars of Missouri and a Past Potentate of Ararat and Mayor Albert I. Beach.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS and COMMITTEES

James C. Burger, El Jebel..Imperial Potentate
David W. Croslan, Alcazar

C. M. Dunbar, Palestine
Imperial Deputy Potentate

Imperial Chief Rabban
Frank C. Jones, Arabia

Imperial Assistant Rabban
Leo V. Youngworth, Al Malaikah

Imperial High Priest and Prophet
Benj. W. Howell, Aleppo..Imperial Recorder

Wm. S. Brown, Syria...Imperial Treasurer
Eaten A. Fletcher, Damascus

Imperial Oriental Guide
Thos. J. Houston, Medinah

Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
Earl C. Mills, Za-Ga-Zig

Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
Clifford Ireland, Mohammed.Imperial Marshal

John N. Sebrell, Jr., Khedive
Imperial Captain Guard

Dana S. Williams, Kora..Imperial Outer Guard
[Continued on page 95]

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DOLLARS THAT PASS [Continued from page 23]

She was leading a girl that looked as tough as they make them.

"This little girl," announced Texas, "is going to sing for you. Now, folks, this little girl is one of the nicest little girls in New York—in spite of the tough look she has—and she's going to try her very best to amuse you all, so I hope you'll give this little girl a fine hand. Come on, folks!"

There was loud applause. "I see," said Joe. "The little girl isn't really tough; she's just made up that way."

The girl sang a song of many verses, each one ending with the words, "I live over the wiaeduct, down by the winegar works." Joe laughed and laughed. It was very funny.

GERALDINE, however, seemed to be getting restless. "This place gets deader and deader all the time," she said. "I'm sick of these places around Times Square, anyway. What do you say we go down to the Village and try to find a joint that has some life?"

"Not a bad idea," said Edwin. "The Pirates' Den used to be good; let's go there." "All right," said Geraldine. She turned to Joe and announced, "We're going down town."

"Just as you say," said Joe. The waiter brought the check, and as he looked it over, Joe felt a strange, sinking sensation coming over him. "4 Covers, \$12.00," he read. "4 Mineral Water, \$4.00; 4 Sandwiches, \$4.40." Then there was some item he didn't understand.

"Give him an even twenty-five," whispered Edwin. "It pays to give these fellows a good tip."

Joe did as he was told. The ladies went upstairs for their wraps, and Joe and Edwin got their coats from the check room.

"Good Lord, Edwin," said Joe. "I can't stand this. It's too expensive."

"This isn't bad," said Edwin. "Cover charge only three dollars. Over at the Mirador it's four, and at some places five." "Just the same, I'm going home. And I'm going on the subway."

"Oh, Joe, you wouldn't want to desert the party. You would just about break little Millie's heart. You certainly have made a hit with her. She was just telling me how much she likes you. She thinks you're the best dancer she ever met, and so much more interesting than these movie actors."

"Oh," said Joe.

They took a taxi down town, with Joe on the little folding seat as before, and in the course of time they arrived at The Pirate's Den in the heart of Greenwich Village. The Den was dark and silent.

"After two o'clock," said the taxi driver. "It seems to be closed."

Joe felt much relieved, but not for long.

"Let's try Barney's, over on Third Street," said Geraldine. "It's a better place, anyway."

They entered, checked their coats, and sat down at a table in a room very similar to Texas' place, but a little smaller. There were fewer people here, and only part of them were in evening dress.

"I feel hungry," said Geraldine. "They have good chop suey here."

Edwin called a waiter. "Four chop sueys, and mineral water," he said.

The chop sueys, the water, and glasses were brought, and Edwin did the honors with his pocket flask. He and Geraldine were working the flask pretty hard and continuously.

A chorus of Russians came in and sang. They were big, fine looking, raw-boned men, with lean, sorrowful, poker faces. Joe had never heard such splendid, booming base voices.

After the Russians finished, the orchestra started, and Geraldine announced that she wanted to dance with Joe. They walked out on the floor, and as Joe put his arm around her he was startled to find the palm of his hand touching her bare back just above the waist

line. Hastily he slid his hand down until it rested on the velvet of her belt.

Somehow he couldn't dance very well with Geraldine. She was heavy and uninspiring, and he felt awkward and uncomfortable. When the dance was over, he was glad.

The next dance he had with Millie. This was much better.

"I wonder," he said, as they started—"suppose you got a radio with say only two tubes—would it be any good?"

"Of course it would," said Millie. "I've known people that had two tube sets, and they work fine."

When they returned to their seats, they found Edwin and Geraldine preparing to leave.

"Here's the check," said Edwin. "We're all going to Harlem."

"Harlem?" asked Joe, stupidly.

"Yeah," said Geraldine. "This place is deader than the other. But we know a black and tan joint up in Harlem where they have real pep. Not all dead, like around here."

He looked at the check. The cover charge here was only two dollars a piece, but the food brought the total up to practically the same as the up town place. In a dazed sort of way he laid two tens and a five on the table. There remained in his purse three tens and a number of ones. He ran after Edwin and drew him to one side.

"Listen," he said. "We don't want to go to Harlem."

"No party is complete," said Edwin, "without a trip to Harlem."

"But it's too late; it's after three. And besides, I've spent enough for one night."

"You make me sick, always trying to quit. Shall I tell Millie that you are a four-flusher—nothing but a low down flivver-washer?"

"No, please don't tell her that."

"All right then come on. Don't let me hear any more squeals out of you, and don't forget to tip the coat room girl and the door man."

Joe meekly obeyed, and soon they were again in a taxi, with Joe perched on the familiar little folding seat. Edwin had the machine stop at the same deserted looking house they had visited before.

"Refreshments all gone," he said. "Slip me a couple of tens this time, Joe. I want to get plenty this time, so we won't run short again."

"I don't think we need any more at all," said Joe.

"Are you going to be a good sport?" whispered Edwin. "Or shall I tell Millie all about you?"

Joe handed over the money. Edwin hopped out and soon returned with four flasks which he stuck around in various pockets.

THE taxi then pointed north. It was a long ride—up Fifth Avenue, past the park, west on 110th Street, up Lenox Avenue, and finally into a side street, where they drew up at the curb. The taxi bill this time was two dollars and forty cents. Joe had got so he handed out money almost automatically.

A colored gentleman conducted them through a little doorway, and down a long double flight of stairs into a sort of subcellar, dimly lighted and decorated in gaudy orange, red, and black. In the center was a small dance floor, around the sides were tables—each one set back in a little alcove—and at one end of the room was a negro orchestra.

They sat down at a table, and Edwin ordered the inevitable mineral water.

Joe leaned over and whispered to Millie, "Have you any idea how much one of these little crystal sets cost?"

"I just noticed one this afternoon," she said, "in the window of a radio store downstairs in the building where I live. It was marked, 'Special, \$5.00'."

"Oh," said Joe. He wondered vaguely whether a crystal set would give enough dis-

tance to be worth anything in Kansas. And he wondered whether he would have as much as five dollars left when this party finally ended.

But the orchestra was starting up, and he could still dance with Millie.

They danced. The music was somehow different from what they had heard at the other places. More exciting. As he shuffled along, it began to get more and more into his bones. He liked it; it made him forget his troubles. The negro players were swaying about, putting their whole hearts and souls into the music. It wasn't loud, but there was an African jungle wildness to it that made your heart beat faster and faster. He noticed the other couples moving about like ghosts through the fog of cigarette smoke. They, too, seemed to feel the excitement; their eyes were bright and their faces flushed.

The negro players seemed tireless. On and on they played, with only very short and infrequent rests. And on and on danced Joe and Millie. Earlier in the evening, Joe had guided Millie about the floor lightly and delicately—scarcely touching her. But now he was frankly hugging her, and she was hugging him, with her cheek pressed tight against his.

In one of the brief rests in the dancing, as Joe and Millie sat at their table, they heard loud talking and laughing in the next alcove.

"Little Millie seems to be making quite a hit with the young butter and egger." It was Geraldine talking. "That was a bright idea of mine," she continued, "to introduce her as a movie actress. She didn't want to, but I insisted it was the only way to make a hit."

"By the way," said Edwin, "just what does Millie do, if anything?"

"She works in Woolworth's on Fourteenth Street. Candy counter. I used to know her last year at the place I boarded. And tonight I just happened to run into her on the street, after I had been chasing all around and had given up hope of finding any of the regular gang. She's a fairly cute kid so I brought her along."

"A ten cent store girl!" said Edwin, and he and Geraldine began to laugh uproariously.

Joe looked up at Millie. She was sitting quiet and tense, looking at the floor.

Then he heard Edwin say, "But I haven't told you about little Joe yet. He's no butter and egg man, he's nothing but a hick from Kansas."

"Anybody can see he's a hick," said Geraldine. "But doesn't he own that Union Square Garage?"

"Own it, nothing," said Edwin. "He works there washing cars at thirty dollars a week, and when I met him tonight he was feeling lonesome and he had a hundred and thirty dollars he had saved up to buy a radio for his poor dear mother out in Kansas. Right away I knew he was my meat. I was just spoiling for a party with you, honey, so I told the boob he could come along if he would pay the bills. He thought it would cost him about five or six dollars."

"Can you imagine that?" said Geraldine. Joe looked at Millie, and she looked at him. "Joe," she said, "I think we better go home."

Joe called for the check and paid it with his last ten dollar bill. All that was left was a little small change.

"What are you doing?" asked Edwin, coming up behind him.

"Money all gone," said Joe, dully. "Going home."

"A right," said Edwin. "Time to go anyway, I guess."

THE four of them climbed the stairs to the street, and piled into a taxi. Joe had decided to grab himself a place on the rear seat beside Millie, but he wasn't quite quick enough. Edwin and Geraldine jumped in first, and this time they sprawled out over the whole seat, so there was no room for anyone else. Joe was

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too weary and disheartened to argue. So he and Millie occupied the two little torture seats in front. Millie told him her address on Eighth Street, and he gave it to the driver.

Turning around, Joe noticed that Edwin and Geraldine had apparently gone to sleep on the comfortable rear seat. Then he looked at Millie, and she was crying. Not out loud, but just quietly and softly to herself, with once in a while a great big tear rolling down her face and glistening in the light of the street lamps.

This was almost more than Joe could stand. Black despair settled over him. He wanted to say something, but he could think of nothing to say. And he wanted to put his arm around Millie, but he couldn't manage it on account of the way they were perched at opposite sides of the cab on those silly little seats.

At Forty-second Street a big machine was loading snow on to a truck. Madison Square was white, silent and deserted; and the hands of the Metropolitan clock pointed to a quarter before five. At last they turned into Eighth Street and stopped in front of a cheap rooming house. This was where Millie lived.

Edwin and Geraldine were now sound asleep. The neck of a flask projecting from Edwin's pocket suggested one of the reasons why. Joe looked at the meter. Two dollars and forty cents. He helped Millie out and walked with her to the door of the house.

"Good night," he said.

Millie clutched his arm. "Joe," she said, "I want you to tell me—is it true what Edwin said about you, that you work in a garage, and were saving money to get your mother a radio?"

"It's true."

"And it was on account—on account of me that you spent it all?"

"I have thirty-five cents left."

"Listen, Joe, I want you to come inside a minute."

She led him up two dark narrow flights of stairs, told him to wait in the upper hall, and disappeared into her room. A minute later she opened the door and handed him a small envelope.

"A letter for you," she said. "Read it when you get outside. Good night." And she shut the door.

Joe descended the stairs. In the lower hall he lit a match and read the note: "Joe, here is \$30.10. You must get your mother a radio. I wish it was more, but this is all I've got. Millie. P.S.—It's true what he said—I'm not a movie actress at all."

He crossed the sidewalk to the taxi, and spoke to the driver. The taxi moved off. Joe peered into a store window a moment, and then climbed the stairs and knocked at Millie's door.

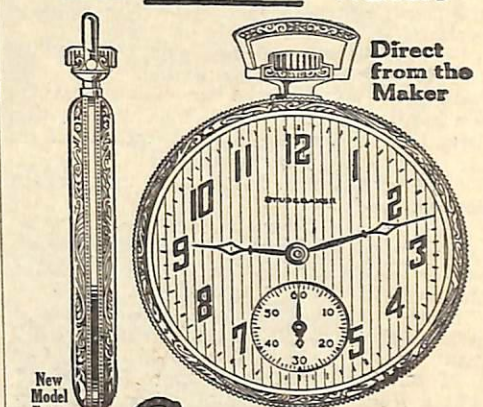
"Everything is fine and dandy," he announced when she opened the door. He then took a long breath and said the following mouthful:

"I just sent the taxi off with Edwin and Geraldine still asleep on the back seat, and I told the driver Edwin would pay, and I gave him an address on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, so they will be as far away as possible in case Edwin has no money and there is an argument; and I looked in the window of the radio store downstairs and they have an eight tube set on the installment plan for only twenty dollars down, which I am going to get because this is Saturday morning, and I get paid my weekly thirty dollars at the garage this afternoon, so I won't need your money—thank you just the same—and I'm glad I went on this party, because I met you."

"If you want to," said Millie, "and if you aren't sore at me for the dirty way I've treated you, you could come over here any night you want and dance with me to the Victrola, and it won't cost you a cent."

"Millie, you are a peach," said Joe. "I'll be over tonight." He pressed the envelope with the money into her hand, kissed her smack on the nose, and was off down the stairs and up the street with a smile so broad you might have thought he was the happiest man in New York. And maybe he was.

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CAF-ETERIA LOVE [Continued from page 39]

For her sake I decided to refrain from mopping up the mosaic with J. Rodney.

And then a minute later I heard her telling him how she was just terrifically fond of ayclairs.

"I want to tell you boys you are snapping into it wonderfully," J. Rodney said. "In spite of the fact that the bar-room atmosphere is a hard thing to get rid of," he added with a dirty look in my direction. "Now I think we are ready for the big, fateful step."

"Fill chili-sauce bottle full up?" asked Antone hopefully.

"No, Antone, I have already explained how efficiency deals with the chili-sauce problem," said J. Rodney, patiently. "I have in mind the Caloric Content of food."

"Not a chance," I said. "We've never served Hungarian dishes and our public don't want 'em."

"I am using the Latin, not Hungarian," said J. Rodney with dignity. "I am referring to the nutriment values of food. Such values are expressed in terms of calories. We must combine Efficiency-in-Eating with the Lunch-that-Lures."

"That's just what I always suspicioned," said Silver.

"I have here," said J. Rodney Jenks, "a table translating all our service dishes into terms of calories. Beginning tomorrow morning, we will call our orders to the kitchen in calories."

WE LOOKED over the copies. "You mean we yell three-hundred-twenty-five instead of Duke's Mixture, for corn-beef hash?" I asked him.

"Precisely," said Jenks. "The cook looks up three-hundred-twenty-five on his own schedule, and sees it is corn-beef hash."

"Eighty-seven for nigger on one?" I went on.

"Exactly. One cup of black coffee."

"And a hundred-and-ten for nigger and moo?"

"Coffee with cream. You see how simple it is, Casey, you can make it out yourself."

"So was your old man," I told him on general principles, for I guessed from his voice that he was insulting me.

Before leaving that night Kitty gave me a flash out of the corners of her eyes. "Take my arm over to Eighth Avenue, little two-hundred," I said to her. Two-hundred was angel cake à la mode.

"Sweet of you, old three-hundred-eighty," she said, "but I've got a date with mama tonight."

I went back to my schedule behind the pie counter to look up three-hundred-eighty. It was cabbage and boiled potato.

"Haw, haw," said J. Rodney Jenks in a coarse way. He was looking at his schedule too.

I didn't like his tooth-brush mustache anyhow.

"Is that so, you little chunk of a-hundred-and-sixty," I said with refinement, and left him looking it up. One-hundred-sixty was spinach and poached egg.

Next morning the customers were surprised and interested listening to us singing out the numbers while big Jim, the head cook, repeated 'em back in the kitchen. Along toward noon Shorty came shambling in with a lonesome look and asked Silver for veal steak minute. Silver forgot himself and called the order in duplicate, old and new style. "Four-hundred-forty-four, short on the baa-waa," he yelled, and Shorty's eyes got wide.

"Fo' hund'ed fo'ty fo' and tie that calf outside," whooped big Jim from the kitchen in an offended tone. "Don' you-all think Ah knows mah calories?"

Shorty looked worried and took the veal steak and put it on a chair-arm and came over to me at the pie counter.

"Casey, please give me a cup custard," he said in a whisper, and stood looking at me in a sort of apprehensive way. Of course it happened the custard was out and I had to call for it.

"There, there, Shorty," I said, patting him on the shoulder, and then I whooped for a hundred-and-fifty. Shorty gave a little moan and I took him by the arm and put him over in his chair.

"Sit there and brace up, you little rat," I told him like a brother, "before I kick your face in. This ain't nothing but an efficiency system."

"It's horrid," said Shorty with a shudder. "But thanks for them kind words, Casey. You're human, anyway."

Kitty was over at the pie counter when I turned around. "I think you're just lovely with that man, Casey," she cooed, "so strong and kind." She widened her eyes till her lashes touched her eyebrows and gave me a beautiful, dark, tender look.

"Come alive and give me a date tonight," I said, "before I slap you to sleep."

"Oh, Casey," she sighed, all tender and shivery, and then J. Rodney Jenks cut in.

"There's three customers waiting at the cashier's table, Miss Kitty," he said smoothly, and Kitty floated back to the register. "As for you, Casey," he commenced, but I picked up a pumpkin pie.

"You'll take four hundred calories and a china plate right in the mush, J. Rodney," I told him, "if you don't get to the soupstand out of here. Move along now, before I crown you with a mug of eighty-seven. And I don't mean possibly." I had almost lost my temper.

I went over to Kitty and told her I was sorry I had got so snappy, and then she drooped a wicked eyelid in my direction and tilted up her little nose. "Toddle back to your calories, Mr. Casey," she said, "I make a mistake in a man every once in a while. But not often twice," she told me. "Take the air, little three-hundred."

Three-hundred-and-twenty was cold ham.

I reached for the good old plate of four hundred and looked around to see if J. Rodney had any insidious remarks to make, but J. Rodney was looking the other way. I was somewhat sorry that he had no insidious remarks to make, just at that moment.

J. RODNEY must have gone around and put over a new sales talk with the management that night, for next morning a truck stopped outside and the motor-monkeys began bringing in the sections of a marble bar. Yes, it was a soda fountain, and I was elected to engineer it.

"Do I look like I was a malted milk baby?" I said to Jenks, horrified.

"Not in the least. Malted milk is a health-food for wholesome infants," said Jenks with ill-concealed malice or something dirty. "But your particular style will show up most appropriately behind a bar," he said, grinning.

Well, the soda fountain put me closer to the cashier's table anyhow.

"Absolutely, Kitty, your touch is a company asset," I said from inside of my tame soda-squirt's cage.

"Stick to your syrups, Casey," said J. Rodney, bristling. "And let me advise you to desist from scraping the foam off the malted milks with a paddle when you set them out. You are selling Service, not steins, Casey."

"A customer ought to come in for a few flourishes if he stands up here and absorbs this goo," I insisted. "Between ourselves, the Government ought to take a hold of this soda traffic."

"Never mind the Government," said Jenks harshly. "The soda fountain is the working girl's club. But you don't need to exercise your hypothetical mind inventing any more new drinks," he went on, looking for something to kick about. "Haven't you been selling

something you call a pousse-café raspberry this morning?"

"Sure," I told him, "it's light and a customer can hurry a dozen all the way home."

"Our problem is that of breaking down sales resistance," said Jenks sternly. "Efficiency resides in standardization. Keep your customers on the good old creams and sodas and let them find their own way home. They're not your responsibility, Casey."

I must admit the place was kept busy, but the most of the trade was getting to be strangers. The old timers seemed to be sort of fading out, though Shorty kept wandering in from time to time. Shorty seemed sad, and every day he kept calling for heavier stuff. Now I never think anything about two or three combination sundaes, but when he got to mixing 'em up with maple fizz and fruit cake I thought he was going just a little bit strong.

One day he carried it so far he got rough. He took on two biscuits Tortoni and a pineapple mash, and then he called for a vanilla malt and asked me what I would have. I took a short lemon vichy to oblige him, and he got red in the face and leaned over the bar and asked if I called that a calory.

"Have a man's dish," he said, ugly. "Have a jelly custard."

"I never touch the strong stuff," I told him pleasantly. "Here's luck," I said, and lifted the lemon vichy.

Shorty reached over and knocked it out of my hand and broke the glass. "Mamma's boy," he said. I came out of my tame soda-squirt's cage and took him by the neck and gave him the bum's rush out the door.

"Come back when you can carry your calories like a gentleman, you rabbit," I told him. "If you start a party in here again I'll bounce a cream bottle off your bean." I propped him up against a garbage can and came back in.

Kitty gave me a look like champagne sherbet, and showed me her dimple.

"Casey, that was just lovely," she said. "I could simply hug you when I see you acting so firm and fatherly."

"Come out of there and I'll trot you on my knee," I managed to say with a gulp. Then J. Rodney intruded.

"Casey, did I see you discouraging a customer?" he asked in a most efficient voice.

"Mr. Casey threw a man right out the door," cut in Kitty. "It was fine, I wish he'd do it again for me."

I could see she was trying to keep Jenks and me from quarreling, so I decided to be peaceful with him.

"You have been too cool with customers for some time, Casey," said J. Rodney. "Just yesterday I heard you advising three different patrons to go easy on the parfaits. Such conduct comes close to stabbing your department head in the back, Casey."

"Those parfaits carry seven hundred calories to the jolt, J. Rodney," I argued peacefully. "And one of the birds I was warning off was a high school boy."

"Blah," said Jenks aristocratically. "Understand, your business is selling calories over the counter. We are not here for the purpose of experimenting in the uplift, Casey."

Kitty was looking at me in a sort of pondering way. "I guess it's back to the aquarium for you, Casey," she said in a tired tone of voice, and then she turned around and let me look at her left ear for about five minutes while she cooed at J. Rodney.

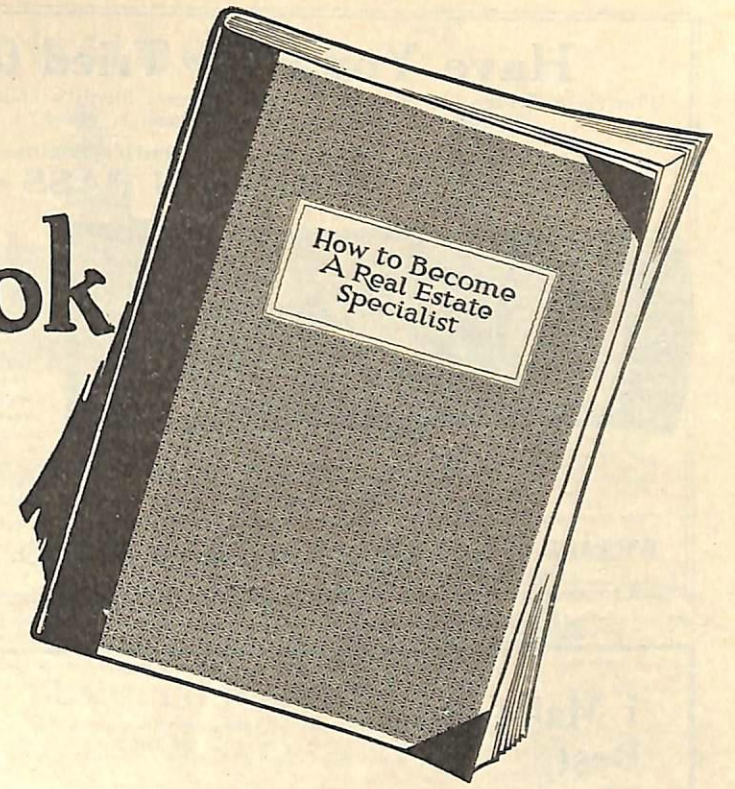
They seemed to have a pleasant talk and it agreed with J. Rodney. He had been telling her how an executive is always under a heavy nervous strain. Then he stopped at the fountain and told me to dish him up a prune whip parfait.

"Go to it, sop up all the calories you feel like," I told him, setting it out. "When the pink snakes call around just don't blame Casey, that's all."

[Continued on page 92]

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CAF-ETERIA LOVE

[Continued from page 90]

"Is that so," he answered, lapping it up. "I'll have you know I can take my calories or leave them alone, and just to emphasize the point I'll have a maple egg flip."

"My business is selling calories over the counter," I quoted to him while flipping. "Go ahead and eat New York empty, and watch me worry about it. Have a banana split, now?"

"Banana splits are low-gear stuff," he said swaggering off. "It takes a thousand calories to give me as much as a tickle."

J. Rodney was simply getting proud, especially after chatting with Kitty. Well, his efficiency stuff seemed to be carrying the Daisy chain along, though the turnover of customers was rapid. I never saw the same face twice except for Shorty. Shorty wandered in the next day with a soiled expression and asked in a shaky voice for a bromo seltzer. He gulped it down and then leaned over the counter.

"Casey, was I pretty bad yesterday?" he asked with a sort of hand-dog manner.

"I've seen worse, Shorty," I said, polishing a glass. "I had to help you out on the sidewalk, but you didn't make any trouble. You want to watch yourself a little, Shorty."

Shorty reached over the counter and shook my hand. "Casey," he said, "I'm off the stuff. I hate to say goodbye, but from now on I stick to Joe's Coffee Cooler over on Eighth Avenue. I just want you to know I appreciate what you've done for me. It's too bad there aren't more like you behind the counter, Casey." And he walked out.

He never came back. Generally they don't stick with it, but Shorty had the right stuff in him. I began to miss him after awhile, for the turnover of customers seemed to be slackening up. The old ones did not come back. Kitty sat behind the cash register for hours at a time with her stony look on, the checks running from ten to forty-five cents, mostly from the fountain. I could see the strain was telling on J. Rodney Jenks. First thing he would do of mornings was to stop at the fountain for an eye opener, cherry soufflé or walnut squash or something else authoritative. That is not a good sign, and after awhile he got to coming back the second time. But he had already informed me he could take his calories or leave them alone, so I didn't have anything to say.

Then he got careless about business hours. It looked like he might have taken to keeping things in his room and eating by himself. Anyhow, he got to coming in late of mornings, with his fingers twitching. He would be pale till afternoon and then he would get flushed, and his temper began to be snappy. One day he didn't come in till noon, and after taking a chocolate egg malt he toddled over and looked at the cash register.

Well, as I learned later, there was only \$1.86 rung up for the morning's business. J. Rodney began to curse, horrid.

"You sales-slackers are stabbing me in the back," he said, hiccupping. "I can't find words to express my reactions." I came out of the soda cage and walked over to the cashier's table, though Kitty and I hadn't been talking much the last few days.

"Be easy, boss, we're all with you," I told him, jollying him along. "Come over and take a little vichy and sit down awhile. Everything's all right."

But he was too far gone. "Don't approach me with your happiness talk," he said, getting shrill. "Don't try to contact me with any comfort stuff." Then he turned on poor Kitty, who was edging away.

"Casey told you a long time ago he'd teach you to beat the register, didn't he? Come here," he snarled at her, clutching her by the arm.

"You're hurting my arm," said Kitty, about to cry.

Well, I simply lost my temper again and forgot all about keeping the peace in Kitty's

MAY, 1926

presence. "See here, you sugar-coated stew," I said, taking him by the neck. "Back to the kitchen for you, and if you open your mouth one time more I'll kick your brains loose." I turned him around and ran back into the kitchen and slammed him down on the cracker box in front of the pickle keg. "Eat a pickle and calm down," I told him. "Here I've got to bring you out of this and run this place at the same time. Beginning now you cut yourself down to four hundred a day and if you sneak a single calory over that limit I'll plaster you. When you can stand on your feet again you can come out and get behind the fizz counter and help keep things going. Dry up, contact your contacted soul to efficiency," I told him, "before I get sore and reprove you."

First thing I knew Kitty was holding me by the shoulders. "Casey, Casey," she said, "protect me." I was still excited. "Put your arms around my neck before I knock you for a goal," I said. She did it. "Kiss me before I sock you in the eye," I said. And she did it. I drew a long breath. "Name the day before I kick your shins crooked," I told her.

"Three weeks from tomorrow," she whispered in my ear. "Oh, Casey, Casey, why didn't you ever make love to me before?" "I'll slap you sideways," I promised her with emotion.

"Darlin'," she pleaded, "say it again."

Well, next day I sent Kitty around to tell the management how J. Rodney Jenks and I had exchanged jobs, and after Kitty got through telling 'em about it the management didn't seem to have any objections to offer. We've got our old trade back now, and J. Rodney is making good behind the fountain. He shakes a clever calory for the customers, but he sticks to the vichy himself.

MY BIG TWO DOLLARS' WORTH

[Continued from page 12]

remaking the world, in putting health and life into some child whom the Lord has blessed with talent. That is God's way, that He plants ability not in the rich and fortunate alone, but in unexpected places. We must overlook none in this zeal to do good. This work done by the Shriners must go on and grow to the limit of our ability.

Medical authorities agree that the foundation of that health which leads to a life of maximum usefulness is laid in early childhood. The child who has been fortunate enough to establish habits of cleanliness, self-discipline, moderation in all things, and a love of fresh air and sunshine, has every advantage over the child who has missed these things. We easily discover what is amiss with the physically maimed child. That arouses our immediate sympathy. It stirs us at once to help. The child that is crippled mentally suffers from a defect not so easily detected. This should only the more arouse our sympathy and stir us the more to help.

Psychiatrists tell us that insanity and mental twists are much more readily corrected in childhood than when these maladies have become fixed and chronic in adult years. Whether the ailment be of body or mind, it is important that it be corrected in the early formative years. The point to be remembered in this work of helping and healing children is, that NOW is the time. Not a moment is to be lost. It is not only the Shriners who should help. Organizations like ours are only points and agencies of distribution for this good. But everyone in the country should pour his little measure of help through these channels for the good of his land.

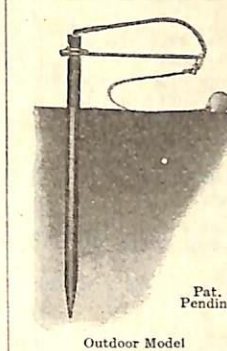
The evil resulting from these broken lives might be eliminated if we instituted general health campaigns to teach the value of hygiene and correct living. By greater effort we might prevent, in the first place, much of this wreckage to children. Someone has wisely pointed out that our agencies for charity and aid are much like rescue parties at the foot of a precipice. We spend great [Continued on page 94]

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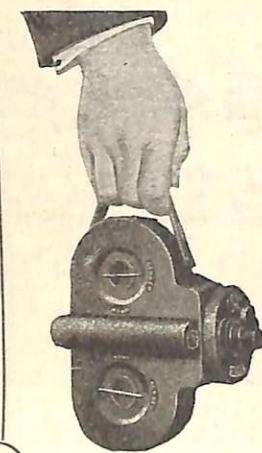
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MY BIG TWO DOLLARS' WORTH [Continued from 93]

sums of money, and vast amounts of wisdom and strength, in mending those who have been dashed into the abyss. Why not give more attention to the top of the precipice? Why not put forth more money and effort to save these people from going over in the first place? If the fast-moving wheels of our modern life are so dangerous, why not help people to see their dangers, and not wait until the accident has happened and the victim has felt the cruel cogs?

LOCAL communities and the Federal Government could do much to accomplish that which is even more important than saving—helping before the hurt has happened. Yet see how we neglect this! The appropriation of the Federal Government this year for the Department of Animal Industry was more than eleven million dollars. For the Children's Bureau, the appropriation was just a trifle more than a million dollars. According to these figures, pigs are ten times as valuable to our government as our children. It seems to me that our ideals are a little twisted. When we, as a people, are willing to pay out of the funds of the public purse, ten dollars for better pigs and horses, to every dollar that we spend for the health and general welfare of the child life of the nation, it is time to do some serious thinking. It is time to readjust ourselves and restore our proper sense of proportion and the fitness of things. We take great pride in trying to perfect a breed of horses, or dogs, and let the children survive as best they can. It is time for us to revise our figures and pay more attention to the real things in life. In this movement, the Shriners' Children's Hospitals are a substantial step in the right direction. They are taking the lead and lighting the way.

THE lives of our children should be our most vital concern, and yet we find a mortality rate among little children greater than that among aviators! Who among us is wise enough to say what price can be set on the life of a child? Who knows behind what childish face may be lying dormant the genius of a Galileo, or the character of a Lincoln? If we can save for humanity just one such life in a century, the service is well worth more than its costs. The extent of our service is limited only by the funds we supply to carry it on. We should extend our work and make every Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children an institution where the doors are never closed to a child; a place of refuge where any crippled child may enter, sure of a welcome from his bruised heart, sure of relief from his physical pain, regardless of race, creed, color or his ability to pay for what is given.

Let us continue to heed the words of the great Teacher who said, "Whatsoever ye do unto the least of these, ye do unto Me." Beautiful words they are, the outline of our sacred duty to childhood in the simplest and most loving language. A great service it is, a service of great and lasting constructive effort for children, a service to which every well man and woman should give a few moments of time, and a little money. The cost is so small to the single giver and the benefit is so great and shared by so many. Certainly my annual two dollars to the Shriners' Children's Hospitals are two of the BIG dollars I spend. Are they not the same to you?

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[Continued from page 87]

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